UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mcmasteruniversi18mcmauoft

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

Vol. XVIII

October, 1908, to May, 1909

11 8825
27 9 11

TORONTO:
THE MILN-BINGHAM PRINTING CO.
1909

Board of Publication.

THOMAS WEARING, '09 . . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

Associate Editors.

CALEB HARRIS, '09 . . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Department.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

Consulting Editors.

W. S. W. MCLAY, M.A. I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

Reportorial Staff.

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10 C. L. CURTIS, '10.
GLADYS D. JACKSON, '11. T. MCC. DADSON, B.A., THEOL.
L. R. MCCRIMMON, '11.
MAIME DENNESS, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

Assistant Business Managers.

JOSEPH WEARING, '10 . . . . . Advertising Department.
A. J. GOULD, '11 . . . . . Subscription Department.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Chancellor McKay	Loose Insert
Cartoons—History of Class Naught-Nine	345-353
Class Naught-Nine—Arts	355-372
" " Theology	381-383
Copp, William J.	291
Faculty of McMaster	339-343
Field Day—Naught-Nine's Brass Band	373
Kerr Debating Shield	384
Long, Morden Heaton, Rhodes' Scholar	301
McMaster University	338
Naught-Nine Debaters	373
" " Rugby Team	374
" " Hockey Team	374
" " Soccer Team	377
" " Track Team	377
Pole Vault—W. J. Haydon, Champion, 1907-08-09	378
Scott Winning 100 yds. for '09	378
Shakespeare's Stratford	306-307

POETRY.

American Black, The	G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., '96	107
Book of My Years, The	A. Eustace Haydon, M.A., '01	145
In Saeculo Aureo	T. W., '09	59
Les Fêtes	T. W., '09	110
L'Envoi	T. W., '09	354
"Real Presence, The"	B. W. N. Grigg, '94	203
This Love of Ours	A. Eustace Haydon, M.A., '01	248
Twilight	Lee Wilson Smith, '12	265
To the White Syringa	Charles Sherwood Edwards, '06	300
Valley and the Mountain, The	W. Sherwood Fox, M.A., '00	248

PROSE.

Austrian University and its German Student, The	Wilfred Perkins, '10	164
At the Leipsic Conservatory	Ernest J. Farmer, '03	249
Biographical Sketches: Arts, '09		355
" " Theology, '09		381
Call of the Business World to the University Man, The	Frank Sanderson	1
Croynan Hall	D. A. M., '08	12
Captain's Reformation, The	S. H. C.	13

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
City of Dreams, A	Olive A. Cross, '12	111
Commencement Exercises	Caleb Harris, '09	386
Class History, Naught-Nine	Elsie Read McLaurin, '09	345
Copp, Wm. J.	J. W. A. Stewart, D.D.	289
Crystallized Emotions	Lloyd Douglas Jackson, '09	379
Drifting in the Fog	C. W. Curtis, '10	57
England During the American Civil War	J. Short McMaster	293
Farewell to Missionaries	J. W., '10	63
Freshette at Founder's Night	Gladys D. Jackson, '11	114
Figures in the Firelight	Laura J. Craig, '10	156
Farewell to Missionaries	Karl A. Clark, '10	211
Forest Preservation	W. H. Firstbrook, '10	296
Gaelic Renaissance	J. D. Logan, Ph.D.	146
Glimpses of Life in Kurdistan	A. E. Kochaly, Theol., '11	159
Guide to McMaster, A	Caleb Harris, '09	375
Impressionistic Art	A. F. Smith, '09	49
In the Land of the Turk	E. H. Oliver, Ph.D.	193
Love and a Sword	W. E. Bowyer, '02	253
Long, Morden Heaton	D. A. MacGibbon, '08	301
Music and Music	Gladys D. Jackson, '11	214
McMaster Abroad	R. H. Mode, B.D., '02	60
Our New Cover		65
Our Return Trip	E. D. Gray, '11	259
Omar Khayyam, *alias* Edward Fitzgerald	Elsie R. McLaurin, '09	262
Pietro	E. Winnifred Dengate, '10.	204
Romance of Mathematics	Prof. W. Findlay, Ph.D.	97
Superstitious Dartmoor	Violet I. Dickens, '10	53
Sixth Prize Story Competition		66
Stephen Phillips' "Faust"	W. Sherwood Fox, M.A., '00	241
Shakespeare's Birthday	L. D. Jackson, '09	304
Woman's Last Word, A	Arch. Ward, '11	109

EDITORIAL NOTES 21, 118, 169, 218, 266, 309, 385

BOOK REVIEWS 67, 119, 170

CORRESPONDENCE 311

COLLEGE NEWS:

Around the Hall	22, 68, 120, 172, 219, 267, 312
Athletics	34, 81, 130, 181, 227, 276, 321
Moulton College	87, 136, 234, 283, 328
Our Graduates	38, 84, 134, 184, 231, 280, 323
Woman's Department	29, 76, 127, 178, 225, 274, 318
Woodstock College	40, 89, 138, 284, 330

HERE AND THERE 44, 91, 142, 187, 235, 287, 333

THE
McMaster University Monthly
OCTOBER, 1908.

THE CALL OF THE BUSINESS WORLD TO THE UNIVERSITY MAN.*

THERE is a popular impression to the effect that a college man does not do well in business; that business can get along without him; that for the ordinary commercial enterprise the youth taken direct from secondary school will better serve the purpose of the business man than one who has had the benefit of four years' academical training. I presume that the assignment to me of the topic, "The Call of the Business World to the University Man," reflects the conviction on the part of this university that one of its functions is to prepare men for the business world, while at the same time it raises the popular question—Can university graduates succeed in business?

This is a day of industrial growth. The basis of society is changing from military and domestic to the economical and the industrial. I am told that the course in the science of education in this university clearly recognizes this fact, and includes in its syllabus text-books which elaborate this great fact regarding fundamental changes in society. It is in the light of this cardinal principle that what I have to say will be addressed to you.

To make the issues clearer, let us define our terms. We speak of the "college man," and concerning "business." First, a word regarding the conception we should hold as to the nature of the term "business." During our undergraduate days, and

*Paper read by the Joint General Manager and Chief Actuary of the Canada Life Assurance Company at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, May, 1908.

while the life of study, contemplation and reflection is in the foreground, the centre of our interest, we are prone to conceive business as a subordinate factor in the life of society, but this is only a premature view. Should we not rather conceive business to be the fundamental central mode of activity of human beings? *Most men are business men.* When you have totalled the number of men in the professions of all kinds, and have struck the ratio of that total to the number of men in business, you will be impressed with the importance of the statement made just now, that "Most men are in business," and any university which limits its functions to providing the recruits for the professional classes only, has misconceived its main duty. Business should be viewed in its widest significance, not as an affair only of profit and loss, bargain counters, Christmas sales, of making money or of acquiring financial power, but rather as the expression—perhaps the chief expression—of the principle of activity within humanity. Business must be conceived from a high viewpoint, looked at as a collective movement of human activity, wherein is worked out a cosmos process and also the characters and destinies of a countless number of individual lives.

Let us try to define clearly what we are to understand by college training and the college man.

To enter into the vexed question as to what "education" really is, would be a task altogether too large for the purpose of this hour, and I am going to set down boldly, as a working definition, the famous one given by Professor Huxley. It will be a good starting point and perhaps will be acceptable to us all:

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with the knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose

passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Such a man and no other I conceive has had a liberal education."

Surely a university which aims to give such a liberal education as this to the men who come within the sphere of its influence can have no higher estimate of its function in society.

My thesis, this afternoon, is to see what message the world of business has for the University graduate, and to point out how closely the activities of the business world are allied to this world of study, of education, of the unfolding of the fullest powers of the individual.

Can the world of business be co-ordinated to the world of education? Is the college training equal to the demands of business? Does business need college men?

At this point I should like to say a word regarding the question of the adaptation of university courses to the real needs of society, which, as I have said above, is, after all, a *business* society.

For many years the older universities seemed to conceive their function to be to turn out graduates who might become members of a gentler caste; whose culture was so refined and proper that the man of action passed it by as something that could not be brought to bear upon the real problems of life. This system of education did not touch life at many points; did not mould society as a whole; did not fit men for the real battle of life. Fortunately that day is now largely passed, and our universities of to-day, especially of this continent, while not losing sight of the great value of culture and erudition, seek these not as an end, but as a means to an end, and find their chief inspiration in the needs of the world. And so the world of business, of affairs, of real life, is now found calling to the universities for men.

Doubtless I am unfit to make practical suggestions regarding specific changes in the courses, and I would not for a moment suggest that our university work should be commercialized, but it is my firm conviction that the strongest influences should be

brought upon the students during their four years in college to give them the great realization that, at best, these four years are only a training. At all costs it should be borne in upon them that there is a larger life beyond the college walls. The nobility of toil should be impressed upon them, and the dignity of all honest labor should become part and parcel of their very nature. If all those graduates who enter business were possessed of this idea, the chief hindrance to their success in business would be removed. It should become absolutely impossible for any true college man to say, or even think, regarding the most humble toiler—"Oh! he is only a laboring man."

Coming now to the problem of the place of the university graduate in the world of business, let me quote some concrete expressions of opinion.

The head of an American college, President Thwing, says:

"Business of every sort requires men of power; *power of intellect, to think: of will, to do; of conscience, to right things; of heart, to appreciate: of body, to begin and to endure.* Some men possess these manifold powers more largely without a liberal education than other men with a liberal education. But the purpose of the college is not to make men equal; rather it is to develop each to his utmost capacity. As a rule, both the ablest men and those not endowed by Nature with the highest gifts, would become still more able by reason of a liberal education."

W. F. Merrill, First Vice-President of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, says:

"It has been my experience that men with a college education make better help than men of about the same calibre who have not had that advantage, when they get to a point where their experience warrants putting them into advanced positions; and that it does not take them so long a time to get to a point where they can be safely promoted. A college education gives a young man habits of study and application which are invaluable. He learns how to use his brains to better advantage than one who has not had that training. You might just as well say that an apprenticeship is of no value to a man who is going to follow a particular trade as to say, in the case of a man who is going to use his brains, it is not an advantage to him that he

should learn how to use them logically by study. Brains are capable of development the same as muscles, and there is nothing that I know of that will develop brains any faster than systematic study. A well-trained mind thinks more quickly and reaches results more speedily and more accurately."

A member of a great corporation which builds steel mills around the world says:

"A man of liberal education is, on the whole, worth more to us than the man of technical training. He is worth less for a year or two after coming to us, but he has a power for learning all the branches of our business which is specially needed."

The President of a large international paper company says:

"I regard a man equipped with a college education—two years technical, and two years law-school training—as the best material to build upon if he is entering into, and expecting to follow, a manufacturing, mercantile, or banking business; and if a man trained in this way gets a practical knowledge of the business in which he engages, he is a better combination of qualities than the man possessing knowledge acquired from practical encountering or conducting of any of the above referred to lines of business, whose education is confined to that which he has received from the high school. The very serious objection, however, to acquiring such a college education as outlined above, is the time it consumes, assuming that it takes from four to six years as the shortest time possible to so equip a young man. The boy who leaves the high school and commences at once from that point to get practical knowledge of the business or commercial life, has certainly an advantage later in life when he encounters the college graduate who is just commencing his business career, and by lack of this practical and technical knowledge, the college graduate is handicapped when brought into competition with the young man who has devoted his time to the learning of the business into which he may have entered. But assuming that they both possess equal mental and physical ability, in the four or six years following the college graduate ought to excel the young man whose education has been confined to the high school. In my judgment, the college presidents of the present day have no more serious problem to work out in-

telligently and practically than that of properly establishing a course of studies in the great colleges of this country, which will take into consideration how best to educate and equip that portion of their students who intend to follow a commercial calling rather than a profession, realizing, as every thinking man does to-day, the great demand that has been created for the highest type of intellectual ability, integrity and executive ability necessary to manage successfully and intellectually the great amount of capital that has been, and is being, concentrated in the large industrial corporations of this country."

Here is the opinion of a business man of large experience in a progressive city:

"The disadvantages under which a college graduate labors when he enters business are that he is pretty well advanced toward manhood, is awkward, has had no business training, and is apt to think that because he is a college graduate he ought not to be obliged to commence at the bottom of the ladder and work up, as the office boy does who enters the office when he is fourteen years of age. If he is a man of good sense and does not think too much of his college education, by the time he is forty years of age he has a great many advantages over the boy who left school at fourteen, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to him during his life that he has had the benefit of a college education. I, by all means, would recommend to a boy who is inclined to study a course in some good college. He certainly, in the course of time, will find that he is amply repaid for it. The boy who is bright and starts in business after graduating from the high school will, for the first ten years, get along much better, and be happier than the man who has spent four or five years attending college. The former may have made a good start towards laying the foundation for a profitable business long before the college man gets an insight into the business. Still, I think the college graduate, by the time he reaches seventy, would have had the most satisfactory life, and perhaps would be more successful than the man who has not been fortunate enough to possess a college education."

These opinions which I have quoted at some length, and which cover a wide field of observation, go to demonstrate that

there is a call to the University man from the world of affairs, from the domain of business. But it is not to be inferred that because a man is a graduate even of some university of high standing he will ultimately make a success in business life. For somehow, whether by good luck or the acquired grace of good-natured examiners, some men do pass out of the halls of learning whom the practical man of the street regards as impracticable, lacking force of character and capacity to bring things to pass.

I am tempted here to give a short sketch of such a man in the racy words of George Lorimer's old merchant in his letters to his son:

"I had a talk with Stan about what he was going to do, but some ways he didn't strike me as having the making of a good private of industry, let alone a captain, so I started in to get a job that would suit his talents. Got him in a bank, but while he knew more about the history of banking than the president, and more about political economy than the board of directors, he could not learn the difference between a fiver that the government turned out and one that was run off on a hand press in a Halstead Street basement. Got him a job on a paper, and, while he knew six different languages, and all the facts about the Arctic regions and the history of dancing from the days of Old Adam down to those of Old Nick, he could not write up a satisfactory account of the Ice Men's Ball. He could prove that two and two made four by trigonometry and geometry, but could not learn to keep books. Was thick as thieves with all the high-toned poets, but could not write a good, snappy, merchantable street car ad. Knew a thousand diseases, that would take a man off before he could blink, but could not sell a $1,000 tontine Policy. Finally, I hit on what seemed to be just the right thing. I figured out that any fellow who had such a heavy stock of information on hand ought to be able to job it out to good advantage, and so I got him a place teaching. But it seemed that he had learned so much about the best way of teaching boys that he told his principal right on the start that he was doing it all wrong, and that made him sore; and he knew so much about the *dead* languages, which was what he was hired to teach, that he forgot he was handling *live* boys, and as he could not tell

it all to them in the regular time, he kept them after hours, and that made them sore and put Stan out of a job again. The last I heard of him, he was writing articles on "Why Young Men Fail," and making a success of it, because failing was the only subject on which he was practical."

Assuming, however, that a graduate is not of the type described, but that he is a man of ability, of scholarship, of adaptability, of high character, what then? Is there scope for his abilities, room for his ambitions, reward for his service? Are the discouragements and the difficulties not so great as to be a barrier to hope, progress, and largest usefulness?

That there are difficulties in the initial steps of getting into the arena of the business world there can be no doubt. The average university man, even though he has the inclination for business, does not usually have the ordinary business connections to guide his footsteps in entering open doors. Moreover, he usually has had no business experience to vouch for his fitness, and his previous habits of life and study have not stamped him with any visible evidence that he has any genius for business affairs. Too frequently, also, the graduate is rather too advanced in age to fit into the internal economy of a business organization, for more and more the call of the hour is for young men. The bright, intelligent boy of 17 years, with a good record from a high school, has usually more ease in finding a suitable entry to a business career than a graduate of 25 who has won honors in his University course.

Then, too, it would be unfair not to admit that there are periods of discouragement in store for the graduate who enters the domain of business life in any of its various forms. Progress may be slow. Promotion may not seem to be as rapid as his abilities and power to acquire knowledge would seem to warrant. Prejudices are encountered. Established practices stand in the way of progress. Other men—younger and older—with little learning and less ability, but who are better supplied with what the Romans called "frons," what the Englishman calls "side," and what we commonly call "nerve," sometimes seem to get on faster and receive more notice and more reward. But this is all part of the process of transformation from one sphere to the

other, and it is not all the fault of the business surroundings; for, unfortunately, the University man may have acquired a too noble scorn for wealth, and for business details; his liberal education may have developed a taste too fastidious, a modesty too retiring, a disdain for appearance too pronounced. He has not yet learned the true distinction between knowledge and wisdom. For without some natural wisdom or common sense success is uncertain, if not impossible, for are we not told by educational scientists themselves that the three fundamental elements for the making of a man are heredity, environment and effort? There is thus a period of orientation in the graduate's early life in business, and during this period his qualities are tested and his future largely determined.

Let us now turn to the business avenues along which the University graduate may direct his energies. These are, broadly, three: first, in financial institutions; second, in industrial institutions; third, in commerce. Among financial institutions we have life insurance companies, fire insurance companies, trust companies, banks, loan and investment companies. Perhaps the favorite choice thus far among university graduates has been in life insurance institutions, because here it seemed possible to put well-defined scientific principles into practical application. To-day not a few Canadian university men are to be found scattered among the head offices of various life insurance companies of Canada and the United States, wielding a great and growing influence and quietly safe-guarding the foundations upon which rest the security of thousands of homes throughout the land.

Here, if anywhere, is scope for the exercise not only of mathematical skill and organizing ability, but above all for the display of moral qualities, for ethical questions are coming to the surface at every turn, and the answer, *Yes* or *No, Right or Wrong,* must be given many times a day, and that without time for other deliberation than a properly trained moral judgment can render on the spur of the moment. Then, too, the close connection of the business of life insurance with the medical and legal professions, as well as with the broad field of investment and finance, adds additional incentive to the graduates in this

department of business life. It would, of course, be easy for me to enlarge indefinitely upon the possibilities of this sphere of influence, but I must not forget to refer to others.

Until recently the principles underlying the business of fire insurance were a sealed book to outsiders, and university graduates have not hitherto turned their attention to the possibilities here lying dormant. But a great transformation has been going on recently with a view to reducing the business to a more scientific basis, so that a new class of official is being demanded; one who has had special training in electricity, chemistry and the nature and composition of building material. The old generation of fire insurance man, with his haphazard methods, is fast passing away, and there is a call for a new type of service. The next ten years are likely to develop great possibilities for the scientifically trained young man who is content to start at the bottom, and who to his scientific knowledge will add experience, and to experience wisdom in dealing with men and affairs.

Then there is that younger type of financial institution, the trust company. In the manager's chair of one of the most successful of these, in our own city, is to be found a university graduate. The conduct of such an institution calls for men of high ideals, correct discrimination, intellectual honesty, quick moral perception, as well as ability to handle successfully the financial trusts committed to the care of such an institution. The business of trust companies in this country is still in its youth, and is likely to witness considerable development in succeeding years.

The university graduate has never been attracted by the inducements of our great banking institutions, largely on account of the system of promotion by which the staff are recruited by very young men, who have to pass through a long and often unprofitable period of apprenticeship before arriving at a point where their ability and character count for much. But I cannot help feeling that if a graduate, say of 20 years, who had pursued a good course in economics, and who had any genius for business, should enter the ranks of a first-class bank and follow the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it

with thy might." he would one day "stand before kings"—certainly before kings of finance. Even in the formative period of his life's work the publishers of banking journals and financial papers would eagerly seize upon the product of his trained intellect, as he sought in contributions to relate properly the complex financial situations of the day to broad economic principles.

But it is perhaps in the great industrial world that we find the widest opening for the well-equipped university man, especially the one who has had the advantage of a university course in natural and physical science.

Andrew Carnegie once said that the foundation of his fortune lay in his employment of trained chemists. While his rivals made steel by rule of thumb, his trained chemists made steel just a little better. They devised ways of making it just a little cheaper, and they found means of utilizing the by-products. On a large scale all this meant millions of dollars to the employer.

Take again the field of electricity and electrical engineering. The possibilities here in harnessing nature and transmitting it into power for the benefit of mankind are such as to fire the imagination and attract the abilities of those who, in a university course, have laid a broad and deep foundation upon which to build. Similar remarks apply to mining and other forms of applied science. The days of the rule of thumb are fast passing away. The trained hand and the disciplined mind are coming to the fore.

The field of commerce, too, is always open for the university man, and here the field is so wide that if I were asked what branch of commerce should a university graduate enter, I would reply, what branch should he not enter?

The spirit of commerce is a noble spirit. Commerce is bringing the ends of the world together. Through commerce the world is unified. Through commerce comes tolerance; through tolerance, freedom; through freedom, peace and solidarity.

Whether it be in industrial or financial business, or in commerce, there is always room for university men of ability, character and energy. There is always room at the top, but there

is no elevator running there. You have got to climb up through your own efforts.

In conclusion, let me say that if there is any voice louder than another that is calling from the world of business to the university man of to-day, it is that business needs men of moral impulse and moral fibre—men who have put themselves into right relation to the universe—men who will perform the same service to the business world that the laymen of our churches are performing for the great Layman's Missionary Movement of to-day.

FRANK SANDERSON.

CROYNAN HALL.*

This slender volume is designed to introduce an epic commemorating the United Empire Loyalists. The scene is laid in a New England village, before and during the Revolutionary War. A maid, two men, the one a Loyalist, the other a Continental, is the rather weather-worn material out of which the author constructs his introduction. Yet, while Mr. Baker has not produced anything that the world will not willingly let die, he is to be commended for his choice of a subject. At present the whole brood of Canadian poets, barring R. W. Service, seem to be engaged chiefly in contemplating Canadian scenery. Surely the mine out of which Parkman and Parker have quarried such rich treasures is not exhausted. "Croynan Hall" at least is a sincere effort in the right direction. Let Canadian poets seek their inspiration in the heroic deeds which glorify Canadian annals and we shall yet have ballads as stirring as "The Revenge" and poetry as fine as "The Ride from Ghent to Aix."

D. A. M.

*Croynan Hall, by Roy Palmer Baker. William Briggs & Co., Toronto.

THE CAPTAIN'S REFORMATION.

I.

CAPTAIN MERCADIER—thirty-six years in the service, twenty-two campaigns, three wounds—had just been placed on the retired list, and betook himself to a certain little provincial town which shall, for obvious reasons, here be nameless. It was like ambitious and out-of-the-world burgs which cherish the vain hope of securing a branch railway and whose unique diversion consists in watching for the noisy coming of the mail-coach as it rolls through the town gate into the market-place with loud rumbling of wheels, hoof beats, and jingle of bells. The town had old mossy ramparts covered with trees, a pretty little river that offered fair attractions to the fisherman, and a really beautiful cathedral of the style known as flamboyant Gothic. Every Monday the market-place blossomed out with the red and blue umbrellas which sheltered the sellers of country produce who came in crowds with their high, two-wheeled carts and carry-alls, but the rest of the week the town relapsed into its customary slumbers. The houses and streets were too ordinary to need any description. The principal hotel was, of course, "The Crown of France." So you know all about the chosen retreat of Captain Mercadier. That worthy officer alleged for his choice of residence the very frivolous reason that in this important centre he had first beheld the light of day and had there spent his mischievous boyhood, breaking windows, pulling down signs, and annoying worthy citizens by unseasonable rings at door-bells. The memory of his past life in ——— only recalled a series of pictures of indignant merchants shaking wrathful fists, a catechism which threatened him with fiery punishment in the next world, a school where the gallows was predicted as his certain end, and, lastly, his hurried departure for the regiment, followed by the paternal curse.

No, the Captain was not a saint by any means; his record of military punishments was overflowing with days in the guard-

house for violations of regulations. He had often lost his corporal's and sergeant's stripes, and it needed all the license of active service to win his first epaulets. Most of his life had been spent under the hot suns of Algeria, where Lamorciere was his commander, and the Duc of Nemour had pinned on his faded uniform the coveted decoration. Wounded in the first great battle with the Arabs, prisoner at Abd-el Kader, he bore the scars of a scimiter wound on the neck, and a bullet which he carried in his thigh caused a slight limp; yet in spite of absinthe, duels, and the murderous climate of Africa, he had won, at the point of the bayonet, his rank of captain in the 1st Regiment of Sharpshooters.

Captain Mercadier—thirty-six years in the service, twenty-two campaigns, three wounds—had then just obtained his pension, which amounted to not quite four hundred dollars a year; this, added to the fifty dollars to which the Cross yearly entitled him, placed the Captain in that state of honorable poverty reserved for the old defenders of the country.

The Captain's entry into his natal town was exempt from demonstration on the part of the worthy burgers. He arrived one morning on the top of the stage, nonchalantly chewing the end of his cigar, and already a fast friend of the driver, whom he had delighted with an account of his most sensational exploits as a warrior true and tried. When the coach stopped he threw his old, much-be-labelled valise on the sidewalk to the great surprise and interest of the loungers, who were overcome to see an officer of the Cross of the Legion of Honor treating the driver to white wine at the neighboring bar.

The Captain was soon installed in his new quarters. In a suburban farm-house where two sad-eyed cows bellowed from time to time in the courtyard, while an endless procession of ducks and geese waddled in an out of the stone passage to the street, the Captain found a furnished room to rent. Preceded by a slatternly maid of all work the Captain climbed a heavy flight of brick steps, and entered an enormous oblong apartment hung with yellow wall paper, on which, in faded blue, was the infinitely repeated portrait of Joseph Ponialowski, Napoleon's

great cavalry leader. This monotonous decorative motive evidently took the Captain's eye, for without even glancing at the dreary furnishing he struck a bargain, and fifteen minutes later, with valise unpacked, boots in corner, and a trophy over his table composed of three pipes, his pistols and sword, he was ready to sally forth.

II.

The tap-room had always exercised a strong fascination for the Captain, offering as it did satisfaction of the three bad habits which the worthy officer had formed and cherished in his heart, namely, tobacco, absinthe, and cards.

He felt truly at his ease and quite at home when seated on the worn velvet of the settee, facing the table, whose green baize cover was well laden with glasses and beer mugs. His cigar never tasted quite so well as when he had scratched his match under the edge of the marble, and he never failed, after hanging up his sword to the gas jet and unbuttoning his tight tunic, to heave a long sigh of contentment and exclaim with fervor, "Now, that's better!"

His first care was to seek out a café to his taste; so after going the rounds he finally decided upon the Prosper Café, corner of the Market Square and Parish Street. This establishment was by no means up to his standard as a connoisseur of cafés. The exterior was too provincial, but inside he found things better. The sound of the cash register, manipulated by the fat and buxom cashier, had a joyous sound. He bowed politely to this majestic lady and noticed the room was clean and the floor nicely strewn with yellow sand; he went the rounds, admired the panels of the wall decorations, where musketeers and amazons were drinking champagne in rose-trellised landscapes, finally sat down, gave an order, and found the absinthe savory; he also, smoking contentedly, was indulgent enough to overlook the rustic familiarity of the provincial flies, who came to bathe from time to time in the drinks that were served.

In just one week to a day he had become a pillar of the Prosper Café.

They soon became accustomed to his punctual habits of life, his wishes were all anticipated, and the Captain ere long began to dine with the regular frequenters of the Café, who found in the new recruit a great treasure. Consumed as they were by the terrible monotony and ennui of provincial life, they were delighted with his anecdotes and stories of great campaigns, while the worthy Captain was very glad to find at last some appreciative listeners to his interminable tales of battles, banquets, gambling, assaults and sieges which had been the bane of young subalterns just out of St. Cyr. In short, the little group at the café got along very well together under the guidance of the Captain, whose stately head and white, pointed beard added an air of distinction to their daily meetings; and the little town was soon very proud of its retired captain, who shed such lustre on his native burg.

III.

Perfect happiness does not exist, as Captain Mercadier, who thought he had met it at the Café Prosper, soon found to his sorrow; the fact is, the tap-room of that public-house was at times absolutely untenable. From morning to night on market days it was invaded by farmers and rough country folk, sellers of pigs, of cattle and sheep, drovers with long blue smocks, broad brimmed hats, with whip in hand, binding bargains over their litre of wine, pounding the table with heavy fists, calling to the waiter, and monopolizing the billiards.

When the Captain reached the cafe as usual, at 11 o'clock, to absorb his first absinthe, he found the whole crowd rather tipsy, and busy ordering big dinners. His ordinary place was taken and he was very badly served. The waiter and the proprietor were rushing about in a distracted manner, while above the din the incessant jangle of the cash register irritated the Captain's already excited nerves.

Now one Monday morning, feeling sure that there would be no comfort at the café, the Captain sat himself sadly down on the stone bench before the street door of his venerable domicile, smoking a bad cigar and wondering if there was in life a more

lonely or wretched individual than Captain Mercadier, late of the 1st Sharpshooters. As his melancholy gaze roved idly up the narrow lane-like street, he noticed a flock of geese being driven toward the house by a little goose-girl who hobbled along slowly with a wooden leg, which sounded rhythmically in the cobbles of the lane.

Now the Captain had absolutely nothing of the paternal in his hardened bachelor heart, and had shuddered at the very thought of the little Arab children of Algiers touching his spick-and-span uniform with their pudgy, greasy fingers; yet the sight of the particular infirmity of the little goose-herd touched the old soldier. He felt a sharp pang of pity and sorrow at the sight of that little creature of ten years in her ragged frock stumping so cheerily after her unruly flock.

The geese, recognizing the familiar gate, made their noisy way into the courtyard, but the Captain halted the little stranger with the question:

"Well, little girl, what's your name?"

"Pierette, sir, at your service," said she, turning her big black eyes upon the Captain and pushing back her touseled locks.

"Do you belong to the house here? I never saw you before."

"Sure, I know you, sir, for I sleep under the brick steps and I hear you go up every night."

"Oh! Well, how old are you anyway?"

"Ten years, come All Saints' Day."

"Is the woman here a relation of yours?"

"Oh, no, sir, I am out at service."

"What gave you that?" asked the Captain, pointing to the wooden leg.

"A kick from a cow four years ago."

"Are your parents living?"

The child blushed red beneath her tan.

"I am from the Home for Foundlings," she replied, shortly, and making an awkward courtesy she hobbled off after her charges.

"Thunder!" thought the Captain to himself as he mechanically took the accustomed road to the café, "this is certainly

not in the regulations. A soldier has himself sent to the Invalides in Paris, and his medal gets him at least tobacco money, while an officer gets a civil service appointment and marries in his native province. But this little girl, and such an infirmity—well, it's not in the regulations at all!''

After all, the café was full: so he came back in very bad humor with himself and all the world. His room seemed mean and unhomelike from the faded curtains to the cheap furniture and the fire-place littered with cigar ends and ashes from his numerous pipes. The Captain then turned to his wardrobe and was disgusted to find buttons off this and that, stockings that needed darning and shirts that required patching to be useful to their much-tried owner.

''I need a servant,'' said he.

Then he thought of the little lame girl. ''That's the very thing. I'll rent the other little room. Winter is almost here and she will freeze under the stairs. She can look after my clothes and brush things up. The very thing!''

But a cloud overshadowed his happy perspective, the thought that his bill at the café was assuming large proportions and several weeks must pass before he could draw his pension money again.

''No! Can't be done!'' said he to himself. ''Yet I'm being robbed over there, that's sure. board is high and treats are higher still. Who knows? Perhaps I might do better to board myself. Soup at the café in the morning, boiled meat and vegetables at noon, and stew each evening, regular army rations. That suits me all right.''

The Captain certainly was tempted to try the new plan of campaign, and just as he was coming down the steps he beheld his landlady, a big, brutal-looking peasant woman, and the little lame girl forking the manure in a corner of the courtyard.

''Does she know how to sew, make soap, and make soup?'' asked the Captain curtly.

''Who? Pierrette? Why do you ask?''

''Does she know something about those things?'' persisted the Captain.

"To be sure, she comes from a place where they teach kids to wait on themselves and be handy," replied the landlady with a leer.

"Say, little girl, you're not afraid of me, I hope?" And, turning to the surprised landlady, "You will let me have her, won't you? I need a servant badly."

"Yes, if you will provide for her keep."

"All right, then. Here's twenty francs, let her have a decent dress and shoes to-night. We will complete arrangements to-morrow."

And after giving Pierrette's cheek a friendly pinch the Captain sallied forth, delighted with what had taken place.

"It means a few glasses of beer less, and the loss of some absinthe, or card games, but pshaw: that's nothing. Things will be more fit and proper this way."

The poor fellow had not foreseen all the consequences of his worthy resolution. The giving up of his morning absinthe was quite sufficient to provide the small amount needed for Pierrette's board. But how many other reforms were needed for the other household expenses! Full of gratitude, the little girl wished to prove it practically by her zealous service. Already the room was transformed. The furniture was cleaned and polished, the fire-place neat, and all cobwebs brushed away. When the Captain came home the savory perfume of good cabbage soup, and the sight of the dishes steaming on the white cloth of his little table, gave him a good appetite. Pierrette would then profit by the Captain's good humor to confess her secret ambition, which included andirons for the fire-place, and moulds for the cake and biscuit she could make so successfully.

The child's wish made the Captain smile, and he promised to think it over; so next day he bought cheap cigars in place of his former imported favorites, and hesitated to take a hand at cards, or refused to have a second glass of beer or chartreuse.

The struggle was long; in fact cruel. Often about the time of the morning glass, now cut off for the sake of economy, when thirst seemed almost to master his will, the Captain had to make an heroic effort to keep from taking the well-known route to

the Café Prosper. but he almost invariably mastered the impulse. and returning sometimes when he had gone a little distance from home, he would kiss little Pierrette· She was no longer his servant. but his adopted daughter.

To-day it is all over. The meeting with the child has saved the Captain from ignominious old age. He substituted for his other appetites. the wholesome love of a little girl. Already he has taught Pierrette to read and with rough hands fashions sentence and phrase for her to copy neatly in her brand new copy book. His sole anxiety is the thought that he is getting old and has nothing to leave his protégée.

The Captain. in fact. is becoming almost avaricious; he hoards; he wishes to give up tobacco altogether. though Pierrette refuses to see him deprived of his evening pipe. He is trying to save enough of his scanty income to purchase and stock some little store for Pierrette. There. long after he is dead. she will live peaceful and obscure. keeping hung up somewhere in the back shop, an old cross of the Legion of Honor as a remembrance of Captain Mercadier

Every day he takes her with him for a walk on the rampart. Sometimes. strangers pass by and cast a look of pity on the old lame soldier returned from the wars. and his little crippled child; then he feels thrilled. and moved even to tears. when the passer-by murmurs. "Poor father! his daughter is really a pretty little thing!"—*From the French.*

G. H. C.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
L. J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. G. D. JACKSON, '11.
L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
MISS G. ROBINSON, Moulton College.
A. L. THERRIEN, B.A., Grande Ligne.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, '11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER, 1908. No. 1

Editorial Notes.

A GLANCE at the above list of names will at once discover to our readers the almost complete change which has taken place in the student personnel of THE MONTHLY. Yet the prospect is not without hope. Under the wise tutelage of the consulting editors, and with the zealous co-operation of the students in charge of the various departments, we may with courage meet the difficulties which threaten inexperience, and assure the friends of this magazine that their will and pleasure shall be served with no less earnestness of purpose than has been displayed by our editorial forebears. There is an ever-growing community of McMaster graduates to which the college journal should bring its message. In order that this may be accomplished we would desire the graduates to speak through our columns. Articles are eagerly sought, and will be assured of due recognition. Contributions in both poetry and prose will find ready acceptance at THE MONTHLY office. A short story contest, terms of which will appear in next month's issue, is to be conducted this year. We would respectfully lay this matter before both graduate and undergraduate readers, and urge upon them the necessity for prompt action on their part.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"Whate'er men do, or say, or think or dream,
This motley column seizes for its theme."

THE ponderous wheels of college activity revolve once more, but with tardy motion, after so long a vacation. The staff of "Around the Hall" pause a moment to listen to the old familiar hum. Then must they adjust themselves to their particular task of inspecting the "raw" material, and also to report on the various stages which lead to the finished product.

In the minds of some there may be uncertainty as to the purpose for which this department of THE MONTHLY was primarily designed and the confines of the sphere in which its work is to be done. Doubtless some students besides freshmen imagine that it comes within the province of this column to take foolish, inane remarks, clothe them in the garb of a joke, and brand them as "Humor of the Hour." Unfortunately, humor, like poetry, cannot be pulled by the ears, and, therefore, cannot be relied upon as the staple production of this department. We hope that we may justly claim for these pages that they are a reflector of current thought within the school, an authentic record of the daily happenings in all phases of the University life, and a true indicator of the college spirit from time to time.

We take this opportunity of reminding any products of a bygone age, if such there be, that the custom instituted by the publishers of Europe's first newspaper, the "Gazette of Venice," of reading aloud in certain public places for the information of the people, is not in vogue in university circles to-day. Therefore, it is expected that every student be first a subscriber, then a reader, and, when possible, a contributor to the pages of this journal. It, therefore, devolves upon the students to see to it that "While men may come and men may go, THE MONTHLY goes on forever."

THE entire faculty were present for the commencement of the college year. This ought to cause all to rejoice, for apparently some of them have had a close shave during the summer.

There is a surprising lack of knowledge among the students regarding the nature of the various student organizations and the place filled by these in the college life. To meet this need the claims of the Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., and Debating Club, are set forth by the presidents of the respective societies.

The Literary Society.—Some time within the first two weeks after his arrival at this famed knowledge factory, the verdant freshman is approached in the Hall by a smooth-looking individual, bearing a loaded fountain pen in one hand and a black, sinister-looking receipt-book in the other, who tells him that for the sum of one dollar and a half he will be given a neat little receipt, and that henceforth for one year he is a member of the Literary Society of McMaster University. In this enlightened age even a freshman is canny about parting from any of papa's hard-earned cash unless he knows just what he is to receive in return. Therefore, in order to save the vocal organs, as well as the patience of the collector, this description of the Literary Society is given.

As its name signifies, the society has for its object the furtherance of literary pursuits within the University. To do this, various agencies are employed. The first we will mention is an up-to-date reading-room, which is now established on the first floor. Here are found all the best monthly, weekly and daily publications. Each year the society, as a whole, in open assembly, decides on the list to be obtained, and accordingly any member has the privilege, at that meeting, of submitting the name of a new periodical or of moving that any old one be discontinued. The reading-room is open at all times, *but only members of the society have the privilege of using it.* It is not an institution supported by the Board of Governors, and non-members have absolutely no right in it.

Next to the management of the reading-room, the control of the inter-college debating contests is the most important function of the society. McMaster holds an enviable position in the Inter-College Debating League, and the management of McMaster's part in this belongs to the society.

During the year there is also a series of inter-year debates, for which a championship cup has recently been donated. It is in these discussions that our inter-college debaters are developed, and the society does all in its power to foster interest in them.

During the school year a programme of a literary nature is arranged for every Friday night, when practicable, and every member who can is invited, not only to attend, but to assist in the entertainment. One or two evenings a year are set apart

for programmes of a more elaborate nature, and on these evenings, called "open meetings," the friends of the University are invited to be present. This gives the freshmen a chance to exhibit his lady friends to the rest of the students.

Shortly after the mid-year examinations the most important undergraduate function of the year is held. This is the banquet of the Literary Society, at which one or more speakers of national reputation are present. Some of the students are here given an opportunity to try their hand at after-dinner speaking, and all are given a chance to become more or less familiar with the planning and carrying out of a large public dinner.

We receive no financial assistance from the University Board of Governors. It, therefore, devolves upon the fellows of the school to finance the society themselves. To do this we need every student of McMaster upon our membership roll, the fee for which is $1.50.

Dig down, fellows, and be game!

Y. M. C. A.—The demands made upon the student's time and thought are such as to endanger his spiritual development by encroaching on his time for private devotion. The purpose of the College Y. M. C. A. is to offset this tendency by promoting the growth of Christian manhood; to train men for Christian service, and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ, not only in distinctively religious callings, but also in secular pursuits. The Y. M. C. A. should, therefore, receive the hearty support of every student that through this co-operation mutual help may be obtained, and the University come nearer achieving her purpose.

According to its motto, McMaster exists for the purpose of exalting Christ, and this must be done by the all-round development of her students. In athletic and literary achievements McMaster has an enviable reputation, but it has long been felt that more should be done for the spiritual welfare of the students. To meet this need the Y. M. C. A. was organized. It seeks to encourage regular and systematic Bible study as the only true basis of Christian life and service. As the true Christian is deeply interested in missions, so the truly Christian university must be a missionary university. The Y. M. C. A. hopes, by conferences and mission study classes, to increase missionary knowledge and zeal in McMaster. The Baptists of Canada are taking a leading part in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and they have a right to expect McMaster to provide qualified men through whom their deep interest and generous liberality will have practical application. Our University has many representa-

tives in the foreign field, but their number should be greatly increased. Oberlin University gave one hundred and forty-seven missionaries to the American Missionary Alliance within twenty-seven years of its founding. McMaster should do a missionary work, in proportion to her enrolment, equal to any institution. Oberlin's enrolment of male students in 1903 was only five hundred and thirty-seven.

By entering heartily into the work of the Y. M. C. A. each student should find the inspiration and help that will enable him more fully to realize the highest and best in life. McMaster will then be accomplishing the purpose which her founder had in view.

Debating Union.—The Debating Union craves consideration as a mere beginning, a root from which we hope will spring a luxuriant growth of pulpit oratory and influential statesmanship. The Union exists for the purpose of developing in its members the ability to express themselves clearly, forcibly, and to the best advantage on public platforms. "Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence" is the verdict of Disraeli, but knowledge and eloquence too often are not co-existent. To be a good public speaker one requires, first a desire for such an ability, then an insuppressible determination, followed by long and tedious periods of trial and experiment often made easier by competent and friendly criticism. To satisfy this last condition is the object of the Debating Union.

The meetings, held each Saturday afternoon and commencing at half-past one, are of about an hour's duration. The Executive Committee intend that the meetings shall be of much the same character as they were during the past session. Members will have the privilege of taking whichever side of the debate they choose, and leaders will be appointed in advance to champion the opposing factions. The leaders will be allowed seven minutes each in which to open the debate, and then a cross-fire will follow, each speaker being privileged to speak for two minutes. One of our professors or a senior student will act as critic at each meeting. The criticisms are always of a very personal nature.

McMaster has won the inter-collegiate debating championship five times in the past ten years, and is determined again to bid high for the coveted shield this session. But almost every one of the veterans of past struggles has retired; new recruits are needed, and it is much to be desired that the Literary Society executive should have an abundance of aspirants seeking the honor of unholding the name and fame of the University in the field of inter-collegiate debate. The '09 cup has been placed

in the arena of inter-year conflict, and experienced men are needed to champion the causes of the several classes. We would, therefore, urge every one of our students, and especially the new-comers, to avail themselves of the opportunities that the Union presents by attending and participating in each weekly session.

Sophomore to Bandmaster—"One of the freshmen has been a drummer across the line for the past two years. Say, he would be a valuable addition to your brass band, wouldn't he?"

Class Meetings.

'09 Once More.—On Tuesday evening, October 6th, Naughty-Nine met at the home of their vice-president, Miss Tapscott, to revive their enthusiasm for a last victorious campaign. The responsibility devolving upon them as seniors caused grave deliberation. The minutes of the meeting were written in iambic pentameter, that they might be handed down for the enlightenment of subsequent classes, particularly Year Eleven. Watch Naughty-nine and the Matthews Cup this year!

Class of '10.—The juniors have held a meeting, at which the most important business transacted was the drafting of a constitution. It would be useless for us to attempt in our limited space to give an outline of this constitution, since the world would scarcely contain the elaborate set of rules which has been drawn up. Not only will this constitution serve as a guide during the remainder of their college course, but it will doubtless be placed, at some future date, among the original documents of the University, where some student will search for it to serve as a basis for his essay in political economy.

Freshmen Organize.—On Wednesday, October 7, 1908, at 4.15 p.m., the freshmen met in Room 7, every person in a chair. To prevent favoritism, the sophomores, who assembled in the hallway, were allowed to make the nominations. In order that these should be valid, each one was seconded by several freshmen. The following is the list of officers: Honorary President, Professor McLay; President, Ed. Whan; Vice-President, Miss O. A. Cross; Secretary-treasurer, F. F. Shields; Historian, Miss K. M. McLaurin; Musician, Miss E. G. Black; Bard, R. Wilkins; Association Football Captain, E. R. Ashall; Track Captain, Lee Silcox; Rugby Captain, Ed. Whan; Representatives —Lit., L. W. Smith; Y. W. C. A., Miss McKay; Athletic Association, F. McGregor; Debating Club, P. Pierson; Y. M. C. A., C. O. Gilmore; Student Body, E. Campbell. Those

specially concerned will take notice that the above is the revised list of officers. Unfortunately, a goodly number of theologues were scattered throughout the assembly at their first class meeting, cornering the offices, and the freshies knew it not. This necessitated a new election, at which impostors were debarred from using the franchise. The class yell has not yet passed outside the precincts of the freshman's inner consciousness, or at least where the inner consciousness is usually found in a normal being. It's coming. See next issue.

One freshman to another, as he watches the sophomores renewing acquaintace with the sophettes in the Hall—"Just another year and we'll be able to go around shaking hands with old familiar faces."

Senior, selling books to freshman—"Let's see. You've got an 'Arnold's Greek Prose'!" "Yes." "And the 'Philippics'; you read that this term?" "Yes, I've just bought that." "What about a Greek Lexicon?" "Oh! when do we read that?"

(With apologies to none).

When first the college roll receives his name,
The blooming freshman always is the same,
With pompous stride he struts about his room
Unconscious of the overhanging doom.
All things he views, he's pleased to call his own,
From topmost turret to foundation stone.
How just his hopes let sophomores decide,
Nor may the hustle ever be denied,
Lest smouldering discontent, at last, should rise
In lurid flames demanding sacrifice.

The first chapel service of the year was held on Monday, September 28th, at 2 p.m. The Chancellor presided before an exceptionally large attendance of both students and professors. In his own kindly way he welcomed the new students to all the privileges and advantages of the University life. They would take their place in a rapidly growing family, whose members could be found upholding the honor and cherishing the traditions of their *Alma Mater*, both on this continent and in lands far beyond the sea. Again, from these distant countries students were being attracted towards McMaster. Three Burmese, a Bulgarian, an Austrian, not to speak of others from the British Isles, were this year enrolled along with the Canadian students of the University. The address closed with an appeal to the students on behalf of the faculty. Each member was worthy of the esteem and respect of all who attended their lectures, and he bespoke for all the sincere affection and hearty support of the students.

A Senior bought a second-hand lamp and sold it to a Junior, making twenty-five cents on his bargain. The latter in his turn disposed of the lamp, realizing a similar profit. The victim was a fresh sopohomore. He needed light.

Owing to the financial depression in some quarters second-hand books have advanced in price considerably beyond their value when new. The profits in these transactions have been so large as to justify the imposition, by the Student Body, of a license fee upon students who engage in this slaughter of the innocents.

The first meeting of the Student Volunteer Band for this session was held on Friday, October 9th. There were about thirty students present, and the meeting was addressed by Dr. J. G. Brown. He urged the students to keep steadily before them during the whole term their life purpose as volunteers. The spirit of enthusiasm and earnest purpose should not be allowed to grow cold, but should be encouraged to such an extent that other lives would be touched. The missionary spirit, he said, should permeate every theological institution, and no university student should go out from school without coming to a life decision regarding his duty to the foreign field. The speaker hoped to see the next chair in Theology, a chair in Missions. He referred to a number of such chairs which had been already established in the United States and in Germany.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"Be checked for silence,
But never tax'd for speech."

IN making our debut this month, we do not feel so strange as we might, had we not been behind the scenes before. Formerly, however, we enjoyed the delights of speaking under shelter, for our editor had all the responsibility and criticism. But now we must speak for ourselves—something we shall have to do for several months. As a beginning, therefore, we decided to take a bold quotation, which, we hope, will suit everyone. Yet, if any be not pleased with such a saying, we may assure him that it comes from a play that is called "All's Well That Ends Well," and we hope to end at least "well." Of course, we shall try not to be too loquacious, lest anyone should call out, as did the Scotchman, on one occasion, "Encore, encore, we'll hae nae mair o' that!" And so, with our college cap in our hand, and our enthusiastic reporter beside us, we smile and bow, and wish you all "A Happy New Year!"

The first chapel service did not witness the attendance of very many girls, but since that time our number has increased, wind and weather having been more favorable. But the rain did not dampen the welcomes awaiting the freshettes at the Hall. Each year sees more girls coming to McMaster, by which fact we presume that co-education is ever becoming more popular. More than fifty girls are now registered, and of this number over twenty are new. Most of the girls are taking the full course, in spite of what we often hear to the effect that a university education is too difficult for the fairer co-eds. Not all these "fresh" girls are in the first year, for some have joined the ranks of the sophettes, so that Year '11, by reason of greater numbers, will be expected to keep in order all unruly members of Year '12. Among the freshettes, we are glad to see the daughter of one of our own professors and a niece of our Chancellor. And we are particularly glad to welcome a stranger from Burma. The freshettes have come from many different parts of the Province, but Miss Isaac has come from a distant part of the British Empire to study here. The third year has been able to add a recruit to its forces. Miss Armstrong, before she went to Burma to engage in missionary work, was an undergraduate of McMaster.

and decided while in a heathen land to set sail in time to graduate with the far-famed "upper ten." Most of the "old" girls are back again; '08 has disappeared, and '09, flushed with victory, is bravely doing its best to act our dignified seniors; '10 has decided to be jolly in spite of being blue, and has left all the golden glories belonging to sophettes, while '11 is trying to show '12 the difference between green and yellow.

Y. W. C. A.—The Young Women's Christian Association of McMaster is a branch of that comparatively new and yet so widely comprehensive movement that includes the women students of many lands. As a part of this organization it has its broader interests in the work of the Association the world over, and as a member of the Canadian branch more especial interest and responsibility in the work carried on among the thousands of Japanese girl students in Tokio. It is more difficult, of course, for the individual association to keep in intelligent sympathy with this part of the work, but it endeavors to do so by the secretaries who visit the different colleges from time to time, by the many publications of the International Board, and by a committee in the society itself, whose duty it is to furnish some item of news of Association work at each meeting.

The chief concern of each Association is, of course, with its own membership. The Y. W. C. A. is primarily a religious organization of the girls for the benefit of the girls themselves in the development of their spiritual life, whatever work it may undertake beyond the school. The ideal placed before it, and to which it, with the other religious influences of the school, must strive, is that every girl in the school should be brought to Christ, her life deepened and sweetened in and through Christ, and that she should leave the college eager and competent to enter into whatever phase of Christ's work in this world it may be her part to undertake.

The work of the Association in McMaster is one, perhaps, rather of prevention than of cure. To prevent the rush of fresh interests in college life leading to the neglect of the spiritual life; to keep clearly before the students the ideal of Christian womanhood, and the importance of keeping burning within them the sacred flame of love and loyalty to Christ and His work.

The Y. W. C. A. met for its first meeting this fall on Wednesday afternoon, September 30th, under the leadership of Miss Elsie McLaurin, '09, as president; Miss Annie Grierson, '10, as vice-president, and Miss Bessie Arkell, '11, as secretary. Miss McLaurin had been at the Silver Bay Conference in July, and she brought back to us enthusiastic ideas for the winter's work.

She urged the advisability of adopting a constitution, and suggested particularly having an enrollment of members. Miss Bedinger, the new secretary of the College Y. W. C. A.'s of the city, spoke a few words. Nominations were received for the offices of honorary president and treasurer. . . . The second meeting was held on Wednesday, October 7th, and a large number of girls attended to vote on the new constitution. The clauses suggested for our adoption by Miss McLaurin were read over by the secretary, and, with very few amendments, were unanimously accepted. When the last clause had been thus disposed of, the election of Mrs. Gilmour as honorary president, and of Miss Wells as treasurer, took place. Miss Hope Gray then gave a short, heart-searching talk on "Loyalty to Christ," after which the meeting was closed with prayer by Mrs. Gilmour.

On Saturday afternoon, October 3rd, the officers and conveners of committees of the College Y. W. Associations met in the University Y. M. C. A. Hall. Miss Bedinger, the new secretary, was present, and seemed to form a connecting link among the various associations. Talks were given for the conveners of the different committees. Miss Little spoke on the relation of the local to the Dominion and World's Associations, and Miss McLaurin on the inter-collegiate relations. After this an interesting hour was spent in open discussion. Tea was served about six. Mrs. Kilgour presided at the evening session, during which Dr. McTavish gave a most enjoyable paper on "Christian Service."

Mission Study Classes.—A class for mission study has been organized among the girls of each year. The first three years have decided to study "The Uplift of China," but the fourth year, with the usual dignity of seniors, is still debating as to what book to honor. Miss Hope Gray is the leader of the fourth year, Miss Gertrude Pratt of the third, Miss Bessie Arkell of the second, and Miss Laura Craig of the first.

A normal class for the mission study leaders in the different colleges has been organized under the leadership of Miss Thomas, of the Jarvis Street Collegiate. Miss Thomas entertained the girls at her home one afternoon, when meetings were arranged for.

W. L. S.—At various times during the year the bulletin board in the Ladies' Room bears a gay poster to announce a meeting of the W. L. S. Of olden time it used to be the alliterative L. L. L., but last year the name of the society was changed from the Ladies' Literary League to the Women's Literary

Society. The freshettes who see the first poster anxiously ask what the fees are for the W. L. S., and are much relieved when they are informed that one of the articles in the constitution reads: "All women students in attendance upon lectures at McMaster University are members of this society, by virtue of their connection with the said institution."

"The object of the Women's Literary Society is the mutual improvement of its members in literary pursuits, in the art of speaking, of writing, and in musical attainment." With such an object in view, the programmes for the meetings are always prepared. At the beginning of the year it is decided what subject we shall specially make our study for the coming winter. "A Day With One of Our Poets," "Famous Pictures and Their Artists," "Travels through Europe," "The Status of Woman, and what she has contributed to Literature, Music, and Arts," have been some of the topics of discussion in our meetings. The programmes generally include music, the reading of papers, and elocution.

Debates have been of frequent occurrence. For a couple of years the women students of McMaster were members of the Inter-College Debating Union. In 1906 McMaster won the championship. The W. L. S. has, however, withdrawn from the Union, and contents itself now with inter-year debates.

It is the duty of this society to initiate the freshettes. Unlike many another duty, the members find this scarcely irksome.

In order to give the wives of the professors the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the girls of the University, the W. L. S. gives a reception to the Alumnae, the wives of the professors, and the freshettes, every autumn.

In the art of entertaining, the W. L. S. takes a place second to none in the college. It has provided a very enjoyable evening to the general Literary Society. But the greatest *coup de force* of the year is always the reading of a play, to which the public are invited. And woe betide anyone who thinks that he can secure a seat if he comes late, for he may consider himself lucky to procure even standing room on that night. Such is the popularity of the W. L. S. of McMaster University.

Initiation.—The interest of all in the Ladies' Room was excited to a high degree by the grotesque figure of an old-time court fool pointing to the announcement that the first meeting of the Women's Literary Society was to be held on Thursday afternoon, October 8th, at four o'clock. What creeping sensations took possession of the little freshettes at the reading thereof we can best tell by harking back to our own toddling hours

within McMaster walls. Some, indeed, endeavored to avert the dreaded unknown, and assert their wonderful independence by refusing to attend; but kindly persuasion won the day, and a goodly number of our young hopefuls were carefully ushered into the chapel gallery.

Several visitors being present for the first meeting, it was thought advisable to have the little ones "show off" before the kind ladies. Accordingly, one at a time was assisted by a masked attendant down the stairs and across to the foot of the literary throne occupied by Miss Florence Edy and her dignified and masked executive; and the child's name, which had been registered some days since, was duly proclaimed to the world, as the fair one bowed to the ground before her superiors. But just imagine her surprise, on rising, to behold the jolly face of dear old Teddy Bear (whom she was certain she had tucked warmly in his crib that very morning—since then grown to simply amazing proportions!), and to receive once more his fond, clinging embrace!

How delightfully meek they were as they gave delicate exhibits of their several accomplishments! It is clearly evident, however, that the freshettes are void of ideas on the possibilities of co-education, other than those arising from an occasional smile, which, perchance, is all that has so far lent itself to their youthful experience. However, they seem to have practised nobly these same smiles; so woe betide any poor, frail heart that might be shattered by the sweetness thereof!

By five o'clock each had in turn been initiated into the mysteries of the society, and all adjourned to the "sitting-room," where the infant prodigies were duly bibbed and placed in kindergarten style around the centre rug. How their bright eyes glistened to behold the glowing quarters of melon which were soon to be entrusted to their care! After their elders had disposed of their dainty slices by means of silver forks, and the wee ones' "moufies" were dried, nominations were received of members from the "baby year" for treasurer of the W. L. S., and they were all permitted to run off and play.

We had intended to give a freshette's story of the initiation, but the stern editor refused us more space.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. A. DETLOR, '09.

"Up, Guards, and at them."

THIS is the year we get the silverware—at least, this is the fervent prayer of the editor of this column. Our men are twisting the pig-skin; they're twisting for the final wrench. The old pig is squealing hard, the curl in his tail is straightened, and his bristles are all on end. Now, when such phenomena are seen, look out! "Someting will happen 'fore very long." 'Tis true, hopes have been buoyant before; confidence has been inspired; victories have been won. The smaller foe has been swept from the field, but in the final rush for victory and the vault where the silverware lies, that dread dragon, alias Varsity II., "the strongest and the fiercest spirit," has appeared with his fire and smoke and multitudinous arms. No mean adversary this! Yet, Dragon, we fear thee not. All honor to the tried veterans of the blue and white; but all praise and laurels to the men who don the black and green and rally to the help of McMaster.

"Nor want we skill or art." Our captains have been men of tried experience and enthusiasm. Such men as McArthur, Pengelly, Benson, Cohoe are men who knew the game, men who warmed the Varsity line and unsettled its safety, men who led McMaster within a few points of victory. Many from our teams have found places on the Ottawa Rough Riders, Varsity I., McGill I., and other strong teams. But we talk not of our grandfathers at Hastings. To-day we have old Leckie, hard as steel, and McKechnie, strong in limb. We have Vail, the "Shaker"; Jackson, the "Slugger." We have Holman with his strong Theololgy; Whan, of kin to "Rainbow Bill," and Scott, with his characteristic "bound toward the setting sun." Our men in their different positions play the game, and play it well.

Why, then, do we lose? A very pertinent question, and one that will stand a little probing. In the editor's opinion, one weakness of our team is this: They never get going till it's time to quit. The game goes on in a good-natured, fraternal kind of way, and then with the closing minutes comes the painful realization that some things may be put off till too late a date. An-

other weakness is that McMaster is easily flattered. One favorable wind wafts us to the haven of rest, and there behind a few "punts" and "tackles" we think the next victory is assured. What we want is unflagging, persistent, hard work from the first heeling-out to the last touch-down. We have noticed, too, that McMaster spirits sink with the final dash of the Varsity line. We hesitate in saying that we lack the power of endurance; we have it. What we do lack is that bulldog tenacity of mind, that ferocity which rises and keeps pace with the reserve strength of the enemy. Last year we had a winning team; we out-generaled and out-classed our opponents. Things were coming our way till, with the strength of desperation, the chagrined foe bore down upon us; before this desperate onslaught—lasting only a few minutes—we yielded and the game was gone. We have the brain, the brawn, and the sinew; let us have a little more stick-to-it-iveness.

And let some of our fellows work up a little more College spirit. How can we expect to win when men—strong, stalwart men, too—are wandering aimlessly round the hall rattling a few coppers in their pocket instead of getting out on the field and rattling some fellow's false teeth. How can we expect to win when fellows, the very sight of whom on a rugby field would scare an opponent, are following Sophettes down to Eaton's; if these same gallants would follow the Rugby ball, "in hope to stonden in their lady grace," knowing our ladies as well as we do, we might predict for them some show of success?

However, we still figure on that championship. To the end that McMaster may assert her full, unbroken strength and achieve her unshaken purpose, let every man, woman, and child become enthused with the Athletic spirit; let every Freshman and every Theologue pay his obol fee; let the Sophomores, the Juniors and the Seniors hit the line; and, finally, let the ladies smile their prettiest. Only in this way can we ever expect the brilliancy of the silverware to illuminate *our* hall.

The following article by the President of the Athletic Association is at once timely and interesting. We recommend it to the attention of all our readers:

The Athletic Association.—It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the importance of athletics in a college man's life. But we wish to set before the students of the University, and especially those not yet acquainted with its institutions, some of the advantages the Athletic Association offers, and also to point out some of the ways in which its support is absolutely necessary in

making the work of this department of our College life a success.

The object of the Association is "the encouragement and development of athletic spirit among the students of the University, and the physical development of its members."

Baseball, tennis, and especially track sports, association, rugby and hockey are supported by the Association. In connection with these last is the series of inter-year games, which is a feature of intensest interest. Each year has the privilege of entering in this series a rugby, association, hockey and track-team. A winning team in football or hockey makes twenty points, a second team, ten, for the year it represents. To these are added the points won by members of the respective years on Field Day, and the grand total decides the Inter-year Championship, for which the Matthews' Cup is awarded. This offers to every student an incentive to get out and take his place in the athletic activities of his year. But, incidentally let it be observed that none but members of the Association are eligible to take part in these inter-year contests.

Now a word as to what is expected of the students. The Athletic Association is one of the institutions which has helped to make McMaster what it is; it is part of our College life. The spirit of the University is reflected in our athletics. Championship material is in McMaster this year waiting for the psychological moment to bring us victory and the silverware; our captain knows the game, and plays the game, and with right support can turn out winning teams; but the student body as a whole has to produce the psychological moment. How are we going to do it? By realizing that our football team, our hockey team, is part of us. Lack of interest and support will kill them, but our enthusiasm will stimulate them. As they win or lose, remember, we win or lose. Enthusiasm is contagious; it is dynamic. Let every man—freshman, theolog' and everyone else—get behind and push. Be sports! Get in the game and PLEASE PAY UP! Enthusiasm will not cash at the bank. We need the money. The fee is $2, payable in Room 26, or any place the secretary asks for it. If you can possibly do so, pay him promptly. Don't worry him by asking him to wait a while because you're a little low just now—so is everyone else, and the secretary has plenty to do without making two or three calls when one should be enough.

Now let every one in McMaster line up with the good old

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ski-u-mah!"

and enter into the athletic life of the college with vigor and work-

ing enthusiasm, and help make 1908-9 a championship year for old McMaster.

Pretty Fair Start, Boys!—The first game of the Intermediate I.C.R.F.U. was played between Trinity and McMaster, Saturday morning, October 10, on Trinity grounds. Trinity won the toss, and for ten minutes manoeuvred about McMaster quarters, finally getting over the deadline. This quite elated the Trinity team, and back they ran like "playful children just let loose from school." The hair-ribbons on the lawn smiled approval; the mortar-boards flourished in air; and the B.B.B. pipes fumed high. This point had some effect on McMaster also; it was just the stimulus needed. McCrimmon scored a pretty rouge, and a kick over the deadline counted again for the green and black. Then Scott somehow got the ball snugly under his arm, and down the line he ran as though ten demons from the nether world were after him; this meant five points more, and the convert rounded the score to 1—8 the first half.

After a few lemons had been sucked and much water spilt, the teams lined up again. McCrimmon, as in the first half, led off—this time with a "five-spot." After a little lull in the game, McMaster scored a rouge. Robertson's legs now got in swing, and before he gained control of them he had fallen flat on the ball behind the Trinity goal. This gave us five points more.

Some other points were made, and—Oh, we've said enough. McKeehnie and Vail were firm as rocks. Leekie's captainey of the team was perfect, and his playing brilliant in every respect. Final score: Trinity 1, McMaster 26.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: L. D. JACKSON, '09.

"An' forward tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!"

NOT without hesitancy do we attempt to follow in the footsteps of those who in the past have made reputations for themselves in making this department one of the most readable, interesting, and gossipy columns of THE MONTHLY. The high standard of excellence attained in the last college year in this department will stimulate us to do even greater things in the important work of keeping before our readers what McMaster men are accomplishing in the various fields of activity in which they happen to be engaged. Moreover, it shall not be our endeavor to fill this column with a mere statistical record, but rather to enliven it with bits of gossip which will serve, we hope, to make it more attractive, and add color to what might otherwise become a dull and uninteresting chronology.

"Wal, I swan,
I mus' be git-tin' on!"

to chronicle the happenings in the ranks of last year's graduating classes.

Of the eight lady graduates, five are "school-marms." Moulton has claimed the services of Miss Pugsley and Miss Edy, the former teaching Latin and History and the latter in charge of the Science department. Mrs. Kerr is attending the Faculty of Education, while Miss Vansickle and Miss Harris are teaching, one at Berlin and the other in the West.

Regarding the remaining three, Miss Murray is entertaining her old college acquaintances at her home in Parkdale. Miss Alway is under the parental roof at Waterford, and Miss McIntosh is also taking post-graduate work in Household Science at her home in Breadalbane.

Theology has claimed W. Raithby, R. G. English, J. M. Telford and N. S. McKechnie; the last-named is also continuing his duties as pastor of Myrtle Avenue Baptist Church. W. F. L. Edwards is taking M.A. work in History, and F. W. Weston is studying medicine at 'Varsity.

The lure of the West has attracted to its fertile plains no less than seven of the Naught-eight stalwarts. W. H. Holman is attending Normal at Regina. Morden Long is assistant principal

in the High School at Revelstoke, B.C. "Deac" is serving his apprenticeship under D. L. McLaurin, '05, principal of the school. Len Harkness is preaching in Manitoba. J. J. Stapleton is teaching at Fort Pelly, and Norman Ware at Dubuc, Sask. C. A. Curtis is principal of a High School near Moose Jaw. Brandon College was fortunate in securing the services in their English department of one of Naught-eight's brightest students, D. A. McGibbon, the efficient editor of this journal in the past year.

R. D. Moyle is employed in the offices of the Harris Abattoir Company, of this city.

Gordon Vichert is at home in Princeton, where, we are pleased to state, he is gradually recovering from the serious illness which compelled him to give up his studies in the spring.

Judging by the reports in *The Canadian Baptist*, Tom McWhorter is enjoying unbounded blessing as pastor at Crown Point, near Hamilton.

T. H. Marshall is continuing his studies in Philosophy at Columbia University.

C. R. Duncan has just recovered from an operation for appendicitis, and is again able to continue his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Ed. Cohoe is at present working out the cost of production and maximum value of bovine extracts from a herd of the famous Oxford County dairy cows. However, he finds time to perform the onerous duties of president of the B. Y. P. U. of Burgessville Baptist Church.

W. B. Waters is studying law at Osgoode Hall. Many of the boys have been wondering how the redoubtable Bill would cheer should McMaster be paired with Osgoode in inter-collegiate debate.

E. J. Bingham is busy in evangelistic work throughout the Province.

Russell Jordan is engaged in actuarial work for the Canada Life Assurance Company, of this city. When his day's work is over he amuses himself describing tangents and parabolas in his hurry to get up to McMaster field to watch the boys play football.

Roy Saunders is supplementing his Arts course with agricultural science at the O. A. C. The Boss will soon be known as a "*lux agricolis ignorantibus.*"

And last, but by no means least, comes the only original "Spike" McLaren. Fresh from the dreary haunts of a survey party, he has returned to Toronto firmly resolved "to scorn delights and live laborious days." He has joined the sophomore class of mining engineers at the School of Practical Science.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

BACK again! The old school's summer nap is over for another year. Corridors and campus are vocal. We are back to the books and the nightly grind. The days of our peace have passed into history. The sound of the triangle is heard in the halls at 6.30 a.m. And once again we are up against monitors and curfews and campus restrictions.

"O terque, quaterque beati!"

That's our greeting to you, Naughty-eight. Rub up your Latin and thank your lucky stars you are off the "Indian list" for good. We miss you luminaries around the halls. We presume you are pining to be back. Don't mention it. The nights are getting frosty, and the coal hasn't come yet. In spite of our affection, we can give you only a cold welcome. We want hot air in the worst way. We miss you sadly, Naughty-eight.

THE ROLL CALL.—One hundred and thirty-three names are read every morning in the chapel from the college register. Of these, thirty-three are day students. One hundred boys exactly have rooms in the college.

SOME CHANGES.—The East building is the tower and fortress of the younger boys this year. During the evening they study together in a class-room, under the supervision of one of the masters. The top flat of the main building have decided to dispense with a master's disciplinary services. They are now a law unto themselves.

NEW PROFESSORS.—The faculty line-up—we beg pardon, the personnel of the faculty—is changed again this fall. Mr. Edwards occupies the seat vacated by Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Love is Mr. OBrien's successor. At a reception given September 15th Mr. A. Haddow, on behalf of the students, welcomed the new teachers, and explained their duty to them. If we hear of any irregularties on their part, we will be happy to call their attention to it through this column.

THE INITIATION.—The new students were tendered a reception along with the new professors. It consisted of two parts.

The first part was given in the dining-room. Prof. Clark, representing the faculty, and Mr. Chapman, speaking for the students, assured the freshmen that they were welcome as the flowers in May. Part II. was enacted in the Gymnasium and the subterranean vaults. Shoe polish and "Old Reliable" figured as the chief symbols of fraternity. The shivering freshmen were expecting to be tossed into the cold depths of the swimming-tank. Blindfolded and smeared with blacking, they were led in one by one. Now he was standing on the brink of the tank. Was it full of water? To convince him that it was, he was dipped head-first into a tubful standing near. Ugh! Ten feet of cold, dark, smothering depths gaped under him. Strong arms were swinging him out over the tank. Thus the sailors of Tarshish handled Jonah. One! Take a long breath. Two! Hold it for all you're worth. Three! Kick for dear life. Fudge! Instead of a splash, instead of a gasp, instead of a shiver, nothing but a soft fall upon a mattress held at the bottom of the empty tank. The digested freshman replaced his heart in its native seat and climbed out. His conductor led him by circuitous passages into *terra incognita*, where our readers may not fancy to follow him, as he paddles bare-footed through golden syrup and silver sand.

Annual Sermon.—On Sunday night, Sept. 20th, the students' annual sermon was preached by Mr. T. M. Dadson, B.A., in the First Baptist Church. We were all out, marching in a body. And we let all the folks along the route know about it. They had special music for us—the same as they had a year ago. Mr. Dadson preached two sermons, both twenty-five minutes in length. We liked the first, but slept through the second. We would like to call the theologs' attention to Luther's precept for young preachers, "Get through quickly."

Socials and At-Homes.—Several of the churches of the city have been giving socials and harvest-homes. We went to all, and made them a success. The First Baptist Church gave us an at-home that was heartily accepted and appreciated. We are hoping that before Xmas—well, never mind.

The Philomathic Society has chosen its leaders and flung its banners to the breeze. Mr. A. Haddow leads the van, with G. M. Malone as first lieutenant. B. L. Guyatt wields the weapon that makes his victims wince. As editor of *The Oracle* he is demonstrating that the pen is mightier than the sword. Mr. Edwards is censor.

The Excelsior Society, too, has entered upon a lusty career. In handing out the honors, this excellent body made the following selection: President, James Moore; Vice-President, A. G. Lees; Secretary-treasurer, W. B. Clark; Editor of *The Maple Leaf*, Robert McDonald; Marshall, C. Pirie; Critic, Mr. C. E. Burke.

The Debating Society meets every Saturday afternoon, and the chapel bristles with Aristotelian syllogisms. G. M. Malone is President, and W. E. Fairchild, Secretary.

The Judson Missionary Society has provided itself with a new set of officers. They are: President, Principal McNeill; Vice-President, O. U. Chapman; Recording Secretary, A. Haddow; Corresponding Secretary, A. A. Trembert; Treasurer, W. E. Morrow; Advisory Committee, Prof. Edwards, G. A. Clark, B. L. Guyatt. The first meeting of the society was held on the afternoon of September 24th. Rev. E. T. Fox, of Toronto, addressed a large assembly of the students, on his trip to Bolivia. His address was received with keen attention and hearty appreciation.

Athletics.—The outlook in athletics is bright indeed. The association has committed the management of its affairs to a strong executive, of which E. J. Adams is President; R. D. Campbell, Vice-President, and O. U. Chapman, Secretary-treasurer. The gymnasium work is in the capable hands of our new physical director, Mr. E. J. Adams. So far, Rugby has entire possession of the campus. Captain W. L. McKenzie is working the men hard and taking their measurements. W. Haight is emulating his example with respect to the Junior aggregation. Mr. A. Haddow is captain of the association football team.

Field Day.—Friday, October 2nd, was our day of sports. Blue skies and floods of sunshine made everybody happy. The campus was fair and green as an Olympic plain. Early in the day it was alive with boys, scudding about in the garb of aborigines, and trailing yards of purple and gold. Twenty-one contestants appeared in the senior events, twenty-six in the junior. The programme was executed promptly. A very fine spirit characterized the contest. It was both keen and clean. Not a single misfortune marred the events. The hero of the day was R. D. Campbell, familiarly known as "Bobbie D." He won the senior championship with 28 points. Charlie Pirie, of the freshman year, came second, scoring 18 points. The junior championship was won by MacPherson Clark, who secured 23 points. A. G. Lees came second, making 19 points. An event

which was eagerly contested was the pole vault, won by Allan Smith. Murray McKay provoked abundant applause by clearing 18 feet 7 inches in the running broad jump. He also won in throwing the baseball, the distance being 87 yards 3 inches. W. B. Clark won the one-mile walk. W. L. McKenzie was a close second. This event is an innovation of this year. The relay race was won by the fourth year. The tennis championships went as follows: Senior, G. M. Malone; Intermediate, Harris Fairchild; Junior, C. M. G. Purchas. The presentation of badges and prizes in the chapel brought the programme to an end.

Inter-Collegiate Games.—Our school sent five stalwarts to Toronto to compete in the Inter-Collegiate games on October 9th. They were Messrs. Campbell, Moore, Pirie, McKay, and Smith. They did not return without a laurel wreath or two. "Bobbie D." particularly covered himself with glory. Besides winning second in the pole vault, he came first in the running high jump, breaking the previous interscholastic record, raising it from five feet two and a half inches to five feet three and three-quarters. Moore won second in the half mile.

When we heard of it, we went wild. We prepared a reception for "Bobbie D." and the others that out-Marathoned Longboat. The G. T. R. engine snorted in amazement when it pulled into Woodstock station. The whole school was there, inconceivably costumed

Poor Bobby D! We cheered him, we hugged him, we bounced him, we paraded him through Woodstock with banners and bunting. From the steps of the City Hall we published his achievement to the world. And then we made him make a speech. At last, satisfied that all the citizens were properly apprised of the lustre shed over their town, we drew our hero home, and on the front steps of the main building were photographed.

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. F. SMITH, '09.

MORE LOVELY GROWS THE EARTH.

"More lovely grows the earth as we grow old,
More tenderness is in the dawning spring,
More bronze upon the blackbird's burnished wing,
And richer is the autumn cloth-of-gold;
A deeper meaning, too, the years unfold,
Until to waiting hearts each living thing
For very love its bounty seems to bring,
Entreating us with beauty to behold.

"Or is it that with years we grow more wise
And reverent to the misery profound—
Withheld from careless or indifferent eyes—
That broods in simple things the world around—
More conscious of the Love that glorifies
The common ways and makes them holy ground?"

—Helena Coleman, in *O. A. C. Review.*

THE embryo editor of "Here and There" with some trepidation makes his bow. Unusual palpitations stir his breast as he takes up an editorial pen so time-honored by his predecessors. What to do and how to do it, are questions at present not easily to be answered. Despite many perplexities, however, a happy and somewhat reassuring feeling creeps over him as he begins to understand the broad sphere in which he is to labor. His feelings are akin to the naturalist who, exploring field and forest, hill and dale, searches the world over with eager eye for the rare, the beautiful, and the curious. As the naturalist, so must he, but it is in the field of literature that the latter must explore.

From an understanding of the magnitude of the task set before him, the present editor believes that no department of THE MONTHLY presents a field of labor and investigation so interesting as his, for he comes into closest touch with the life and thought of many of the universities and colleges of this continent, his pleasant duty being to receive and to review the various college magazines. He must do this in such a way as to give his readers an adequate idea of their purport, and of what is going on in the great college world without. Nor does this embrace all of his task. An exchange department allows us not only to profit by the best thoughts of fellow-students in other colleges, but to be schooled by their just and kindly criticisms. It also

enables us to acknowledge such criticisms, and to advance some judgment, appreciative or otherwise, upon the work of our contemporaries. In this way errors and weaknesses are exposed and some remedy prepared.

Needless to remark, the spirit which will characterize this department will be one of friendly helpfulness and good fellowship. Our criticisms will be given for the purpose of helping, not hindering. In all things we will try to be just and sincere, and hope that this same attitude will be adopted by our contemporaries.

Although very few of the October exchanges have reached our table, we are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of *The Baylor Literary* and the *O. A. C. Review*. The cover design in green and gold of *The Baylor Literary* is worthy of favorable comment.

"What we need is not more narrow men, specialists, but broad men sharpened to a point."—Prof. D'Ooge, in *The Normal Bulletin*.

"Life has two sovereign moments:
One, when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose;
One, when we grasp the crown."
—M. R. McKnight, B.A., in The Allisonia.

We feel that a few words should be addressed exclusively to the McMaster student at this time, be he graduate or undergraduate. Throughout the pages of The Monthly in times past have appeared some excellent verse written by students of our *Alma Mater*. These have been copied and re-copied into other college journals. But latterly there has been a dearth in this respect. "Speaking generally, this magazine contains too little poetry." These words came as a just criticism of our magazine from the *William Jewell Student*, a college monthly of no mean order from Liberty, Mo. This kindly expression of opinion, which comes not only from the journal quoted, but also from other sources, should undoubtedly serve as a stimulus to further literary effort. We make, therefore, a strong plea for more poetry, even some simple thought feelingly treated, not mere rhyming, but poetry of an order which will do credit to McMaster.

Beck—"I notice our love-sick friend Donnelly trying to solve some problem about a clock." Hiliman—"Oh, he is only figuring when the hands will come together again."—*The Collegian*.

Few college journals credit their whole exchange column simply to "exchange." The exchange department of the McMaster University Monthly does not do this, as we believe that in crediting sister institutions with any literary productions or anecdotes we do them a courtesy and in some faint way advance their fair names by "personal mention." We believe it is only just to acknowledge our sources. The commencement number of *The College Index,* published in Kalamazoo, Mich., is an excellent edition in many ways. We admire its cover of green, and consider that its general literary make-up and tone is good. We esteem also its short criticism of The Monthly. It quotes, however, without credit to any source, not even to "exchange," one of our poems, entitled "On the Ides of April," together with several other flashes of McMaster wit. Although we appreciate the mere fact that these are considered worthy of adorning any exchange column, we feel that McMaster should be credited with them. We do not crave over-mention, but we do claim some recognition as the source of these materials.

Selfish Alex.—Bill—"It is said that Alexander the Great, when on a campaign, ate the rations of a common soldier." Jill—"And did the poor soldier get nothing?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Prof.—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer." O'Keefe—"That's why so many of us flunk."—*The Collegian.*

The May number of the *Columbia Monthly* strikes one as being very commendable. We are glad that such a journal finds a place on our table. This number is given over to a study of Walt Whitman, his work, and his place in literature. The following merits a reprint:

TO WALT WHITMAN.

I stand upon a mountain-summit, high
Above a broad expanse of level plain
Inlaid, gem-like, with tiny fields of grain,
Toy-villages, and rivers winding by.
Beyond, the city, where the toilers ply
The ceaseless spindles of the Gods of Gain;
And while I seem to hear their cries of pain,
Above I feel the vastness of the sky.

The bright-hued carpets of the world unroll'd
Dazzle me with the beauty that they hold;
But lonely grows the mountain, and again
I feel the call of human blood and yearn
To clasp the friendly hand; I must return
To mingle with the common ways of men.

[The clippings on this page and the next were selected by last year's editor of this department.]

TO DELLA.

Where the sun glints on the ripples of the laughing meadow-brook,
Catching up the flashing jewels from the golden waves out-shook,
There her eyes have caught a sparkle, and a sudden dancing gleam
That's an answer to the gladness of the gaily flowing stream.

In the heart of wilderness where the deepest shadows lie,
Reaching up through mists of twilight to the dusky evening sky,
There upon her eyes have fallen mystery and brooding shades,
Soft and sad as gentle waters murmuring in starlit glades.
—*Pauline Angell, in the Vassar Miscellany.*

In the past number of "The Windsor Magazine" a good story is told in connection with Dr. Jowett, the late master of Balliol College, Oxford. A body of undergraduates came up to work during the Long Vacation, and stayed longer than the Doctor deemed advisable. Presently he became rigorous in his insistence on regular attendance at chapel. They demurred, but obeyed. Then the food in the hall became worse and worse, until they declared it was practically uneatable. At last they left. The master observed the exodus with a quiet smile. "That kind," he said, "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

The ancients thought the world was flat,
And right they were.
There's not a bit of doubt of that,
I must aver.
They had no bridge, benighted dubs,
Nor brainstorms then;
They had no cigarettes, nor clubs,
Like modern men.
They had no chorus girls, no graft;
No car ahead.
They had no Foraker, or Taft,
No valiant Ted.
They had no highballs in their day,
No rye or gin.
They thought the world was flat, and say,
It must have been.—*Ex.*

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

" 'I am a friend of temperance, and want it to succeed,' he said, 'but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy

smashes out of the shingles of his roof or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chair.' ''

A WARNING.—If all the caramels given to girls by our students were combined into one caramel, it would take a girl with a jaw 31 ft., 6 in. long and having a tensile strength of 286 tons per foot to chew it. Oh, ye of little consideration: think of what you are feeding and pity the man who must be her husband!—Ex.

With dainty steps and pirouette
My Chloe treads the minuet.
The twinkle of her tiny toes,
A sudden gleam of silken hose,
A pretty ankle half disclosed,
A dozen hearts have soon upset
When Chloe treads the minuet.—*Tiger.*

DOCTOR.—Do you know that your inside is in such an ulcerated condition that another glass of whiskey would kill you?
MACLUSH.—Ah, weel, I maun be contented with the half-glass. We dinna want onny risks.—Ex.

In our cistern little Willie
Pushed his little sister Lilly,
Father couldn't find his daughter,
Now we sterilize our water.—*Ex.*

Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed the baby to the door.
Mother said, in accents faint,
"Willie, don't, you'll muss the paint!"—*Widow.*

SNAPPY.—"She has the prettiest mouth in the world." Chappy.—"Oh! I don't know. I'd put mine up against it, any time."—*Ex.*

"IF you want to make a hit, you must strike out for yourself, my son." "You're mixed in your baseball talk, pa; if you strike out, you can't make a hit."—*Ex.*

"WHAT did the deacon say when you sent him the brandied peaches?" "He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as the spirit in which they were sent."—*Ex.*

THE MODERN HIAWATHA.

He killed the noble Mudgakivis.
Of the skin he made his mittens.
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside,
Put the inside skin side outside.
He to get the cold side outside;
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the skin side outside.
Why he turned them outside inside.—*Ex.*

THE

McMaster University Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1908.

IMPRESSIONISTIC ART.

IT has been said that "as the sun colors flowers, so Art colors life." Assuredly, Art does enrich one's life in many ways, for it must be admitted that a study of fine arts, such as music, sculpture and painting, quickens in one a sense of refinement and leads to a higher culture. Since this is true, and as in America to-day Art is young and in need of encouragement, it is only right that, from an observer's point of view, we should strive to deepen our appreciation of the value of Art, and of its place in the world.

No doubt, most of us can recall our first sudden aspiration to paint. We can still remember our little book, brush and box of early school days. Perhaps we have even preserved our first great masterpiece, a purple cow or a yellow horse. But surely to such a mere coloring, to such a mechanical process, the term Art can not truly be applied. Nor can it be said that Art involves the use of carbon paper. No doubt a higher form of Art would be exact reproduction of detail from nature. The amateur, for example, when about to paint a row of trees at a distance might represent distinctly every leaf he sees. This would be precise, clever; but is it not Art mediocre?

How, then, may true Art be defined? In landscape, Art might be termed a revelation of nature, rather than nature depicted in all its mass of details. In portraits, it might be said that the essence of Art lies in the portrayal of the character rather than of the features only. Due attention to features is

a means to an end, but it is the significance or spirit of the whole rather than prominence of detail that is aimed at.

This, indeed, is the ideal of the impressionist. He strives to reproduce upon canvas the effect, or impression, which a landscape or figure has produced upon his own mind. The more universal this impression is, the more appreciated is the artist's work. His method is to survey the field and determine which of the shapes and tones are of chief importance to the interested eye, to enforce these, and to sacrifice the rest. Impressionistic Art deals with general effects, vigorous touches, and expression by patches of color. His own taste being the touchstone, the impressionist selects only those details that are in accord with his feelings of artistic effect, and subordinates all others. Most impressionistic artists do not put so much attention to a face in a full-length portrait as to a head alone, nor to twenty figures on the canvas as to one. That which is of greater importance receives the greater consideration. On this point impressionists differ from realists in that the impressionists attempt to go deeper and besides showing a glimpse of nature as it really appears, they seek to convey an idea of the effect that the particular piece of landscape, or the character of the individual, exerts on the mind. A realist, on the other hand, portrays real life just as he finds it. The influence of impressionism on Art, it may be said, appears in both sculpture and painting.

Upon this subject of Impressionistic Art there is a great diversity of opinion. It is a question of the Art world. The school of impressionists originated in France, and has drawn the severest criticisms from veteran painters, but it seems also to have gained much popularity. Some say that impressionism is only a pretext or mantle for hiding poor drawing or lack of necessary parts. On the contrary, true impressionism is deemed by many noted artists to be the height of Art. Only the greatest who have knowledge of details, of how to mix paints, and of how to apply them, can be true impressionists. Others find fault with impressionists that they are not true to actual facts. Emerson says that "in landscape the painter should give a fairer creation than we know," but points out that the painter is

trammelled by fidelity to the original. The musician, on the other hand, imitates nothing, and is bound by the sole condition of gratifying the ear. It must be confessed that impressionists sometimes go to extremes. They produce strange pictures, capricious scenes, weird monochromes in deep purple, deep green, or deep blue. Sometimes the scene has a blurred effect. There is a certain atmosphere in it all. Some, too, are influenced by Japanese Art. But after all has been said, a painting by a master in the art might be termed a mirror of the master's mood, or frequently of his highest ideal. A statement of Mr. J. C. Van-Dyke seems acceptable that "Impressionists often tell us extravagant things, but they also tell us truthful things."

On the side of Impressionistic Art, M. Manet, 1867, a French artist, was the first in France. Mr. James Abbott McNeill Whistler, 1835-1903, was perhaps the earliest in England. Turner, 1775-1851, and John Singer Sargent are also of this school. Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, 1856, the son of a Boston physician. He was educated in Italy and Germany and has passed most of his professional life in England. His portraits possess wonderful vitality, and harmony of color.

Against impressionism may be ranked chiefly the Pre-Raphaelites, two of whom are Millais, 1829-96, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-82. These are realists.

Much might be said as to how we may justly criticize a painting. We are not artists ourselves, but if we appreciate Art with its attendant refinement and culture, we should have some private opinion. In the first place, we must have not only "the physical eye but vision of the soul." We must strive to get at the spirit of the artist; once his idea is known we can soon see if every detail is in harmony, in unity; if it is true to the facts of nature. We ought also, in the case of landscapes, to be able to tell what time of day the artist wishes to present. We should be able to recognize the coldness of dawn from the warmth of sunset, to recognize the sunlight of noon.

Again, is our attention dispersed, or soon centred? If soon centred on the most important object, the work is good. In this connection, artists make prominent one object and subordinate all the rest, and often aid our eyes by introducing lines

which lead us unconsciously to focus upon the desired object. This is especially true of impressionists. In landscape, these lines may be the horizon, fences, limbs of trees, banks of streams, contour of hills. In portraits, these are the features of the face, outlines of the figure, folds of the gown, or coat.

We should also bear in mind that true Art should produce the same impression upon the mind of the beholder as that made by natural objects. If the sunset on canvas produces the same sensations as the real sunset, then the painting has the elements of a work of Art.

After all, what is an artist but a friend who reminds us of the magic of simple and often common-place things, who portrays to us what we often felt but have never expressed. We have a fellow-feeling for him, a pungent surprise at discovering for the first time some simple thing that has long been unnoticed by us. He does this by detaching and emphasizing some simple thing. The contemplation of a few birds, a flock of sheep, a grove of pine trees, or any other simple thing, well painted, gives us enjoyment. In this way, the artist teaches us observation and discrimination. On the other hand, pictures, which are too elaborate, too picturesque, containing too many ideas, are apt to disperse our attention or even to dazzle us; we become confused and remember very little.

A word as to the moral side of Art. True Art, it cannot be too often repeated, appeals to the highest and noblest in man. The fullest possible enjoyment and appreciation of Art, and the truest criticism of it, depends, first, upon the condition of heart and soul of the beholder. "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful," says Emerson, "we must carry it with us or we find it not." Our appreciation depends, secondly, upon our ideal. "True Art," says one writer, "awakens man's soul to the ideal, drawing him away from the sensuous." The higher our ideal of beauty and purity, therefore, the higher our moral excellence and the greater the appreciation of Art in all its nobleness. In all nations throughout the centuries, it is from the different forms of Art that we learn of their aspirations, and of their strivings for the highest things. What, then, can we say is the ministry of Art in the world? To set forth the

triumphant ascendency of spirit over matter, and in this ministry impressionism has its great share.

Art, after all, is not far past its infancy, and he has conceived meanly of the resources of man who believes that the best age of production is past. The great masterpieces, although grand revelations, are, after all, but "billows and ripples of the great stream of tendency," and the future may bear witness to the expression of even higher ideals.

A. F. Smith, '09.

SUPERSTITIOUS DARTMOOR.

IN the south-west part of the County of Devonshire is the upland region of Dartmoor, which takes its name from the chief of its many rivers—the Dart. Old customs linger there, while superstitions and folk-tales abound. The moorland-dweller no longer believes in the "pixies," but his faith in ghosts and the power of charms is as firm as ever. Supernatural appearances, or "wishtness," as he calls them, are to him a reality. Though he may never have seen a ghost he generally knows someone who has.

Yet this is not strange in a place like Dartmoor—a place where the rivers rarely run smooth, but dash themselves into foam and spray all along their rocky beds or, falling headlong over the edge of a steep boulder, hang like white glistening curtains to the dark rock, and then after resting in a deep, dark pool rush away to lose themselves in the thick leafy woods; a place where rocks rise like hills and on their summits pile up strange fantastic figures; where tall stones stand around in circles guarding old bits of pottery and charred bones; where ruins of ancient dwellings hint of a forgotten people; where the mists with magic swiftness roll up the valleys and cover the moorland; where among the purple heather and yellow gorse are found small, queer footmarks not make by any human foot. Truly

the superstitions of the moorland-dweller fitly accord with his surroundings.

> "The granite-heaving moorlands, whereon we dimly trace
> Traditionary footmarks of many a banished race,
> A wilderness of heather, a paradise of gold,
> Where every ancient track-way is strewn with stories old."

More than one legend has its scene at Cranmere Pool, which has always been regarded as a mysterious and uncanny place. In order to account for the drying-up of what used to be the Lake Cranmere, a weird story is told:

The place was haunted by a misshapen dwarf, who in his natural days was Benjamin Gayer, mayor of Okehampton, in the 17th century. Binjie, as he is called, was condemned after death to labor to the impossible task of baling the water out of the mere with an oat-sieve. By the lake the restless spirit worked year after year, till one day he found upon the moor a sheepskin, with which he covered his sieve. He then was able to empty the lake of its water and consequently all that remains of Cranmere is a small pond in the midst of a large morass. But the restless spirit of Binjie, then free, having troubled the people of Okehampton considerably, the clergymen determined to "read him down." All their learning was directed against him in vain, till one happened to speak to him in Arabic. Binjie fell before this and immediately became a black colt. A halter was put on him and a man was told to ride him to Cranmere. There on the edge of the great morass that surrounds the lonely pool the black colt may be seen to-day.

The moorland spirits seem to have a preference for the bodies of black creatures. The origin of the Black Dog is explained in a quaint tale:

A weaver of Dean Combe on the day of his burial was seen working at his loom. The parson being called commanded the spirit of the weaver to come away from the loom. When he came near the parson threw a handful of church-yard dust into the air and suddenly the weaver became a black dog. The brave parson then ordering the animal to follow him led the way to Dean Burn. As they approached the wind arose and bent the

trees to the ground. The parson led the dog to the pool at the foot of a waterfall of the Burn and, giving him a nutshell with a hole in it, told him to bale out the waters of the pool. When this was done the spirit, he said, would have rest. Accordingly the restless spirit works on, but is only visible when the clock strikes midnight.

It may be possible that the Old Black Dog sometimes takes a holiday or he may have a companion spirit living on the moor, for a black dog has been seen there at night. One night, returning from the Forest Inn, where he had been spending the evening, Joey Brown stumbled over a black object in the road. He sprang up and saw before him a huge creature which he took for the black dog. Joey had often heard of the dog, and now that he had actually seen it he determined to put a mark on it. He felt very brave, and pulling off his scarf tied it around the animal's neck; then staggered home. He felt rather unsteady, perhaps on account of his long walk. The next day Joey was the hero of the village, for he could prove that he had marked that "black crittur." But his glory was not to last, and his fall came when Farmer Smerden's old black sow came home wearing a neckerchief. The Black Dog is still there. Joey had made the mistake.

The faith of the Dartmoor people in the power of charms is still unshaken. The story of an evil charm is told concerning a farmer of Pound's Gate. The farmer dreamed that he would find a sum of money under a stone in the middle of the slope between Yar Tor and Corndon Tor. He went to look, but all that the place contained was a piece of flint, heart-shaped. This he took home and put in a cupboard. From that moment he was a changed man, no longer kind and pleasant but churlish and cruel. This state continued for twelve months and then, just as suddenly as the former change had occurred, he received back his old nature. The man could not account for it, till one day he saw that the flinty heart was gone. His child had taken it to play with and had lost it on the moor. The heart of stone had gone and with it its evil power.

Even among the wilds and in the domain of undisturbed nature we find the marks of the worldly miser. Near a ruin of a farmhouse of ancient days the ghost of Jan Meddler is said to

dwell. Jan, being a miser, lived alone. He was usually unmoved to pity by the pleas of beggars, but one day he took from his pocket a coin, which he thought to be a farthing, and gave it to a wretched beggar. The beggar, disappointed at the smallness of the gift, threw it away. When Jan went to gloat over his store of gold he found that the coin he gave away was a guinea. He had held it so long in his muddy fingers, debating whether to give it or not, that it was unrecognizable. Feverishly the old miser searched for the guinea and for months and years continued to look for it. Then when he died his ghost took up the search. When the moon is bright over the moor, old Jan's ghost can still be seen searching in the ruins for the gold—that is, if you are there at the right time.

If the old grim rocks hold any of the secrets of the early days, the moor-dwellers have discovered them. The mysterious Dewer Stone bears the company, it is said, of the Spectre Huntsman and his "wish" hounds when storms are raging. The sounds of the pattering of hoofs are heard even above the roar of the river near by. The spectre rides a black horse and is followed by the hounds, whose eyes shoot fire as they dash across the moor. Some say he rides invisible now.

There is often a singular advantage in experiencing supernatural occurrences; such as the return of a departed spirit for the purpose of giving information concerning his worldly affairs. This has happened, according to the story of Churry Hares.

Churry, or Charity, lived very near the graveyard, where her husband had lately been buried. She could even see his grave from her window and while peering out one night she saw a blue and white smoke arise over the grave. Then in the room she heard a voice sing out:

"Churry Hares,
Look in the geard'n, gie dree nocks,
An, wen you yer ma call, a box
Will, Churry dear, to aize ma zaul,
Spring to thy feet up dru a hole;
There is veefly poun that I'd a save
Bevaur I went to me zilent grave;—
I should a told 'ee it, that nich—
A-time, but wuz tuk'd off too quick."

The voice ended in a clap of thunder and Churry, well frightened, went to bed. Poor Churry knocked all over the garden, but could not discover the place which held the fifty pounds. Yet never would she believe the ghost had deceived her —she had missed the right place, and Churry would say in a cheerful tone that she would honor her husband's last words and never forget them.

The belief in the traditions may die out among the people of Dartmoor, but the stories themselves can not be lost, for they are woven around and into the very names of the old Tors and everlasting rivers. Such names as "The Lady's Leap," "Giant's Hill," "Vixen Tor," "Rival Tor" and "The Lover's Leap" give out the exhilarating odor of romance. The funerals now stop a while at the "Coffin Stone" and the children every Easter morning go up to "Blacken Tor" to see the sun dance.

And why doubt these legends many hundred years old, for it is as the old moorland peasant says, "There's no knawin what vokes doo'd years agone."

Violet I. Dickens, '10.

DRIFTING IN THE FOG.

IT was the first day of duck shooting. Jack and I had pitched our tent the night before in Hickson's Pines, a beautiful grove near Granite Rock, on the north side of Lake Nama. As soon as the morning sun had scattered the fleecy fog, we boarded our canoes and pushed out, Jack for Muskrat, an island a mile up the lake, and I to Nogey's Creek, a meandering stream aimlessly winding for several miles through the low marsh lands on the south of the lake.

Duck shooting was poor that day. The beautiful hill-tops away to the west, rising in rival splendor of altitude and beauty, were more inviting than the low, damp, marshy jungle, where all was silent, and where even the muddy stream glided with snake-like stillness through the green, arch-entangled reeds and

grasses. Therefore I left my place of concealment for an afternoon in the woods.

For hours I roamed through the forest in search of curios in shrubs and rocks. Wearied at length from the day's exploration, I stretched myself on a couch of mosses near the edge of the woods, and knew not of the passing hours till the weird cry of a loon echoed mournfully through the woods and aroused me. It was growing dark and I was in the woods alone. The air was chill. Silently over land and lake, and stretching far up the low-lying meadows to the wooded hill-side, the fog advanced and mingled itself with the dark smoke that already had shrouded the stately tops of the lofty pines. I hurried to the flats, and as I made my way back through the dark lonely marsh, I imagined I could hear the rattle of the clods and the suppressed shrieks of "Pipp's" convicts who had escaped from the hulks. On reaching my canoe a crane started up with a wild shriek. My very heart stood still as the huge creature swooped over my head and disappeared in the mist.

I pushed my canoe from the bank of oozy mud into the quiet water, seated myself on the padded thwart, loaded my revolver and pushed off. The mist grew thicker, the land grew fainter; in a moment the sky line faded and I was in the fog. Denser and denser became the mist, settling around me as if I were the sole victim of its encircling folds. I looked to the heavens, longing for the glimmer of some star to relieve the awful loneliness of the moment, but only looked in vain or knew not whither I looked, for I could see nothing. The mist fell in chilling drops upon my cheek. I paddled hard but only seemed to stroke the fog.

Soon scattered drops began to fall, and a thickening darkness hid the very canoe from my sight, till I knew not where I was, whether on the lake or dreaming on the land. I called aloud, hoping that someone might hear and, answering, guide me to some landing, for now I knew I was far from my way. In silence I listened, only to hear the hollow echoes mocking in muffled voices from the distant shore. I lighted a match, which almost as soon as lighted was smothered, but by its fumy light I could see it was growing late. The dampness urged me to

work more strenuously. Suddenly my paddle struck a snag and I was all but thrown from my seat. Anything, however, was welcomed to break the death-like stillness. I let my canoe drift and by trailing my fingers in the water I found I was gliding very fast. I listened and in the distance I could hear the muffled gurglings and hollow roar of the waterfall, to which I was steadily approaching. I reversed my stroke and pulled hard, just in time to save my canoe from being dashed upon the rocks that stretched from Last Point, a projection that marked the entrance to the whirlpool. In a moment I was ashore, filled with the joy of relief from the impending danger.

With some difficulty I gathered driftwood and bits of shrubs and, after repeated attempts, succeeded in starting a fire. I thought of Robinson Crusoe, of Enoch Arden, and imagined myself such an one on a lonely shore. By these thoughts I tried to cheer myself, but O, it was lonely and I was hungry, tired and damp. There was nothing to do but remain there for the night. I therefore crawled under my canoe and was soon asleep. When I awoke the sun was high, the mist had cleared and away across the lake from the pines the smoke of our camp fire arose.

C. N. Curtis, '10.

IN SAECULO AUREO.

Oh the days, the good old days,
When Horace tuned his odes to praise,
And Virgil sang his ancient lays
And showed the Romans how to raise
Wheat, barley, oats, and golden maize!
Far, far away, my fancy strays
Adown the olive-shaded ways,
Where crystal "Fons Bandusiae" plays
Amid the sunshine's smiling rays
In old Italia.

T. W., '09.

McMASTER ABROAD: IN THE NEAR EAST.

THOUGH the following letter was not written for publication, it will be of interest to many readers of THE MONTHLY. The writer, Dr. R. H. Mode, is a graduate of McMaster in Theology of the year 1902, and for two years served acceptably as lecturer in Hebrew. At present he is engaged in research work in Palestine under the auspices of the University of Chicago. During the course of this year we hope to be able to publish a descriptive article from his pen.—*Editor.*

Alexandretta, Oct. 16, 1908.

My Dear ———: I am writing this on my knee as the boat vibrates; I trust you may be able to read the scribbling. I am in the very north-east corner of the Mediterranean, making my way from Constantinople to Beyrout. I took a coaster, so as to see and know the details of the Grecian Islands and the whole Syrian coast. It has been very interesting, as the Biblical names gathering around the journeys of Paul have one by one been noted. Thus yesterday we were at Messina, just up from which, in a pass of the Taurus mountains, lies Tarsus. A line of railway runs up through the pass, but the train connections did not let me make the trip. This morning I am eighty miles from there, lying under the shadow of the Amarius mountains, a spur running south from the Taurus range to the Lebanons. To an Assyriologist they have considerable interest in that the Babylonian kings as early as Naram Sin (3750 B.C.) have given us records of bringing cedar and stone from here to adorn their temples with. It is a distance of twelve hundred miles.

Our weather is decidedly hot. Even on the boat it must be above your summer heat. This has made me change my plans. When I started from Toronto I gave my address as Jerusalem for October 20, where I hoped to get my first mail from home. Now, I shall not go there for the present, but get off at Beyrout and turn towards the Lebanons. It serves a double purpose. It

is necessary to go there anyway before the cold weather sets in on the mountains, about the end of November. I shall, therefore, try and spy out the country as far east as Damascus and south to about the Sea of Galilee before the rains set in. Then I hope to make for Jerusalem and remain there until they have passed.

This is a great country. Not that it is agricultural, for it is too mountainous to be productive, save in the valleys and small plains along the coast, but to Westerners there is a charm about it and its people that is not easily mistaken. There is such a variety of costume that in this alone there is almost endless occasion for study and interest. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Kurds, Druses, with a well-nigh infinite number of sects among them, all wearing some distinctive mark in dress, make a medley crowd, but present a view comparable with a flower garden. All dress gaudily. The East is the land of colors. There is an intensity to all their life. As you watch them praying, or eating, or talking, or observe their family customs, you feel it, sometimes in admiration, sometimes with disgust and anger. The Mohammedan prays five times a day. It matters not where he is, when the hour of prayer arrives he falls on the ground prostrate toward Mecca, and goes through his devotions with a proud air of superiority only too evident to the onlooker. Yet I am interested in him. To me there is so much back of that life and devotion which I feel is one with the Semite of all times.

The Turk surprised me. I spent a week in Constantinople—one I shall not easily forget. I was there at a time when the old order was passing and a new Turkey was coming to the light. On every hand the change was visible. I found the Turk at home a clean-cut, active, energetic, fine type of man. He is proud, to be sure, but he measures up to his pride. I have never been so surprised in any class of people. I got a permit through the Ambassador to attend the state function—held once a week—when the Sultan goes to prayers in the mosque. A state officer accompanied me, as no one is allowed around. The flower of the Turkish army guard the streets and keep all persons removed for blocks. I was privileged to stand a few feet from the Sultan. I saw also the state officials, the princes and wives of the harem.

There were fourteen wives present. The Sultan is not limited in this regard, but other individuals may have only four. Even the veil is beginning to pass away, and not a few women go without it. The Sultan's wives wore light ones, which were not heavier than the veils our American women wear. But most women who wear veils use a dark, heavy material, entirely obscuring the face. His women are as much a surprise as the Turk himself. They are tall, graceful, and regularly have features of remarkable beauty. They constantly appear beautiful and at ease. I do not think they do any work. They seem to have hosts of servants from the peoples of North Africa. And yet, as you watch a Turk with his two, three or four wives, you cannot but feel a great sorrow for the women of this land. They count for nothing. They do not pray, not being considered worthy. Men take no more notice of them than of a dog. You never step out of their way or speak in any way to one. They are submitted to treatment to us most offensive and insulting. The servants can look after his wife, but a Turk never seems to give her the slightest attention.

I spent ten days in Italy, great days every one of them. I need not try to describe my trip in the margin of a letter, but I learned to know the people as I had no idea of them. I had judged them by the specimens who come to us. But these are from the south and the island of Sicily. The Italians of the north are utterly unlike them. I expect that the admixture of French and Swiss blood has accounted for it. They are unlike in type, in intellect, in social manners and customs. Of the art and sculpture and ancient buildings and ruins, one can feel one's own gain in viewing them, rather than in giving the impression to another. Marble and canvas have a new meaning after Florence and Rome.

Athens stirred me. I feel the pride of the ancient Greek in his metropolis. It was beauty and strength to him. In view commanding the plain and sea, in material of the finest marble, in defence another Gibraltar, in workmanship representing the flower of his art, it still stands in wonderful preservation despite its vicissitudes, as a standing rebuke to the listless, filthy dwellers

of the present day. The Greek Government is now carrying on a work of restoration. Fallen columns are being replaced, and much may be done to give it an appearance suggesting its former glory.

I am lost to all news. I need not hesitate to say that I am waiting for some word from home, which I shall not now get for several weeks to come. I shall be pleased to hear from you at any time. Address me, American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, Palestine, via Vienna. I hope McMaster is having a good year. Give my regards to the Chancellor and others on the faculty of my acquaintance. With best wishes, sincerely your friend.

ROWLAND H. MODE.

FAREWELL TO MISSIONARIES.

IN Castle Memorial Hall, on the evening of October 23rd, a farewell was given to the missionaries who are now en route for Cocanada, India, to work among the Telugus. The chair was taken by Dr. J. G. Brown and with him on the platform were the outgoing missionaries: Rev. John and Mrs. Craig, Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Bensen, Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Timpany, Miss Jessie Findlay, and Miss Carrie Zimmerman. One member of the party, Miss Ida Ryerse, was unable to be present. After the opening hymn and prayer, the chairman gave a short introductory address, in which he expressed the deep spirit of thankfulness the Board felt in being able to send so many efficient men and women to a land so barren of good works and yet so rich in promise. This was followed by a few words from each of the missionaries. The younger members were full of enthusiasm and hope. Theirs was the vision and theirs the call; others might sigh for the comforts of the homeland, but they were eager for service abroad. The words spoken by the veterans were not so buoyant in tone but more soul-stirring in character. They knew by experience of the trials and discouragements that must in-

evitably come, but even with this knowledge, they went to do the Master's will and to extend His glorious kingdom.

Brief addresses were also given by Wm. Raithby, B.A., President of the Fyfe Missionary Society, and Chancellor McKay. Mr. Raithby wished the missionaries God-speed on behalf of the student body and left with them the old exhortation of the church: "Sursum corda!" The Chancellor gave perhaps the strongest address of the evening. He reminded the audience that McMaster University has been imbued with the missionary spirit from the earliest days in her history and he pointed out that some of McMaster's brightest sons and fairest daughters have been, and in many cases still are, in India, Burmah, China, Africa, South America and other parts of the world, doing noble work in the evangelization of those who know not Christ, the Saviour of mankind. He finished by bidding the missionaries farewell on behalf of the University at large and declared to the graduates that they, together with those who were already in the service, would be ever bound to their Alma Mater by ties of sympathy and affection that neither time nor distance would sever. The addresses were interspersed by a solo by Mrs. Hancock, and a selection by the McMaster Quartette. After the meeting light refreshments were kindly provided by the ladies of the college and this event gave the large number present an opportunity to bid a personal farewell to the different missionaries.

J. W., '10.

OUR NEW COVER.

WE trust that the design of our new cover has commended itself to all readers of THE MONTHLY. In the early days of the magazine's history, when subscribers were few and deficits frequent, our predecessors in office were content with the plain brown cover designed by the late Dr. Rand and his associates. The distinctive features of this first cover were its simplicity and utility. With increasing prosperity, the members of THE MONTHLY Board became ambitious for a cover that would be rather more attractive and at the same time characteristic of the college. This feeling culminated in the beautifully chaste and classic design submitted by E. J. Bengough, '03. In course of time it became customary to vary this design in the graduating number by one chosen for the occasion by the graduating classes in Arts and Theology, and a year ago the Board decided that Mr. C. T. Holman's design for '07 was so distinctly characteristic of McMaster that it ought to be used as a cover for some time at least. This was the cover used last year. The design of our present cover is the creation of R. B. Ritchie and was used in the graduating number of '08. We feel that we have now a cover that is at once artistic in tone and academic in character, besides being essentially the product of McMaster both in form and coloring.

THE MONTHLY staff, and the students generally, feel a debt of gratitude to all those who have helped to render attractive the outward appearance of our college magazine, and hereby give expression to that feeling. At present we are especially grateful to the class of '08 and Mr. Boyd Ritchie for the design that this year adorns THE MONTHLY.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

THE MONTHLY again brings before its readers an announcement of its Fifth Prize Story Competition. The short story, although a comparatively modern production, is finding a large place in the literature of our age. To McMaster graduates and undergraduates who seek the landmarks in this fascinating field of literary activity, we address ourselves most earnestly in asking their interest in this competition. In order to encourage the younger generation of graduates the competition is limited to those who have graduated since 1895.

Appended are rules governing the contest:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 1, 1909.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. Competitors must certify that their stories satisfy this condition.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

First Contest.—For graduates in Arts and Theology, of a year not earlier than 1896, and any others who have been in attendance at McMaster University: 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars.

Second Contest.—For undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology): 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars; 3rd prize, three dollars.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON 11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
————, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, '11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. NOVEMBER, 1908. No. 2

Book Reviews.

*ADDRESSES TO EARL GREY.

THE MONTHLY desires to acknowledge the receipt of the above pamphlet. The various addresses, presented to the Governor-General by our most important cities from Halifax to Vancouver, are clearly indicative of a contented, prosperous and extremely loyal Canadian citizenship. In the French addresses from Quebec and Laval University, also in the charmingly brief presentation from the Chinese residents of Victoria, B.C., there is brought very clearly before the reader the importance of the fusion of Occident and Orient which is taking place within the borders of our wide Dominion. The speeches of Earl Grey cover an extensive field, being delivered before Anglo-Canadian, Anglo-French, Canadian and American audiences—these last on the occasions of the Pilgrim's Society dinner, March, 1906, in New York, and the Peace Congress in April of the same year. They contain utterances in both French and English, eloquent and statesmanlike, which evince a firm faith in the bright future opened up for Canada by the twentieth century.

* Addresses to His Excellency Earl Grey, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada, and his Speeches in Reply.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing."

IF you take a superficial view of the average student, as he walks about with flowing gown, his pen neatly tucked in the fold behind his ear, upon his brow an imposing eye-shade resembling the verandah leading to some stately mansion, a pile of scientific treatises under one arm, and a half-dozen philosophical works in the other, you will fear for the one small head that carries all he knows. Upon a more leisurely survey it will be observed that the pages of these dusty volumes are as yet uncut. Then you will be reminded of the words of the poet:

"Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was."

The freshman, no doubt, is so busy that unless the words which Addison penned, apparently for his special guidance, be thrust before him, he will never become acquainted with those sage remarks: "That man may be called impertinent who considers not the circumstance of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in." It is not surprising that the freshman should be getting anxious for his Christmas vacation, for he has been already five weeks away from the influence of maternal apron-strings, to say nothing of the tender embrace of others whom he held dear in the past. The sophomore is busy trying to solve the psychological problem whether he exists at all outside of his own consciousness. In fact, it is not until he is tackled low on the Rugby field that he is able to be certain that when the tenement of clay goes down the spirit goes with it.

The junior is determined to profit by his experience in the past two years. He has, therefore, set to work to arrange his time-table, purchase the necessary books and set everything in order, so that he can start work to-morrow. The senior is best described by a well-known modern educationist, who portrays him as a monument of erudition, whose body shadows forth in

pallid face and attenuated figure his nights of groping for the light of knowledge. But what of the Theologue? "They should be good men, their affairs are righteous." They, too, nevertheless, have been busy and, setting aside for the time being that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women, have entered with feverish activity into the sham battle between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden. The fight is done, but they say it was a shocking sight after the field was won, to see a bunch of Theologues sit smoking in the sun, but things like that, you know, must be when cigarettes are given free.

With all these varied activities to take the attention, it is evident that if any folks don't mind their business, the reason is, you'll find, either they have no business or else they have no mind.

Theologue in Science Class.—Professor, may I have some consecrated sulphuric acid? Professor: This is the Arts department; you're not in Theology.

Registration for the year is almost complete. The figures for the various years in Arts are as follows: Fourth year, 35; third year, 52; second year, 38; first year, 41. The class in theology contains 44, which is somewhat lower than last year. There are 18 partial students, 6 taking the B.Sc. course, and 9 in extra-mural work. Thirteen are registered twice. The net total is 229. In view of the fact that the registration is materially reduced in most of the colleges this year, it is gratifying to know that our total up to date is just ten below the total registration of the year 1907-8. By the end of the year this year's enrollment will surpass last year's.

Y. M. C. A.—O. E. Rutledge has been appointed to the position of Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A. . . . Mission study is receiving special attention this year. In order that the classes may be more interesting and profitable, it is proposed to form a normal class under one of the professors for the benefit of the leaders of the different classes. . . . The Evangelistic Band has been organized for the year, with E. J. Bingham as leader and E. J. Chave, secretary. The Band has already held a week of special services at Reid Avenue Baptist Church; many professed conversion and the church was greatly helped. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the value of the Band to our University. Not only does it afford an opportunity for every fellow to do active Christian work, but it is one of the chief factors in maintaining a deep spiritual tone in college life.

The Freshman's Yell.—We regret that this yell could not have been published sooner, since, owing to its ephemeral nature, it is somewhat stale now:

Shingerata, Shingerata,
Zim, Zum, Zelve,
Cora Bora, Cora Bora,
Nineteen Twelve.

The more modern version of the above, as rendered by the Sophs., will, doubtless, add permanence to its existence:

Shingle at them, Shingle at them,
Pretty poor yell;
Horrible, Horrible,
Nineteen Twelve.

An informal supper was tendered Messrs. Bensen and Timpany and their wives at McConkey's, on Saturday, October 24th, by the members of their class, '06. In addition to the guests, the following were present: Rev. H. R. Nobles, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McKinnon, Miss G. L. Stone, Rev. W. A. Cameron, E. J. Chave, E. C. Fox, H. H. Murray and H. B. Moyle. The President, E. J. Chave, presided. After supper short speeches were made by everyone present. Old times were recalled and memories of members who are now scattered all over the world. Arrangements were made for a yearly class letter, the first being due January, 1909. After a most enjoyable time, what may prove to be the largest re-union of '06 broke up with the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster," and the Hashamayim slogan.

On Friday, October 23rd, the Volunteer Band met to hear the farewell message of two of their number, Roy Bensen and Clark Timpany. Clark spoke first, and briefly told how India succeeded in claiming his service. He urged the fellows to allow India to appeal to them, even though they might not intend preaching, for India offered splendid opportunities to Christian business and professional men, and mission work could be done successfully in these callings. Roy compared conditions in Canada with those of India. While overlapping of churches at home meant the permanent dependence of many of them on their denominations, in India there are so few missionaries that millions of the people have never heard the gospel, and large communities hear it at irregular intervals. He appealed to those present to consider India as offering the best opportunity for active Christian service with prospects of large results. He hoped that they would have the privilege of welcoming some of the volunteers to

India before returning. The number present, the rousing reception, and the close attention given were evidences of the high esteem in which our two graduates are held.

An over-confident junior spent too long in adjusting his tie one evening after "Lit." He had only to knock at the door to learn that all had departed except himself. Without hope, he turned away, muttering these plaintive numbers: "With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine and forgive her deceit with a tear."

Banquet to Freshmen.—In the spacious dining hall of Williams' Cafe, on the evening of October 15, the sophomore year successfully banquetted the freshmen. A very kindly feeling existed between the two years, and apart from a slight change in the appearance of some originally fair-haired freshmen, no evidence of the afternoon's scrap could be seen. A strong bond of union existed between the two classes, for each freshman had a sophette, and each sophomore a freshette as a partner for the evening. And despite the novelty of this arrangement, the freshmen did such justice to a well-filled menu card as only freshmen can. Mr. W. G. Ramage, President of the Second Year, presided. Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, proposed a toast to the incoming year. He gave to the year who wear the green some well-worded advice, urging them to enter heartily into every phase of the college life. Mr. Whan, President of the First Year, in replying, expressed the opinion that the year he was marshalling had shown themselves ready to follow Mr. Newton's advice. As visitors for the evening, there were present the Honorary Presidents of the two years and the President and Vice-President of the other two years in Arts. Mr. E. D. Gray, '11, in a speech, exceptionally witty and well worded, toasted the visitors. Professor McLay, in responding, said he was proud to be the President of the year which held the most enviable position in the school, seeing that its members had before them the longest period in which to enjoy the privileges of the University. Mr. F. H. Jeffery, '11, stirred the emotions of all present in a few well-chosen remarks as he proposed the toast to Alma Mater. Professor McCrimmon replied to this toast. A characteristic vein of humor was apparent throughout his address. He spoke of a barbarous race that now moved about these halls, nor did he fail to mention the little girl who still wore the bib and fondled the teddy bear. He urged both classes to remain ever faithful to the ideals of Alma Mater. During the evening Miss Jackson, '11, and Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, delighted the banqueters with two

well rendered vocal solos. The sophomores are to be complimented upon the success of the evening. It is noteworthy that the whole proceedings lasted but one hour and a half, which stands in strong contrast to some of our protracted college functions.

Senior, upon seeing a theologue raise his hat to a hen which issued from a back yard:—"Do you raise your hat to all comers?" Theologue:—"Well, isn't she one of the laity?"

Hallowe'en Party.—On Hallowe'en a band of freshmen, shrouded in mystery and their overcoats, might have been seen leaving the hall and boarding a west-bound car. An hour or so later they were enjoying the hospitality of one of their classmates, Miss Fairbairn, at her home in Weston. Here they were received by two "sheeted ghosts that squeaked and gibbered" in the drawing-room. Soon after, the freshettes, disguised with white robes, false faces, and falsetto voices, were ushered in, and there was much amusement in selecting partners and guessing their names. This interesting ceremony was followed by a game involving a sheet, a rose leaf, and a vast amount of lung power. To judge by the quantity of air expended in game and laughter, the pastime was heartily enjoyed. Then came a series of amusements, including fortune telling, and marshmallow roasting, which all too swiftly spun the clock hands round. After refreshments the party broke up, and the revellers returned, loudly rejoicing, and deeply grateful to their hostess for a delightful evening.

Debating Society.—No one present at the first meeting of the Debating Society could doubt but that the proverbial debating spirit, so inseparably connected with the history of McMaster, still permeates her halls. The meeting throughout, in attendance and spirited addresses, was one of interest and enthusiasm. In his opening remarks of welcome President Anderson briefly outlined the policy of the society for the ensuing year. To the pleasure of all, it was announced that Mr. H. Ryrie has offered a gold fob as a prize for an oratorical contest to be held this year. Before the debate Mr. F. McGregor, '12, delighted the audience by an excellently rendered violin selection. The subject for debate, "Resolved, that the present Government should be defeated," was upheld on the affirmative by R. Gould, '11, and on the negative by E. Newton, '11. Messrs. J. M. Telford and S. J. Bates, who acted as judges, gave the decision to the affirmative. After the debate Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., pointed out the defects of the various speakers, and offered suggestions which will doubtless prove of value to the debaters.

The First Lit.—On Friday evening, October 16th, the Literary Society held its first meeting this year. There was a large attendance, especially of freshmen and ladies, the reason for which will be divulged later. President Scott occupied the chair. Mr. J. L. McLaurin, as recording secretary, sat next to his majesty. The minutes having been read and adopted, Mr. Harris gave the report of the committee appointed to nominate men for the vacant offices on the Monthly Board. The report was accepted. The President then called for the first number on the programme. In doing so he took the opportunity to mention that the Literary Society depended upon the loyalty of the students to make it a success. The co-operation of all the students of the University was asked. A violin solo by Mr. McGregor, '12, was the first number. Mr. McGregor proved himself an accomplished violinist, and the Literary Society will always be glad to hear him. Mr. C. A. Detlor gave a digest of the news of the week. He touched on almost all the varied activities of men, women and even horses. He told of a nervy preacher who actually had the courage to demand of the women of his church that they should dethrone their sky-pieces during service. The theatres, too, he noticed, for he told of a leading lady who had broken a world's record. He didn't tell exactly what it was worth, but it must have been very valuable. Just at this juncture something happened to a staid senior in the front seat. We do not know what it was, but the President diagnosed it as St. Vitus dance. A piano solo by Mr. B. Farmer, '12, followed. He was well received and heartily encored. The next few minutes were spent in putting Mr. Scott's theory of co-operation to the test of practice. All co-operated and introductions were handed out in bunches. When the President had succeeded in chasing the last junior back to his seat, Miss Pugsley, '10, gave a reading concerning a certain rube's experience at the theatre. Miss Pugsley's readings are always acceptable. The last number was a vocal solo by Miss Jackson, '11. She received a hearty encore and responded with that old favorite "Annie Laurie."

Breathes there a bunch with skull so thick,
So lacking in arithmetic,
That they have never stopped to figure
Their woeful lack of strength and vigour?
For "Field Day," in rewarding heroes,
Accorded them a line of zeros.
Since such there is, oh, who can doubt
The Freshmen met with utter rout?
There's comfort still for courage dashed
To know a record has been smashed,
For in the history of this joint,
No class came home without a point.

Autumn Convocation.

The Autumn Convocation of the University was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, October 9th. The opening exercises were led by Rev. W. T. Graham, pastor of the First Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto. Before the distribution of the prizes Chancellor McKay announced the addition to the already extensive prize list of another scholarship established by Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., of Toronto, of the value of $100, to be awarded to that student obtaining the highest standing in Special Political Economy, Sociology and Education of the Third and Fourth years.

After the prizes were distributed the Chancellor proceeded with his address. McMaster, he said, was entering a new academic year with every prospect of success. Although the University possessed no great buildings, there were large, well ventilated rooms and equipment sufficient for its requirements. The increasing interest being taken in science would eventually necessiate more room for that branch of study, but before that need would be pressing, the new building would be completed. He also drew attention to the fact that the University was starting this year with the same faculty with which it started the previous year. This has not been true for several years, and for a while it seemed that it would not be the case this time either. Prof. McLay had been offered a position in a larger institution, but had decided to remain with McMaster. Dr. Cross, too, received a call to Chicago University, but, in spite of the personal sacrifice involved, had also decided to continue his work with us. Chancellor McKay announced that a course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science was offered this year.

Special attention was called to the elevation to professorship of the former lecturers, I. G. Matthews and J. L. Hogg. The former is now Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic and Old Testament Exegesis, the latter, Professor of Physics. Dr. S. S. Bates was formally introduced as Educational Secretary. The enthusiasm with which these announcements were received showed in what esteem the new professors and the Educational Secretary are held. Prof. Matthews, Prof. Hogg and Rev. Dr. Bates were then asked to say a few words. Prof. McLay and Dr. Cross were also prevailed upon by the students to speak. They all briefly stated their appreciation of the friendly feeling displayed towards them by the student body.

Professor Findlay was then introduced as lecturer of the evening. His subject was, "The History of Mathematics." In a discourse full of life and interest, the professor traced the de-

velopment of the science of mathematics, comparing its history to a river whose various tributaries, rising in their several sources, come together and flow on unitedly. He pointed out how the principles of mathematics sprang up among such ancient nations as the Egyptians, the Babylonians and the people of India, and how these principles were subsequently developed by the Greeks, the Mohammedans and others. Mathematics, he said, has always been associated with the practical affairs of life. This was true in ancient times and certainly is true of our own age. Great inventions, such as the cablegraph, wireless telegraphy, and the telephone are the result of previous investigation worked out on the mathematician's table. What mathematics is to mean to future generations, one dare not attempt to foretell.

The Convocation was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"Some loquacious vessels are; and some
Listen, perhaps, but never talk at all."

NOVEMBER comes again, bringing with it Thanksgiving Day to brighten and interrupt the regular routine of everyday life. All the excitement of the re-opening of College is over; the freshettes have settled down to take life as the rest of us do—even the poor little one who, at the initiation, though she hated watermelon, ate her piece with Spartan-like heroism, for fear that, if she objected, her tormentors might order her to eat rind and all; and last, but not least, Hallowe'en has gone by with its ghostly attendants, pointing gaunt fingers at fantastic pumpkin-faces.

Y. W. C. A.—The officers of the Y. W. C. A. must be delighted with the interest shown by the girls in their encouraging attendance at all the meetings thus far. On October 14th, as Miss Pratt, who was to have led the meeting, was unable to be present, our President gave a few appropriate thoughts on the topic, "Our Strength." Then the meeting was thrown open, and several of the girls spoke freely. . . . At the next meeting, held on October 21st, Miss Dengate spoke about the Bible Study classes. Of the three books suggested for study, "The Life of Christ" was chosen, and it was arranged that all the years should meet together for study. Miss Rogers, Superintendent of the Central Y. W. C. A., on Elm Street, then told us of the work being done by other societies in the city. We were surprised to learn of their scope and influence. Among other things they provide four homes for stranger girls, and much has been done to sweeten the lives of those in prisons and hospitals. Miss Rogers in a short time opened our eyes to the great possibilities of even our little society.

THE first missionary meeting was addressed by Mrs. Doherty, from the China Inland Mission, on the last Wednesday of October. Mrs. Doherty spoke chiefly of the work of that mission,

of what it has accomplished in the past, and what it is doing at present. She gave a very interesting talk, which seemed especially fitting as each year is studying "The Uplift of China" in the mission study classes. It is the object of the Executive Committee to hold a missionary meeting every month.

Mrs. Bensen, who sailed for India from New York on October 28th, was the president of our Y. W. C. A. a couple of years ago. All the members wish her every success in her new work on the foreign field.

Silver Bay.—The college girls of Toronto were represented this summer at the student Y. W. conference at Silver Bay by fifteen of their number, four of whom were from 'Varsity, ten from Victoria, and one modest representative from McMaster. In their travels this congenial party might have been taken for the delegation from one college, and, indeed, more inter-collegiate spirit was fostered in this delightful trip down the St. Lawrence and Lakes Champlain and George than could be aroused by half a dozen meetings with papers, resolutions, and all. The party was joined by representatives from Queen's at Kingston and McGill at Montreal, and finally at Silver Bay itself, when the Eastern girls were met in the long halls of Forest Inn, the Canadian delegation was complete, about forty in all, and forming a mere trifle in the large conference of nearly five hundred college girls.

Silver Bay is most beautifully situated on the shores of Lake George, in the Adirondack Mountains, and at the time of the Y. W. C. A. convention, at least, was exclusively a feminine community, with the attractive general store, where Y. W. literature and "goodies" rivalled in favor the equally attractive post-office, the large hotel buildings and auditoriums and spacious lawns, continually thronged with girls.

During the morning and evening this somewhat frivolous-looking population gave itself over with one accord to meetings: meetings beginning at eight for presidents, followed by Bible study and mission study classes and auditorium meetings; meetings in the evening for student volunteers, general meetings in the large auditorium, and, finally, the delegation meetings, most informal and delightful of all, held on the hotel or cottage verandahs at the close of the day. The afternoons were free, except for such few meetings as overflowed the morning hours, and given to boating, bathing, strolling, mountain-climbing, or whatever other form of amusement appealed to the girls. In the

afternoons were also held the tennis and basketball tournaments and the aquatic sports, when the girls showed that they were as expert at handling the racquet or high diving as leading Bible study classes. It was the afternoon of College Day, however, that concentrated the fun of the week. Then each delegation prepared to outshine every other in its particular "stunt," and, gay in college colors and various costumes, charming or quaint, they gathered in the orchard. After the grand march the girls disposed themselves by colleges in a semi-circle on the hotel lawn, and one by one the delegations were called upon to come forward and sing their "Silver Bay Songs" and perform their "stunt" before a most appreciative and enthusiastic audience.

At the end of a brief week the Silver Bay Song was sung for the last time that summer, the steamers called in at the wharf once more, and the reign of the college girls was over in Silver Bay for another year.—E. R. McL., '09.

FRESHMAN (who has been asked how he enjoyed the Lit. last night): Say, it's worth sitting out a dozen performances to watch the ladies start out on their weary way home. Isn't it fun?

W. L. S.—The second meeting of the year was held on Friday, the 23rd. The programme consisted of selections from two of England's women novelists, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë. "Morning in Mrs. Poyser's Kitchen" and "Evening in the Same Place" were given from "Adam Bede," and also a selection from "Jane Eyre." Our representatives to the 'Varsity autumn tea brought in a very interesting report. Mrs. Arnton was appointed critic for our meetings. It was decided to hold three inter-year debates and to have readings from the works of English and American women writers. Miss Ethel McNaughton, '12, was elected treasurer.

IT is evident from the following dialogue which took place in the ladies' room on election day that some of our freshettes do not indulge in the proverbial after-breakfast perusal of the morning paper. This freshette does not seem to take advantage of even what is given us, for the *Globe* is always waiting to be read by anyone who wishes to know what is taking place. On the morning of the elections a sophette exclaimed to a freshette: "Aren't there a great many cabs out to-day? They're all on account of the elections, of course." "Oh," asked the wondering fresh one, with great, innocent eyes, "What elections?" "Well, don't you know about the elections?" came from the fair one of

superior knowledge. "No, I haven't heard of any elections." "You didn't know that Shaw was running?" "Why, no; what's he running for? Mayor?" "Oh, merey, no! For the Dominion Parliament, you little goosey!" But the "little goosey," who must have taken as her motto, "To scorn delights and live laborious days." only very solemnly averred that she never had time to read the paper.

Our freshettes are very enthusiastic at ball games, we find. On Saturday morning, October 31st, at the game between Varsity II. and McMaster I., when the captain was giving the signals, in which the number 42 occurred, a freshette excitedly exclaimed, "Oh, is that the number of points we have?"

SUPPOSING.

A cheery, warm fire to make joy abound,
With troubling lectures encamping around;
At each ghastly window a curtain or two,
Which the soft, sleepy sun could shine shimmering through.
—Just supposing!

Supposing we had a soft carpet of green,
A bright, "homey" one—a real carpet, I mean,
And nice cozy-seats to fill up the space
Between a big rocking-chair and a book-case.
—Just supposing!

Supposing our clothes did not garnish the floor,—
For pegs have a limit, they could not hold more!
Think, girls, nevermore to see signs of a rat
Beneath several gowns, a few coats, and a hat!
—Just supposing!

Supposing our days were not filled with supposing,
And comfort were ours without any posing,
These halls might then mirror our radiant faces,
And "Old Mac" would seem much the sweetest of places.
But we're
—Only supposing!

Yes, supposing that the Ladies' Room were a little more homelike. Just supposing! In the long ago there came a thought one time to someone, we know not whom, that there ought to be a residence for the women students of McMaster University. Since that time the thought has come to many others, but it has never ripened into action of any kind. It has been talked about, of course! What hasn't? But, as women students are only human, after all, and cannot live on mere thoughts, they must still seek boarding houses when they come to Toronto as strangers in a strange land. To be sure, we have

heard a rumor lately that the splendid Gooderham mansion would be an ideal residential place for us all. But a laugh always accompanies the information and the hearer knows as well as does the speaker, that that is only a dream. And it will probably be always a dream. McMaster girls do not aspire to anything quite so magnificent as that building on the corner of St. George and Bloor Streets. All they ask, is a home-like place where they can live together during the academic year. Is it only a dream? Must we always content ourselves by saying:

> "What though our dreams can ne'er come true?
> What matters it to me or you?
> Live well each passing day, and then
> When night comes, sleep—and dream again!"

When night comes, sleep—and dream again! Last year, when we returned to college, we were delighted to find that we had been given the use of another room. But if we had not, doubtless we should now be occupying part of the hall, for there is a limit to even Ladies' Rooms at a university. In one room, we have pegs, each filled with a couple of gowns, a coat or so, and a hat; floor, couch, table, and window-sills, all doing their best to relieve the over-worked pegs; and a couple of book-cases:—not a sign of a locker anywhere. Umbrellas socially hug one another in a corner, and rubbers go visiting with their neighbors on the floor on rainy days. In the other room, we have a table piled up with magazines and books, two old sofas, which have the air of a bygone century, a few lonely chairs, and pictures of those who have left the McMaster halls, smiling down pleasantly on us all. Nothing to make it look home-like, nothing to help it take the place, in some measure, of the long-talked of, shadowy residence —nothing! Perhaps, some day, there will be something; perhaps the girls themselves will help make it a real sitting-room, since no others seem likely to bestir themselves.

> "Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate,
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. A. DETLOR, '09.

"Listen to my tale of woe."

FIELD DAY.—To attempt a full and detailed account of the day's proceedings is not our purpose here, but rather to comment briefly upon a few of its striking features. The first feature that greeted the eyes of all as they filed into the grounds was that of a mysterious looking object bound to an electric light pole, about twenty feet in air. Before certain objects we cannot help stopping—a prey to dreams into the realm of which the mind enters. So with this. The grim spectre was an object to inspire indescribable dread. Yet it bore the yellow streamers—it was a challenge to freshman blood. Suddenly a young initiate remembered his first biology lesson and sprang for the pole. He didn't do badly either—made a yard every ten minutes. Hugo has said that a corpse is a pocket which death turns inside out and empties. This was a pocket which our young ourang-outang found full of sophomore colors, and pleased with the find, immediately gorged himself therewith. But it had a worse effect than the hemlock of the old Greeks. Suddenly he trembled in all his limbs; a shudder ran through his frame; he staggered, tottered, loosed his hold and fell. Now the struggle began. Sophomores and freshmen mixed in one swaying mass. It went, it came, it rose, it fell, it seemed possessed with furious vitality. Now a freshman struggling and making efforts to escape, then returning and striking again, scared but desperate! Now a sophomore, wildly excited, blindly closing with sophomore and falling in the other's clutch! And all this over a bit of tattered bunting!

What conflict more ludicrous! Yet to see these same men seated, each with his lady, round the joyous banquet-hall three hours later, feasting to their heart's content, toasting each other's merits, and entertaining each other's girls—to see this, one would be led to appreciate the more serious side of the ludicrous combat and recognize that beneath its child-like, clownish expression lie the germs of real brotherly good will. Worthy opponents on the field! Warm friends at the love feast!

Another feature the editor deems worthy of note was the brass band in attendance. The idea of a band started from Naughty-Nine. It made its debut two years ago with Naughty-Nine as its sole original, and composed exclusively of '09 men.

Since then other years have contributed and gradually it has assumed a more cosmopolitan nature, growing in force and improving in quality. The service rendered by the band this year is worthy of commendation. We write this in the hope that the band will continue, that others will take up the work of their predecessors, and that some embryo musician, not yet enrolled at McMaster, who may chance to read these lines, will bring his horn when he comes and help carry on a work so well begun. The whole college feels its indebtedness to Mr. W. L. Robinson, who has been its efficient conductor since the band was inaugurated.

A third feature was the parallelism in the competition for the year championship and the individual championship. Never in the annals of the Association has either been so hotly contested. Year '10 were somewhat discomfited when '09 led off with a clear lead of 14 points, and much discouraged when the mile run made the score 36—17. But now the mighty men of '10 rose in their strength. They put the shot; they threw the discus—and doubled the score for the Juniors. Naughty-Nine was hard pressed. The Juniors were close on her track, and in the last heat of the hurdles Naughty-Nine and '10 stood tie. One event remained, the year race. The teams toed out: the pistol cracked, and Curtis led the way. All was wild uproar. The rag was passed, and Wearing bounded off like a startled buck. Cheers, yells, howls, husky croaks and screeches made a deafening noise. Jury was legging out in tremendous strides. The sweet things in the grand stand just quivered with excitement. The last lap, and Scott was overhauling Chadwick. The home stretch, and neither pursuer nor pursued could gain a yard. The cord, and year '10 had the race. Thus ended perhaps the most successful Field Day McMaster has ever held.

Points toward Matthew's Inter-year Cup, '09, 47; '10, 49; '11, 17; '12, 0; Theo., 4. Winner of McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal, W. A. Scott, '09, 20 points. Winner of First Association Medal, W. J. Haydon, '09, 17 points. Winner of Second Association Medal, H. F. Veals, '10, 13 points.

Varsity III.—McMaster II.—The first game in the Junior Intermediate I. C. R. F. U. was played Monday afternoon, October 26, on Varsity campus. This was a real treat for the juniors, and they liked it well. McMaster, though, was young at the game, as was evidenced by the cramped muscles, the bruised shins, the dazed heads, and the frequent fleeing of breath. Varsity also were young; they showed a lack of that quiet composure

and well organized system which so marks their senior teams. Final score, McMaster 13, Varsity 3.

Varsity II. 6, McMaster I. 4.—Trinity defaulted the return game, leaving McMaster in the semi-finals of the Intercollegiate I. C. R. F. U. series. On Saturday morning, October 24, Varsity and McMaster lined up on Varsity campus for the first game. McMaster started strong and soon had 4 points to the good. But—Oh, the less said the better. The playing, however, pleased us well, although the score did stand a little against us.

We cannot help commenting upon the excellent work done by Robertson. His improved catching, his splendid passing with McKay, and his fast running raised him to a player of the first rank. Crowe, too, has won his spurs, and is now a full fledged man. But Firstbrook is the greatest wonder of all. The scribe is absolutely at his wit's end to account for "Fuzzie's" vim and grit that day. Never since his first appearance at McMaster, in rugby, hockey or anything else, has he let himself go as he did on Saturday. We hope he "goes" often.

Varsity II. 13, McMaster I. 12.—"This was the most unkindest cut of all." Truly 'tis a tale of woe the scribe must now unfold, and he does it with no small regrets and pangs of heart. Only in our last issue we jubilantly announced McMaster's fair start, now we painfully flag her lamentable finish. McMaster is out; yet she died hard. It ill becomes us to claim that with our full team we could have won, yet we are sure of it. Little does it boot that we had Varsity going, and even had a big lead in the score, till our back division was disorganized by Crowe being carried off the field. Little does it matter that the game was ours, that Varsity was playing a losing game, till two most unfortunate flukes turned the tide and made victors the vanquished. But we are not bewailing our defeat; we are down and out, and we take it like men. After all is it not some consolation that a team picked from the few handfuls of men McMaster has could prove itself so formidable an enemy to that monstrous dragon of numerous arms and multitudinous legs? Herewith ends our mournful dirge. We extend to our victors only the best of feelings and a longing to meet again.

McMaster line-up: Back, Dales; halves, Crowe, McCrimmon, McKay; quarter, Bisset; wings, Scott, Veal, Holman (captain), Gray, Tedford, Leckie; centre scrimmage, Firstbrook; side scrimmage, Jackson, Whan.

Varsity III.—McMaster II.—October 31, Varsity defeated McMaster. Score, 34—6.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: L. D. JACKSON, '09.

"Marriage is a desperate thing."

IN spite of the recent stringency in the money market, no less than thirteen McMaster graduates have scaled the steep and tortuous paths that lead to the pleasant plains of nuptial bliss. Although our space will permit us merely to mention the chief actors of each drama, we desire to extend to all concerned our congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness.

MR. H. B. PARKER, '05, M.A. '07, and Miss Maybell Black were married in August, at the bride's home, Thurso, Quebec. They will make their home in Newport, Vermont, where Mr. Parker is principal of the Newport Academy.

IN October, Mr. Ralph V. Bellamy, '02, M.A. '08, was married to Miss Mable Clark, of Aylmer, Ont. Mr. Bellamy had the honor of being the first Rhodes Scholar from the Province of Alberta. He finished his course at Oxford in 1907 and is now engaged in business with his father in Edmonton.

ON August 26th, Roy C. Bensen, '06, and Miss Anita Waters, '07, were married at Victoria Island, Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Bensen left on October 26th for India, where they will labor in the cause of Christian missions.

ON June 24th, Mr. E. J. Bengough, '03, Registrar of the University, was married in Castle Memorial Hall to Gertrude Isabel, daughter of the late H. H. Reeve, M.D., of Toronto.

MR. CLARKE V. TIMPANY is the second member of Naught Six who has left us for the foreign field. On August 12th he married Miss Elizabeth Wright, of Aylmer, sister of Rev. H. W. Wright, '05, pastor at Royce Avenue, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Timpany are now on their way to India in company with Mr. and Mrs. Bensen and other missionaries.

On May 25th, Arthur W. Vining, '98, D.Sc., of Brandon College, was married in Winnipeg to Miss Abbie May Helmer, daughter of E. E. Helmer, Esq., of Chicago.

Rev. J. M. Warner, '04, pastor of the Baptist Church at Walkerton, and in his time one of the champion debaters of McMaster, was married in June to Miss Luella McAmmond, of Morrisburg, Ont.

Of interest to the members of year '02 will be the wedding of Mr. E. J. Tarr of that class and Miss Kathleen Burke, which took place at the latter's home in Rosedale, Toronto. They will reside in Winnipeg, where Mr. Tarr is a member of a well-known law firm.

On July 29th, at Vankleek Hill, Mr. D. L. MacLaurin, principal of the High School at Revelstoke, B.C., was married to Miss Evelyn Marchant, of Victoria, B.C.

Mr. J. Herbert Cranston, '05, of the *Toronto Daily Star*, was married in this city, on September 17th, to Miss Eva Wilkins, '07. Mr. and Mrs. Cranston are residing in Rosedale.

Rev. W. E. Matthews, '05, pastor of the William Street Baptist Church, Chatham, was married, on June 18th, to Elsie, daughter of Hon. John Dryden, of this city.

Members of the year Naught Five will read with interest of the wedding of Rev. Owen C. Gray, '05, pastor of the Uxbridge Baptist Church, and better known in McMaster circles as "Dolly" Gray. He has chosen as his bride Miss Eva Rose McLay, daughter of Dr. A. McLay, of Woodstock, and sister of Professor McLay, of McMaster University. The ceremony took place in Woodstock on Saturday, October 24th, Miss Dora McKay of Toronto attending the bride, while the groom was supported by Mr. N. St. Clair McKechnie, '08.

On April 21st, 1908, Rev. J. D. McLauchlan, '03, was married to Adelaide Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. d'Evers, of Chicago. The ceremony took place in St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Chicago, of which Mr. McLauchlan is rector.

Last year it was our privilege to announce the departure of Volney A. Ray, '03, and his wife for the Congo to labor in the cause of missions. Unfortunately, Mrs. Ray was taken ill with

fever and compelled to return to her home in Galt, Ont. Mr. Ray accompanied her as far as Scotland, and, after seeing her safely on her way home, returned to his work alone. Volney has a right to be called one of McMaster's heroes, for is he not following in the footsteps of the great Livingstone himself?

Everton Miller, '06, is teaching Classics in the High School at Uxbridge, Ont.

R. H. Roberts, '07, is principal of the Alexander Taylor School in Edmonton. "Bobs" bids fair to become one of the educational luminaries of the West.

C. S. Edwards, '06, who last year had charge of this department, is teaching at Woodstock College. He has not, however, deserted the columns of our magazine, for the product of his pen will be found from month to month in the Woodstock College department.

Mr. H. F. Rolker, M.A., who last spring received his M.A. for research work in Chemistry done under the supervision of Dr. Tingle, is at present engaged in similar work at the Mulford Company, manufacturing chemists, of Philadelphia. Before accepting this appointment Mr. Rolker refused a similar offer from the Baltimore Copper Works, and also declined a valuable fellowship at Johns Hopkins University. We congratulate Mr. Rolker on his success, which is a tribute not only to his own ability, but also to the work being done in the department of Chemistry by Professor Tingle.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.—On Wednesday, September 9th, Moulton College was formally re-opened by a chapel service at 10.30 a.m. Before that hour arrived, however, the corridors began to be filled with suit cases, trunks and girls. Some of the latter looked very rosy and brown after a long summer vacation and full of excitement at returning to the school and greeting old friends, while others, being "new girls," seemed, by contrast, rather quiet and even a trifle sad! At first the school seemed queer, with all the girls of '08 gone, and, while we have by this time become reconciled to the fact that we have a new "First Year," and that the other classes have each moved on a step, still we would hereby assure last year's Seniors of our continued affection for them. Miss McDermid's leaving we all regret very much. In her six years of residence in Moulton she endeared herself strongly to teachers and students alike, and her going has been a real loss to us all. Our good wishes follow Miss McDermid, and we trust that she may be both happy and successful wherever her future work may be. To Miss Pugsley and Miss Edy, the two new additions to the staff, we give a hearty welcome. Already they have shown themselves able for the manifold responsibilities and requirements of boarding school life, and we are very glad to have them with us. With forty-four boarders and a substantially increased number of day-students, we have a splendid school, and are looking forward to a successful year's work.

The Prayer Meetings.

The weekly prayer meetings, attended by the resident teachers and pupils, and conducted by them in turn, are felt to be a source of strength to all. The leaders prepare short papers on the subjects assigned them, and the others are free to take part in whatever way they choose. These meetings tend to preserve a spirit of kindness, sympathy and helpfulness in the school and to develop a strong Christian character.

On October 14th we were delighted to have with us Miss Armstrong, a missionary from Burmah, now attending McMaster, and her friend and helper, Miss Isaac. Miss Armstrong spoke to us about her work in the schools, particularly its difficulties, its encouragements, and its splendid results. Miss Isaac added a few words, telling the story of a young girl: and then they sang to-

gether some Burmese hymns. Their love for their work and their glowing enthusiasm gave us a new interest in what is being done in that far-away land, and ought to increase our readiness to do our small share to help that most noble department of Christian activity. The Moulton girls wish for these two good friends all joy and success in their college career.

THE opening meeting of the Heliconian Society, held on Friday evening, September 25th, was a business meeting, called for the purpose of electing officers for the new college year. After the business had been finished, Miss Moulton gave two very interesting readings in her usual sympathetic style. The first regular meeting, however, was held on October 16th, the programme being a patriotic one. The Decoration Committee carried out the idea by decorating the chapel very prettily with maple leaves. The audience was very much delighted to listen to spirited addresses by Laurier, Borden, Foster and Fielding. These worthy gentlemen outlined the platforms of their respective parties in such a convincing manner that their hearers had great difficulty in deciding which party they would uphold. The vote, however, resulted in the election of Laurier to office, and, doubtless, influenced the results of the vote taken by the electors throughout the Dominion. A solo, a reading, and two patriotic songs, rendered by the College Glee Club, completed a programme that was very enthusiastically received. The Literary Society has always proved an important factor in college life, and the interest evinced this term gives every indication of an interesting and profitable year in the society.

FRIDAY evening, October 2nd, is one that will long be remembered by new and old girls alike, for it was on that evening that the old girls gave a reception to the new members of the Moulton family. There had been so many secret consultations and so many dreadful hints about "initiation" that by the time the invitations were issued the new girls were almost afraid to speak to an "old girl," lest they should be initiated then and there. The guests were ushered, one by one, into the drawing room, and as each was being presented to the Vice-Principal she found that her fears had not been groundless, for a huge woolly creature suddenly seized her in such a close embrace that her poor heart almost stopped beating. Teddy—for this was the creature's name—however, behaved very nicely during the remainder of the evening, and, indeed, proved to be a friend in disguise. Thus it was that the new girls, and also the new teachers, were formally admitted to the Moulton circle, the privileges of which they are all now thoroughly enjoying.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: C. S. EDWARDS, B.A.

NOVEMBER. That means that the first term is over and it's about time some of us were getting our resolutions framed and hung up in the sunlight. The results of the first monthly exam. didn't coincide with our sanguine expectations. Somehow the honor roll made its appearance in public without our names. Thus it reads: Fourth year, A. Haddow, 83 per cent.: Third year, D. A. Clark, 91 per cent.; Second year, A. Lester, 88 per cent.; First year, C. M. G. Purchas, 83 per cent.; Preparatory, H. Hendry, 76 per cent.

WE were all sorry to part with Roy Binns last month. For three years he has been among us bottling up commercial skill. He goes to Boston to enter upon a business career.

"THE JUDSON."—Rev. Mr. Bowen, of London, addressed the society last month on "Missionary Work in Africa." The address was intensely interesting and received with rapt attention and enjoyment.

EAST BUILDING NOTES.—Nothing much doing in our quarters. Some of the kids have colds. Overdose of campus, we think. Not missing any dining room privileges, though. Sleeping well, too, at nights, once we get started. Only one spanking administered so far. Many narrow escapes. Hope to have more to tell next month.

A CORRECTION.—The captain of the second Rugby team is M. Steele, and not W. Haight, as was published last month.

BASKETBALL.—On Friday night, October 23rd, two teams from the Armories presented themselves in our gym. Two splendid games were played. First Company C and then Company D exhibited their skill. We were obliged to trim them both, the first to the tune of 22—6, the second 23—12. Our line-up was: First Sr.—Chapman (centre), Decker, Ashmore (forward), W. E. Fairchild, Gardner (defence). Second Sr.—D. A. Clarke (centre), A. Smith, C. Pirie (forward), W. B. Clarke, A. G. Lees (defence).

RUGBY.—The first match of the season was played Saturday, October 17th, with the London C. I. on the College campus. We walloped them, 32 to 5. Though the London boys are good clean

sports and do some fine individual work, they are unpractised in the trick of combination. That is where our boys bamboozled them. Ashmore especially exhibited his wizardry in clever passing. The visitors, too, carried away a huge respect for the solidity of our lines. Butting Haight and his allies was like trying conclusions with a stone wall. Bruce McCrimmon's rushes and kicks were spectacular. Ryrie played a good steady game, while Captain McKenzie was Johnny-on-the-spot every time. Our line-up: Full-back, McKenzie; halves, Ashmore, McCrimmon, Ryrie; quarter, W. E. Fairchild; right wing, Guyatt, Rodney, Matthews; left wing, Haight, Hewson, Hill; scrimmage, Spencer, Cox, Haddow. Referee—Principal A. T. McNeill. Umpire—R. A. F. McDonald.

The second match came off in Hamilton, whither we journeyed in a cold, drizzling rain on October 24th, to meet our old rivals, the Hamilton C. I. At Brantford, on the way thither, the team felt the need of a practice, so we lined up on the station platform and made things interesting for the spectators. In Hamilton the Y. M. C. A. took care of us. The game commenced in a light shower, which developed into a perfect deluge. As a result, not a very large crowd was present. We slid around in pools of mud and carried home acres of it. So evenly matched were the teams that there was no scoring until the third quarter, when the College made a lead of two points. A few minutes before the finish Hamilton tied the score. Considering the condition of the field and the slippery ball, the game was fast and exciting. McCrimmon made some fine catches and runs and saved the day several times for the College. Our line-up was the same as that given above, except that A. Hill replaced Haight.

The Election.—Fancy sitting in your room with your books on election night and all the world down-town going into hysterics over the polls! "That's a stunt to make you grunt." But we did it, and with sublime Spartan fortitude, too—that is, until about nine o'clock. Then we massed on the upper flat to let off steam. There our political oracle, E. W. Quinn, perched on a chair above a clamorous crowd, megaphoned the latest returns. With each announcement we raised a united roar that was heard all the way to Dundas Street. We were not always sure which party we were cheering for, but we roared anyway. We had something in our system and we were bound to roar it out. The vociferations ended by the stentor on the chair suddenly exclaiming: "Matt, you owe me a pie." An hour later we made another tremendous effort to blow our lungs out. We also smashed a jug. The result of it all was, of course, Laurier is in again.

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. F. SMITH, '09.

EVENING ON THE PRAIRIE.

The chill dun autumn of the day has come.
The great gray geese honk lakeward o'er the sky
In shaft-like rank; and with a muffled cry
The timid teal dips to her reedy home.

That wedge slow-rippling towards yon island dome
Blazes the musk-rat's trail to his cold cell,
And, hark! Afar and near a canticle!
The vesper-birds hymn nestwards through the gloom.

Around us, too, range prairies vast, and eve
Drifts dark and darker toward the night. But why,
My soul, despair? If nature's feebler brood
Through the uncharted airs and wastes perceive
Unerring homeward paths, our clearer eye
Should see our Bourne beyond the solitude.

—W. Sherwood Fox, '00, M.A. '06, in *The Westminster.*

THE following exchanges for October we gratefully acknowledge: Baylor Literary; O. A. C. Review; 'Varsity; Hya Yaka; Queen's University Journal; University of Ottawa Review; Bessie Tift Journal; Solanian; Brunonian; William Jewell Student; Acta Victoriana; Collegian; University of Virginia Magazine; Dalhousie Gazette; Review and Expositor; Mercerian; Athenæum (W. Virginia Univ.); Western Outlook; Starkey Seminary Monthly; O. B. C. Peddler; Philomathean Monthly. Many of our old exchanges have failed to reach us for October. We hope to welcome many of these "old friends" this month.

THE BRUNONIAN for October enters upon the eightieth year of its pilgrimage. We wish it *bon voyage*. Its russet cover, the same in color and design throughout the year, seems especially appropriate at this autumnal season when Mother Earth herself dons a garb of brown. The literary content of the *Brunonian* presents as usual an inviting field. The first article, "Psychology Applied to Healing," discusses Psychotherapy, or "mind-cure," and points out how suggestion, explanation, encouragement, and

education all influence the mind in the care of functional diseases. Religion and medicine when allied are most effective as curative agents. Akin to this essay, appears elsewhere. "Alcohol as a Food," which is also interesting. Of the short stories. "The Adoration" is perhaps our favorite, although "The Will of the Gods" is well treated. A third, entitled "The Avenger," describing a young botanist's adventure in the wilds of the Amazon, is rather too gruesome, partaking somewhat of a "bad-dream" nature. Of the poems, "Two Songs" is good, and also "The Rhyme of the Street Organ." The subject of this latter poem is difficult of poetic treatment, but the freshness of the theme is striking. The following stanzas will perhaps be relished:

THE RHYME OF THE STREET ORGAN.

Hear the rattle and the clangor and the roar
As my liquid, brazen notes go crashing by:
Get along, O city people! Get along, O city people!
Get along, O city people, till you die!

You can hear me in the evenings of the Fall
As my music wanders through the mellow air,
And my songs go whirring by to give despair the lie.
Do you listen, city people? Do you care?

You can hear me ere the snow has left the ground,
I the first and foremost harbinger of spring.
Do you listen, city people, while the bells from yonder steeple
Add their singing to my modest ting-a-ling?

* * * * * *

Ting-a-ling! when the Summer's heat is on us.
Ting-a-ling! when the Summer leads to Fall.
Ting-a-ling! I remain while the seasons change again,
I am mirth and hope and singing to them all!

—W. B. Henderson.

A NEW periodical has made its appearance upon the horizon of college journalism in the form of *The O. B. C. Peddler*. To this little eight-pager, which hails from Oklahoma Baptist College, Oklahoma, we extend a glad hand, hoping that the student body which the *Peddler* represents will rally to its support, and that an eager throng of advertisers will vie one with the other for space in its columns. Also be it said that we shall watch with interest the development of this little magazine, especially as to literary contents, and hope to see it one day in the foremost rank of college publications.

We are glad to welcome to our table again this year *The Starkey Seminary Monthly*. In regard to this publication we would fain offer one word of kindly criticism, which we trust will be taken in good part by our contemporaries, as it is certainly intended in that way. The journal, as now published, appears to contain nothing but items of local interest. This seems a defect, for the addition of some student contributions in poetry or prose would undoubtedly raise the literary standard of this monthly in the eyes of the contemporary college world, and furthermore would deepen the interest of the students in general in a magazine that is primarily published for them.

"Hello, Pat, I hear your dog is dead?" "He is." "Was it a lap dog?" "Yes, it would lap anything." "What did it die of?" "It died of a Tuesday." "I mean, how did it die?" "It died on its back." "I mean how did the dog meet its death?" "It didn't meet its death, its death overtook it." "I want to know what was the complaint?" "No complaint; everyone for miles around appeared satisfied." "I wish to know, how did it occur?" "The dog was no cur, he was a thoroughbred animal." "Tell me what disease the dog died of?" "He went to fight a circular saw." "What was the result?" "The dog lasted only one round."—*The Westminster*.

The genius of Mr. Brian Hooker, it will be remembered, produced for his Alma Mater last year that soul-stirring college song: "Mother of Men—Old Yale." In *Harper's Monthly* for October appears another poem by Mr. Hooker. This later poem is written in an entirely different vein: it is purely a love lyric, and, as such, possesses peculiar pathos. It is quoted herewith:

SONG.

Dear, though you wander over peace and passion,
Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,
You cannot hide me. Still, in my own fashion,
I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that bid you doubt me,
In music, in the little things we knew,
In your blind prayers for happiness without me,—
I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learning
Through all the wrong you need to be and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfearful yearning
I shall come back—I shall come back to you!

THE October number of *Queen's University Journal* contains two very readable articles. The first, "A Visit to Vesuvius," is superbly illustrated by four very fine cuts of Pompeii and the volcano. The second article gives one "A Glimpse of College Life at Princeton." The comments on the recent election campaign seem very apropos. There is, however, a dearth of undergraduate verse in this issue, which is rather a matter of regret, especially when we think of Queen's with its noble traditions and high ideals. But such criticism must not be taken too seriously, for all college magazines, our own included, suffer more or less at times in this respect, the problem of increasing the supply to meet the demand not yet having been solved. If, however, the Muse refuses to abide around our college halls throughout the year, some measures surely should be taken to entrap the goddess.

CRITICS AND KNOCKERS.—To escape criticism, do nothing, be nothing—and be called a nonentity.—*Silver and Gold.*

MEDICINE SCORES ONE.—Reporter—"To what do you attribute your great age?"

Oldest Inhabitant—"I hain't sure yet, sir. There be several o' them patent med'cine companies as is bargainin' with me."—*London Punch.*

A NEW feature this year at Dalhousie University is the addition of a faculty of dentistry.

THE spinal chord is what runs through you. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other.—*Ex.*

TO NYDIA.

The little god, who leaves no heart
Unpierced by his enchanting dart;
The little god, with rosy lips
And eyes as bright as moonbeam tips;
This chuckling urchin drew his bow,
And with a laugh that rippled low,
Took aim at me.
"But, Love, in vain you winged that dart
Against my breast, for there no heart
Has beaten since 'twas wooed away
In spite of me, that summer day,
When I met Nydia."
—Spencer W. Phraner, in *The Nassau Lit.*

EXTRACT FROM AN EXAM. PAPER ON ZOOLOGY.—Q. What are the two great divisions of the animal kingdom? A. Ebriates and inebriates; the former has a backbone, the latter none.—*The Student.*

The cover design of *The Collegian*, which hails from St. Mary's College, Cal., is very neat. This college rejoices this fall over the completion of a new and spacious gymnasium and stadium.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '86."—*Students' Herald.*

Tramp:—"Ma'am, will you give a poor feller a bite to eat?" Lady:—"Will you cut some wood for your breakfast?" Tramp:—"Sorry, mum, but I never eats wood for my breakfast."—*Ex.*

It is interesting to find that the following well-known song has at last become a "classic":

Omnes agunt sed pater,
Toto die sedet
Pedes ante ignem,
Tubam terram fumet
Mater lavandas prendet,
Soror et Ann atque;
Omnes agunt in nostro
Sed senex ne.

—*The Oracle.*

Mulligan.—"The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure, he niver hurt iny man's feelin's." Harrigan.—"He's a shnake in the grass. The blackguard referred to me as his contimperary, and I'll be contimperary to no man livin'."—*Puck.*

BY THE FIRES.

When the night wind shrieks with despairing groan
  And the storm king rules supreme,
With my pipe I sit by the fire alone,
What do I care for the old pine's moan?
  For my thoughts are adrift—I dream
    When the fire burns low.

In the fire's red glow, fairy faces arise,
  Which softly and wistfully call;
And I open the rose-jar of yesterdays,
Dusty old roses of blue summer skies,
  Whose sweetness and fragrance enthrall,
    When the fire burns low.

I dream of a land where dreams come true,
  Where we can be what we mean to be,
Where birds sing sweet and skies are blue,
And soft scented breezes blow lazily, too,
  In that wonderful land in a far-away sea,
    When the fire burns low.

—K. in *Colgate Madisonensis.*

[The following clippings were made by last year's editor of this department.]

SONG.

I dreamt of you and thought
You must be near,
And softly thy name spoke—
But, oh—the fear,
When I was answered naught.

Then from the empty gloom
A small voice came
And said,
"She whom you love is dead,
You call in vain,
She sleeps where roses bloom."

—LaFayette Lentz Butler.

First Author.—"Are you a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly?" Second Author.—"No, but on my foreign trip. I was a contributor to the Atlantic, daily."—*Ex.*

TRIOLET.

You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No,"
When first I came to woo—
You fain would jest with me, and so
You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No,"
I dared to say, "Dost mean it, true?"
You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No,"
When first I came to woo. —*Ex.*

"IRONBOUND."

In a far and distant land
Where the sea-spray wets the heights,—
And the forests spear-wise stand,—
Where white gulls in screaming flights
Mix with whirling flecks of foam
On the wave;
There a man might build a home,—
Were he brave.

Booming surf is on both sides:
Rock and forest part the sea.
There no craft in safety rides,
There's no harbor, there's no lee.
O'er the tumult yet we find
A deep calm;
Health of body, peace of mind,—
The soul's balm. —*Ex.*

Burnside astounded his two maiden aunts
By saying his breath came in very short pants.—*Ex.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly
DECEMBER, 1908.

THE ROMANCE OF MATHEMATICS.*

BIOLOGISTS tell us that the main features in the evolution of the species are to be seen also in the development of each individual. The modern educationist uses the same principle in his analysis of the unfolding of the mental life of the child and youth. Similarly, as a preface to a fuller outline of some of the chief steps in the development of the science of mathematics, we may find at least an aid to the memory in the analogy which is more than a parallelism, between the various stages in the growth of the mathematical knowledge of the individual and the long course by which mankind has slowly and steadily acquired its overwhelming store of these same riches.

Let us then note in both evolutions four succeeding stages. The first may be called the period of childhood, in which many isolated facts of large practical value are acquired, one by one, not by any process of reasoning, but under the dominating tutelage of experience.

Following this comes the golden age of youth, when the reasoning faculties awaken and, seizing upon the material already acquired, strive to master the underlying principles and to form the broader conceptions which co-ordinate and explain the facts of observation and experience. Boldly sailing forth on the newly launched ship of reason, the romantic voyageur greatly extends the boundaries of his knowledge and explores many beautiful regions of truth.

* Address delivered at Autumn Convocation, McMaster University, by Professor W. Findlay, M.A., Ph.D.

All too soon comes the busy age of early manhood, when the ruthless, relentless barbarian outer-world, with its turmoils and battles, its utter disregard of the ideal, and its bitter struggle for a mere existence, breaks in and stops the happy dreams of the golden age. The fairy lands of youth are lost sight of during the middle ages of early manhood: forgotten but not utterly destroyed, treasured up in remote corners awaiting the dawn of a brighter day.

This fourth period is found in the riper years of later manhood. Then, after the battle has been won and the scars of conflict healed, the individual, and the race, may find a period of leisure in which the higher life may be rejuvenated, and wider, saner, and much more fruitful excursions may be made into the boundless ocean of truth.

That these four epochs may be more fully understood, we will now proceed, along another path, to a closer view of the history of Mathematics.

The life story of this science may be likened to a great river which finds its sources amid the more or less inaccessible mountains of antiquity. Let me mention briefly three rather closely related ranges which have contributed to its waters.

The first is formed by the long, narrow, flat-topped ridge of Egyptian civilization. The most ancient mathematical treatise we have is a papyrus now in the British Museum, written by Ahmes about 1700 B.C., and founded on an older work, which is believed to date from 3400 B.C. This book is entitled *Directions for Obtaining the Knowledge of All Dark Things,* and is a mere compilation of many isolated facts in arithmetic. It speaks of the unknown quantity, denoting it, not by x, but by the symbol for the word "Heap." Thus we find the problem: "Heap, its seventh, its whole, it makes 19." The solution is given in the form "16 and $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{8}$." All fractions used have the numerator 1. The annual inundations of the Nile, wiping away the boundaries and re-shaping the agricultural areas, necessitated the development of a practical and efficient art of surveying. The accuracy of alignment and of proportions in the mighty pyramids is a witness to the nobility of their attainments in this

branch of practical mathematics. Indeed, the ancient Egyptian name for the mathematicians was "rope-stretchers," derived, doubtlessly, from the use of a knotted rope to lay out a required angle by constructing a triangle whose sides have such ratios as make one of its angles equal to the required angle. This well-developed art of surveying is the spring from which emerged the science of geometry.

The second source of our river is found among the mountain peaks of the priestly lore of the Babylonian and allied races. These peoples excelled in observation and knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. It seems that they knew the complete lunar cycle and were able to predict thereby the phases and eclipses of the moon. Alexander the Great is reported to have found in Babylonia astronomical records reaching as far back as 2234 B.C. These, it is said, he sent to Aristotle. The Babylonian division of the day into hours, minutes and seconds and the division of the right angle into 90 degrees are those now in universal use. In addition, we find among these Semitic peoples, Babylonians and Phoenicians, a high development of commerce and navigation, which was accompanied by considerable progress in arithmetic. They used both the decimal and the sexagesimal systems of numerals. A tablet written somewhere between 2300 and 1600 B.C. contains the squares of all numbers up to 60.

A third range, somewhat different in character, but less remote in time, added an important tributary to our river at a comparatively late date. This consists of the secluded meditative heights of the productive era of Hindoo philosophy. Amid the quiet monasteries of Northern India, absorbed in their contemplations of the momentous problems of existence, some of these Eastern cousins of our ancestors achieved great things in Algebra and Arithmetic, and through Arabian channels have made large contributions to the world's mathematical store. Our so-called Arabic notation in arithmetic is really of Indian origin. These wonderful people were expert calculators. They solved problems in interest, discount, partnership, alligation, summation of arithmetical and geometrical series, devised rules for deter-

mining the numbers of permutations and combinations, and invented magic squares.

Permit me to quote three interesting and instructive examples: when a youth, Buddha had to undergo an examination in order to win the maiden he loved. In arithmetic, after having astonished his examiners by naming all the periods of numbers up to the fifty-third, he was asked whether he could determine the number of primary atoms which, when placed one against another, would form a line one mile in length. Buddha found the required answer in this way: seven primary atoms make a very minute grain of dust, seven of these make a minute grain of dust, seven of these make a grain of dust whirled up by the wind, and so on. Thus he proceeded step by step until he finally reached the length of a mile. The multiplication of all the factors gave for the multitude of primary atoms in a mile a number consisting of 15 digits.

Aryabhatta propounded the following problem: "Beautiful maiden with beaming eyes, tell me, as thou understandest the right method of inversion, which is the number which multiplied by 3, then increased by $\frac{3}{4}$ of the product, divided by 7, diminished by $\frac{1}{3}$ of the quotient, multiplied by itself, diminished by 52, the square root extracted, addition of 8 and division by 10, gives the number 2?"

In Bhaskara's great work we may find the following: "The square root of half the number of bees in a swarm has flown out upon a jessamine bush, 8/9 of the whole swarm has remained behind; one female bee flies about a male that is buzzing within a lotus-flower into which he was allured in the night by its sweet odor, but is now imprisoned in it. Tell me the number of bees."

Brahmagupta wisely says: "These problems are proposed simply for pleasure; the wise man can invent a thousand others, or he can solve the problems of others by the rules given here. As the sun eclipses the stars by his brilliancy, so the man of knowledge will eclipse the fame of others in assemblies of the people if he proposes algebraic problems, and still more if he solves them."

The last three mentioned, Aryabhatta, Bhaskara and Brahmagupta, are the most famous Indian mathematicians. As the majestic Himalayas tower over the less remote and perhaps more beautiful Alps, so did these Indian scholars excel their European competitors of the classic and earlier periods in arithmetical, algebraic and trigonometric calculations, but were far inferior, if not wholly deficient, in the science of geometry.

Let us now undertake to trace out the course of the river whose sources we have been viewing. At an elevation of 600 years before Christ we find it descending from the high plateau of Egyptian antiquity on to the well-watered uplands of Grecian artistic and logic-loving culture. (To revert to our initial simile. This is the time of the great transition from the concrete and particularized thinking of its childhood to the self-conscious and enthusiastically logical thought of youth.)

We may note a few great names as we follow the river down through the next 1,200 years of its descent, the Grecian period of its youth. The first is Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, who introduced geometry from Egypt and also began the study of scientific astronomy. He acquired great celebrity by predicting to the day the solar eclipse of 585 B.C. One night, when contemplating the stars during an evening walk, he fell into a ditch. The good old woman attending him exclaimed: "How canst thou know what is doing in the heavens, when thou seest not what is at thy feet?"

But much greater than Thales is Pythagoras, the discoverer of many theorems and the founder of a famous esoteric school of mathematics. He it is who is said to have "changed the study of geometry into a liberal education." The theorem that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the sides (Euclid I, 47) is commonly known to-day as the Pythagorean theorem.

The next school of mathematics was founded by Plato. He is noteworthy not so much for new theorems which he discovered as for the valuable improvements which he made in the logical forms and methods of geometry. The type of geometrical reasoning he taught is practically identical with that in use to-day.

It was Plato who developed the so-called "Analysis" method of investigation. As is well known, there are only five possible forms of regular, solid bodies. These are called the Platonic bodies, because of the attention given them by Plato and his followers. One of Plato's associates is the inventor of the Conic Sections. Plato has been called a maker of mathematicians. Over the door of his school he placed the inscription: "Let no one who is unacquainted with geometry enter here."

But Plato's fame as a geometer was overshadowed by that of the founder of the great Alexandrian school. When Ptolemy Soter secured the Egyptian dominions of the great Macedonian conqueror, he made the new city of Alexandria his capital and founded there a great university, with a magnificent library, laboratories and museums. The first professor of mathematics was Euclid. This man wrote a text-book which has made his name immortal. It is a compilation of the more elementary work of his predecessors so skilfully arranged that, up to the present day, it has been the most widely known and studied text-book in geometry. Indeed, until quite recently it was almost the only text used in English and Canadian secondary schools, and to most of our people the subject is known as Euclid rather than as geometry.

Two other giants of this same school must be mentioned. The first is Archimedes, easily the greatest mathematician of antiquity. He was more famous among his contemporaries, however, for his wonderful mechanical inventions. The second is Apollonius of Perga, who undoubtedly holds the second place. His great work is an exhaustive treatise on Conic Sections, the crowning product of ancient geometry. The discoveries and inventions of Archimedes lead naturally and inevitably to the great modern engine known as the calculus, whereas Apollonius holds a commanding place in the development of advanced geometry. These three: Euclid, Archimedes and Apollonius, immortalize the third century B.C. and the University of Alexandria.

But this rapidly expanding river was cramped into a narrow channel during its descent through the sterile tracts of the second

half of the Grecian period, the first 600 years of the Christian era. Only two names stand out: Ptolemy in the second century, whose great treatise on astronomy held full sway until in quite recent times it was replaced by the Copernican system; and Diophantus of the fourth century, the only master of arithmetic and algebra of the Grecian period. Kingsley, in his *Hypatia,* has given us a striking and accurate picture of the last of the Grecian mathematicians, Theon of Alexandria, and his brilliant daughter, Hypatia.

The inrush of the virile, barbaric hordes from over the Danube blotted out the civilization of the Mediterranean. This rugged, rocky ridge diverted the waters whose course we have been folowing on a wide detour through the deserts of Mohammedanism. In Europe, the Christian Church managed to survive and penetrate through the dark ages of these second six centuries of our era. The church schools preserved some of the philosophy of the classical period. But the early mediaeval universities or educational guilds of Bologna, Salerno, Paris, Oxford and Cambridge knew very little of mathematics.

The Arabian conquerors of Syria, Turkey and Egypt, on the other hand, prized highly the medical and mathematical knowledge which they found among their captives, and secured translations of the great masterpieces of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, Ptolemy and others, into their own tongue. They did not add much themselves to the river of mathematics, but afforded a much-needed, though circuitous, channel by which it found its way down to a more propitious period.

In addition, the Mohammedans had considerable commerce with India, and mathematics secured its valuable tributary from the Hindoo mountains during its detour in Arabia. To this we are indebted for many important methods and devices in arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry.

Traces of this Arabian period are to be seen in various words in present use. Our numeral notation is called Arabic, although really Indian in origin. The word "algorithm" is a modified form of a name of a great Arabian writer on mathematics. The word "algebra" comes from the opening syllables of a part of

his great work, viz.: *Al-gebr we'l mukabala,* meaning "restoration and reduction." Our trigonometric term, "sine," is the Latin word *sinus,* a gulf, which is a proper translation of the Arabic word *dschaib.* This last, by the misplacement of one letter, had become confused with the Arabic transliteration *dschiba* of the Sanscrit *jiva,* the Indian name for the quantity in question. Thus a whole large section of the history of mathematics is portrayed in this one word.

As some one has well said: "Wonderful is the expansive power of Oriental peoples, with which upon the wings of the wind they conquer half the world, but more wonderful the energy with which, in less than two generations, they raise themselves from the lowest stages of civilization to scientific efforts."

The stream of mathematics found its way back into European learning through the universities of Spain and the commercial life of Italy. In the three great Moorish universities of Cordova, Granada and Seville, the Arab translations of the Greek writers, as well as the works of the great Arabian mathematicians, were studied and taught. Beginning in the 12th century, there arose a movement among European men of learning to open communication with the custodians of these surpassing treasures. Perhaps the first step was taken by an English monk, Adelhard of Bath, who disguised himself as a Mohammedan student and attended lectures at Cordova. There he secured a copy of Euclid's elements. This copy, translated into Latin, was the foundation of all the editions known in Europe for over four hundred years. Jewish scholars helped greatly in the task of opening the storehouses of Spain. This translation of Arabic texts during the 12th century gave France and England the first place in the university mathematics of that and the following centuries.

The Mohammedan mastery of arithmetic and trigonometry found its way in through Italy, chiefly by the leadership of one man, Leonardo of Pisa. As a boy he formed a strong liking for mathematics, and during his extensive business travels in the Mohammedan world acquired most of their knowledge of arithmetic and algebra. About 1200 A.D. he published a masterly

compendium of these treasures, entitled *Liber Abaci.* Twenty years later he put forth a work entitled *Practica Geometriae,* which contains the knowledge of geometry and trigonometry he had been able to gather. The colossal work of this one man, as well as the more scholarly studies centering in England and Paris, laid broad foundations, but the repressive power of the decadent scholasticism of the Church and the severe wars of the two subsequent centuries made progress almost impossible. Only with the dawn of the Renaissance came a period of expansion. Germany and Italy led the way. In the former we have such masters as John Mueller, better known as Regiomontanus, Copernicus, Kepler and Tycho Brahe. These excelled in astronomy and trigonometry. The Italian pioneers were great algebraists, such as Tartaglia, Cardan and Ferrari.

From that day to this, during this fourth 600 years of its descent, the river of mathematics has widened out, steadily, irresistibly, until now no single human eye can stretch across its broad waters. The greatest mathematician of the period is perhaps Sir Isaac Newton of Cambridge. England has proved herself supreme in the applied mathematics. The penetrating skill of the French scholars and the patient thoroughness of the students of Germany have placed these nations in the lead in the pure mathematics. The amount of work being done at present is almost inconceivably great. The American Mathematical Society, whose headquarters are in Columbia University, New York, received last year on its exchange list 196 distinct journals, all devoted wholly or in part to the publication of articles of original research in mathematics.

Thus we have hastily traced up to the present age the advance of this Queen of the Sciences, the oldest in its history, the most progressive in its ever-onward course of development, and at the same time the most sovereign in its self-contained sufficiency and its high service to all classes of the intellectual society.

Mathematics has always been intimately related to the practical affairs of life. In Egypt she was devoted to the service of the State under the direction of the learned orders of the tem-

ples. In Babylonia she was the handmaid of the priestly cult of astronomers. In India she gave of her bounty to the wonder-loving Brahmins, whose ideals shaped the social and religious life of that country. In democratic Greece she afforded a large and excellent arena for the creation and perfection of logical skill and the culture-loving pursuit of the ideal. During the Middle Ages the knowledge acquired was jealously conserved by the practical Arabians, who thereby became the envied teachers of re-awakening Europe. In the earlier part of the modern period the advances made were undertaken in response to the urgent demands of astronomy, commerce and other lines of application. The perfection of the trigonometric tables and the invention of logarithms were the much-needed tools for the more refined and complicated computations of the astronomers. Newton's epoch-making researches were directed toward the explanation of the results of observation. In the later part of the same period she has gone before her companions. The mathematical astronomer and physicist have pointed out the way to the observer and experimenter. Keen and powerful tools have been perfected in advance, awaiting the call to service. It was the mathematical computations of Sir William Thompson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, that made the first Atlantic cable possible; likewise, the mathematical theory of electricity, developed by Professor Clerk Maxwell of Cambridge, that pointed out in advance of actual experiment the wonderful phenomena of wireless telegraphy. Professor Pupin of Columbia worked out, first at his desk and afterwards in the laboratory, the theory of the loaded wire, which has made the long-distance telephone a financial possibility. The discovery of the planet Neptune, its orbit and location, were made by the mathematical astronomer upon his paper before the star had ever been observed by the human eye.

But this enthusiastic helper of all the sciences boasts not of her services. These command the glad activity of her hands, but do not possess her imagination. Her ruling passion has ever been the pursuit of the ideal. The Babylonian and ancient Greek sought to understand the movements of the stars, their

highest type of perfection; the Hindoo to comprehend the magnitude of the world and of the cycle of ages in which he imagined himself to move. The mathematicians of the modern period have revelled in expanding generalizations and startling revelations of worlds of ideas, whose features, so contrary to those of common experience, make one wonder what limits there are, if any, to the possibilities of the human intellect. Every step gained is at once universally acknowledged and an eternal possession. When understood it is seen to be both natural and inevitable. But what the future may have in store no one can prophesy.

WILLIAM FINDLAY.

THE AMERICAN BLACK.

(A STUDY IN RACE-CONSCIOUSNESS.)

Night! Night!
And of the dawn no promise. Wrong is right,
And right is wrong!

Long, long ago, ah long,
I roamed the forests vast and awful, bending
Around me with their leafy aisles unending,
And smelt their dense sweet savours many a league,
And fought or loved their Shadows silent-striding,
Without a fear; or, when a hard fatigue
Befell, would sink to utter sleep, confiding
In the fierce gods o' the Jungle I confest;—
Ah, that delicious, peaceful, dreamless rest!

No hubbub of the kraal-folk now I hear,
No spear-songs, no war-music wild and thrilling;
Not now I shoot the arrow, hurl the spear,
And rush with warrior-rage unto the killing;—
The Old is dead,

Or, if it live perchance,
It dwells in the so distant battle-dance
Unfindable again, and poisoned lance
With foe's blood wet and red,
That into Past and Place its ghost has vanishéd.

Instead,—
Instead,—
White faces, houses, streets; white ways, white works;
Faces that frown and yet are not unkind,
Faces that smile where yet no kindness lurks.
(The gods were angry or were gracious, one!)
Houses that wear a shutter and a blind,
Streets all alike, and work that's never done,—
Work endless, pitiless, that craves and craves
Slaves for its worshippers, themselves its slaves;
Work without aim or meaning, save to breed
Money, the mother of more work, and greed,
Its father; work whose drudging devotees
Bear heavy loads with harness on their back,—
The white men's golden, and we black men's black,
And *none* has joy or ease:
The poor seek riches, and the rich seek more,
And both must have our service, hard and sore;—
And so we serve, and share not, nor rebel,
(For one must suffer when he is in hell)
And wear the yoke with silent, sullen shame,
And dream of Freedom that is not a name.

George Herbert Clarke, '95, in *The Forum.*

"A WOMAN'S LAST WORD."

THE only light in the room was that of the glowing fire. As it flickered from time to time, it cast fantastic, dancing shapes on the dark panelled walls. The walnut furniture of antique design, the delicate tapestries and rich carpeting, gave the place a look of refinement, wealth and comfort.

In a comfortable chair at the right side of the fire sat a man who was looking questioningly and intently at a woman opposite him. She was speaking to him, and as she spoke she was gazing with a far-away look, not unmixed with entreaty, into the glowing embers of the fire, as if reading there the record of the past.

"Not to-night, love," she was saying. "Ask no more; let the past remain forever buried in the recesses of my own heart, lest in its resurrection it cast a shadow which the light of love cannot dispel. To-night, at least, ask me no more. Break not the charm of this our life, so grand, so full, so sweet in its forgetfulness. The beacon light of truth may dispel the distant shadow, only to bring another to our feet. Yesterday is gone; to-morrow is not. Let us live to-night, love; drink to the full its cup of love, unmixed with the memory of yesterday, and free from the shadow of to-morrow. Let us live to-night.

"See the moth, love, wooing the flame. Light for it is death; so for you and me. Let us turn our eyes from the sight, close our eyes from the light. You shall see to-morrow, and shall know, but to-night let us live. Take me, possess me, be satisfied, live. I am yours, all, only yours. If your will were mine, the shadow would not fall."

The look in her eyes deepened, as if not only the past, but also the future, lay open to her gaze. As she continued, her voice lowered as if speaking to herself. "But it grows, and it must fall, not only this shadow, but another; but that shall be to-morrow, then the essence of this shadow shall be no more."

A deep silence followed, broken only by the ceaseless ticking of the clock. Its gong sounded the hour; it was growing late. The fire had burned itself dim, its outside shell fell noisily into its hollow centre. The shadows deepened, and all was silence again. Outside, the air was clear, frosty, and invigorating. In the heavens the moon rode in full-orbed splendor, moving irresistibly in its appointed orbit. It regarded with unchanging appearance life's drama, apparently indifferent to the tragedy being enacted by human beings, like stars which had lost their centre of gravity and were whirling round in chaotic orbits of their own. The hours dragged slowly on; on the earth the shadows were giving way to the light; the day was dawning.

In a luxurious home a woman's heart had ceased to beat; she had passed into the darkness, but the darkness for her was light; the shadow had passed. With her weakening breath a tale had been told, and into a man's heart the light had brought darkness. The shadow had fallen.

A. Ward, '11.

LES FETES.

Jour de Noél, she come encore, dat's true, bâ oui!
Bes' tam of all de year on Canadaw.
De office man he t'ink for see de contree,
W'ile farmer dit, 'pristi, cité pour moi!

Dat's w'y de twelve mont' of de year day pass so pleasan'.
Some changement, too, was nice for have, n'est-ce pas?
Den let's spen' de leetle congé, an' geev de frien' some presen'
And help les enfants mak' deir gran' horraw.

T. W., '09.

A CITY OF DREAMS.

"How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams,
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!"
—Longfellow's *Morituri Salutamus.*

NOT in the glorious land of the morning; not in the silent realms of the dying day; not in the torrid domain where King Sun holds absolute sway; and not in the ice-bound regions of the far north—but in the fair land of youth, and like that

"Phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky,"

rises out from the stream of my life a fairy city of dreams.

Ye youthful who would fain, for one brief moment, penetrate this mysterious dream-city, to-day, while the zephyrs breathe gently about you, and sky and water are softest azure, to-day, when you may see not only the beautiful dream-city, but its reflection in the bright river of life that flows about it—pass beneath the magic portal and enter my fairy home, the city of dreams!

Not always does the light stream thus softly over gleaming spires and dazzling fairy structures stretching far, far away under the dome of clearest gentian to the distant horizon, nor does the tranquil stream, reflecting in its azure depths the bright dream-city, flow away thus peacefully; sometimes, those mighty edifices look up sullenly and gloomily to a sky black with storm-clouds, and the great stream rushes madly onward as if longing to bring to absolute destruction all in its path; but, always, it is the city beautiful, the city of dreams.

At first glance, it seems but a vision of brightness; gaze more closely, however, and you will see that we stand on the dividing line between two distinct parts of the city. Yonder, brilliant and clear, lies the older part, the city of the past; before us, and

lacking, not the brilliancy, but the distinctness of the other, as though a mysterious veil shrouded the reflection in the stream below, lie the dream-structures of the future.

Come, let us draw nearer to this magnificent splendor that we have been viewing from afar! but beware! Attempt not curiously or flippantly to enter these sanctuaries of the heart, lest, in response to your sacrilege, they should be locked in everlasting secrecy. In many of the shrines are secret dreams, so sacred that the door is forever shut against all who might intrude; you may but gaze at their reflection in the stream and conjecture what are the secrets that they guard. Here, however, is one whose door yields lightly to our touch. Let us enter. It is the portrait-gallery. Some of the pictures near the entrance bedimmed and faded with years; here, a face that startles you with its searching gaze; there, an expression that strikes you with terror; here, a smile that seemingly impels you to linger; there, a vision of loveliness subdued by sadness—these and many others, you would fain study more deeply. But do not resent my leading you onward; for there is one in contemplating the beauty of which you will forget all the others. Yet there, where the sunshine falls in a soft radiance over it, there is the face that is dearest of all. A queenly head; a firm, gentle mouth; eyes that bespeak a pure, calm soul;

> "A countenance in which there meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet;"—

when you see such a face, you would linger that your soul might absorb some of its transcendent loveliness and purity.

We have already spent so much time in the portrait-gallery that we shall have no time to see more of this part of the city. Yet, hark!

> "There is sweet music here that softer falls
> Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
> Or night-dews on still waters between walls
> Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
> Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

It lures us on until we pause within the portal of a vast

cathedral. Invisible is the organ; invisible, the master-musician. The sweet cadences rise and fall; now, tremulously low and melodious; now, almost imperceptibly growing louder, until they burst forth into a grand song of triumph. Then, suddenly, a change! The song is broken in the midst of its triumph, to be completed in a sad strain of failure and sorrow.

Let us depart. This plaintive strain is making you too sad, and you have yet to view the saddest scene of all—a scene of shattered dreams, of ruin and desolation. As, from the portals, you gazed upon the city, you thought it a fairy paradise, resplendent in the morning sun; even the ruins caught the splendid lustre of these brilliant palaces of light and were transfused with a borrowed glory. But "all is not gold that glitters." Ashes alone remain of the glorious dream-structure that was tried in the cleansing fire and came forth, not pure gold purged from its dross, but merely ashes. Yonder lies a confused, unrecognizable mass, the ruin of a forbidden dream, the shrine of the dearest idol, shattered by the terrible, wrathful thunderbolt. There, the waters have washed ceaselessly against the insecure foundation and have at length resulted in its fall. There, and there, and there, storms have wrought, with infinite skill, their work of desolation.

Desolation! We shrink from thee, and turn once more to the bright future! The past is irretrievable, but the city of the future is yet to be made or marred. Which shall it be? Let us step over the threshold from the past into the future. No; be content with all that we have seen; remember the beauty of the good and the desolation of the evil, and dream of the city of the future. Are you yet unsatisfied? Would you lift the veil, penetrate the mystery of the future? Beware, lest— Ah! it is too late. The dream-city is almost imperceptibly fading, fading. It has vanished.

Olive A. Cross, '12.

A FRESHETTE AT FOUNDER'S NIGHT.

ONLY a poor little freshette can realize to the fullest extent the wondrous anticipations of Founder's Night. Described by the lofty seniors as a perfect dream, a night of happiness and bliss, with enchanting music and men, she begins to wonder whether she may not perhaps be a little too mortal for admittance into such a fairyland. If only some fairy princess would come, and with one touch of her shining wand change her into a graceful, bewitching creature with blue eyes and golden hair, she would be quite happy; but to go in her everyday face, with those horrid little freckles dancing and winking their wicked brown eyes in every nook and corner of her stubby little nose, is a different matter.

But, oh, the delightful thought of arraying herself in her new gown, fresh and dazzling from the dressmaker's! With what joyful little clutches of the heart she tries it on, tripping back and forth before the tall mirror, filled with admiration of its dazzling splendor! Then, right in the midst of her happy feelings, comes the thought of the programme card the older girls talked so much about. What if she should not have hers filled? The very idea fills her heart with a sickening dread, and the little freckles in the glass laugh mockingly. Fiercely she snatches a chamois from the left-hand drawer, and covers the stubby nose thickly with powder. Then the poor little freshette thinks fondly of mother, and the tabby cat, and brother John, and wishes he were here to tease her again.

"He'd say I was awfully silly to care so much. And so I am, the silliest, craziest, *silliest* little thing ever was! Why, what difference does it make if I don't get my card filled?—I can wear my new dress, anyway!" And lovingly she pats the soft folds with her hand.

Slowly the last week passes by, and Friday finally makes its

appearance on the calendar. Five o'clock, six o'clock, seven o'clock, the new finery is displayed on the bed ready for use, and the awful mystery of hair-dressing has begun. The old, time-worn expression, "I can't do a thing with my hair," surely fits in admirably here, for never was such wilfulness as that displayed by the short, straight locks which hang fondly over her forehead, and peep into her angry eyes, refusing absolutely to join in peace their longer comrades above. First, she does it in a "Figure Eight," but that looks too much like the way she wears it every day. Then she coils it on her head, takes it madly down, and ends by dressing it in a strange manner, which she cannot altogether like, but thinks she ought to—"It is so odd, so different!"

Entering Castle Memorial Hall an hour later, she is presented to the Chancellor and his wife; and is bewildered by the large number of strangers, laughing and talking, and getting their cards filled. Why, there isn't a single person she knows! The orchestra plays enchantingly, but she feels so lonesome, so afraid almost, that her knees tremble, as she slowly makes her way through the throng of beautifully dressed women, pressing her empty card tight in her hand.

"Why, here is someone I know!" as a freshman appears at her side and shyly asks if she has her card filled. Filled? She laughs low and strangely at the very idea, and hands him the empty programme.

"Why, these two cards do look most mighty alike," says he, holding his own and hers side by side, as full of emptiness as a candy-bag in a child's pocket. Needless to say, they both soon assume a more inhabited appearance, and again she rather feels than hears the orchestra's delirious music and the noisy monotone of unfamiliar voices.

But not for long. Friendly faces surround her, and, wonder of wonders! she soon beholds her pretty green card packed tight to the brim, and hears herself saying politely to belated freshmen:

"Thank you, I have every one taken." Can she not be forgiven for the wicked little throb of exultation those words cause her?

The bugle is sounded for the first promenade, and streams of people issue from the melting glacier in the Chapel Hall, down the broad corridors to the main entrance, and thence upstairs, while a bright tributary flows through the hall of the new building to the "Science Demonstration" rooms beyond.

Our little freshette has been found by her first partner, and together they visit the different rendezvous, decorated by the classes. Can she be dreaming? Or has the fairy princess indeed come, and with one touch of her wand suddenly transported her to fairyland? The music is far-away and dreamy; the Chinese lanterns burn dim and fairy-like; the inhabitants of this land speak low and musically, and instinctively she glances at her companion to see if he has not been changed into the Prince of the Fairy Tales. Then suddenly a voice calls:

"Hello, Freshie, is that you? Isn't our room lovely?" and the spell is broken.

Quickly the evening passes. She is taken to the basement for refreshments, and, after long waiting in a room glittering with cut glass and lighted candles, is served with delicious ice cream, lemonade, and dainty, lady-like bits of marble cake.

Then up she hurries for her last promenade, and finds, to her dismay, that it is half over. Entering the appointed rendezvous at one door, she sees her next partner standing disconsolately at the other. Unobserved in the half-darkened room, she watches him look up and down the hall, and, unconsciously, she finds herself wondering after what worry and indecision he had finally come to put on that black and white tie. She sees his dressing table strewn with ties of every nameable hue, while he, with the same woe-begone expression he now wears, checks off the undesirables, one by one, the pink with the yellow and the green, and thrown them on the floor.

"He has good taste," she decides, and at that moment turning, and catching her eye, he no doubt quite misunderstands the rosy color that spreads over her face.

"Why, how long have you been here?" says he anxiously, offering her his arm.

"Oh, n-not very long. I—I—in fact, I just came in a minute

ago!'' and angrily she feels her face getting redder and redder.

''I deserve to miss this promenade for being so slow. I couldn't find you at all!'' And he begins a lengthy apology for his ''slowness,'' gentleman-like, giving her no opportunity to blame herself. But, in a very few minutes, the strains of ''God Save the King'' bring her chaperone to her side, and, after a hurried ''Good-night,'' they hasten to the already crowded dressing room.

Once outside in the open air she realizes for the first time how very tired she is, and the car seems to drag along, although it stops only once on the way. Home at last (how lovely it is!), up to her room, then into her little bed (did it ever seem so soft and comfortable?)—and next thing she knows she is walking down the streets of China, arm in arm with the Prince of the Fairy Tales, and eating pink and white ice cream off folded promenade cards!

GLADYS D. JACKSON, '11.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON 11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
————, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, '11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. DECEMBER, 1908. NO. 3

Editorial Notes.

REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, D.D., LL.D., has resigned his charge of the First Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass., to assume the duties of the pastorate in the First Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md. For nearly five years leader of Bloor Street Church, and Chancellor of our University for ten years, Dr. Wallace, as a successful pastor and a wise administrator of educational affairs, gained a large place in the esteem and confidence of Canadian Baptists. THE MONTHLY joins with many others in wishing for Dr. Wallace boundless blessing and increased activity in the South.

WHILE the present issue was going to press, a new book came to the office for review. It is by S. D. Gordon, and continues his noted series in a very attractive little volume, entitled "*Quiet Talks With World Winners*," published by William Briggs, Toronto. A review will appear next month.

Book Reviews.

THE WEB OF TIME*

We welcome the more gladly this latest product of Mr. Knowles' pen because there is at the present time a lamentable dearth of Canadian novels. *The Web of Time* is not likely to create any furore, for it uncovers no evil peculiar to our day nor reveals any unique condition of society; it is, however, a particularly strong, heart-throbbing story, which will deepen and enrich the lives of all its readers. The tale, too, is well told. With ever-increasing interest, we followed the life of the hero, watching closely his sturdy climb from the potato patch, where he worked as a boy, to the newspaper establishment which he owned as a man. How fearful we were, too, when the struggle came with the sin that had wrecked the life of his father, and how proud we were of him when love itself was denied till the final triumph over temptation should come. The book is a good one, and our only criticism is that the author has put into the speeches of his characters too many words and expressions that should be condemned by all lovers of "English pure and undefiled." J. W., '10.

*The Web of Time, by Robert E. Knowles. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

VERTEBRATES OF ONTARIO.*

The Education Department, continuing its check list of the Vertebrates of Ontario, has recently issued a volume dealing with the fishes of Ontario. This work should be of value to a wide circle of readers, to sportsmen, to nature students, and to those interested in the commercial aspect of our fisheries. It

*Check List of the Vertebrates of Ontario: Fishes, by C. W. Nash.

contains brief descriptions of all the fishes known to occur in Ontario waters, together with notes on their distribution, habits, food, and commercial value, etc. A glossary gives explanations of the technical terms used, and the descriptions are supplemented by a large number of new and excellent illustrations by the author. Doubtless, further investigation will bring to light other species not included in Mr. Nash's list. It is to be hoped that this publication will incite many persons throughout the Province to take a greater interest in our fishes, and to assist in perfecting the knowledge of their range and habits.—R.W.S.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"Who breathes must suffer and who thinks must mourn,
And he alone is blest who ne'er was born."

AS THE end of the term draws on, it is only natural to expect that, with the approach of the joyous Christmastide, the student should be looking forward to the proverbial Merry Christmas. This is true, no doubt, in many cases, but around McMaster it is decidedly otherwise. Notwithstanding the fact that circumstances which he cannot control too soon conspire to rob him of the fullest enjoyment of these happy days, the privilege has been curtailed behind the ears by the institution of mid-year examinations. Contrast the great mass of men and women flinging aside all care and duty to enjoy a well-earned rest, with a student gathering together all his note-books and texts, which he crams into his suit-case on the last day of lectures lest the thought of the dreary old classroom should escape him for a whole week at a time. No doubt he has been warned by the professor not to overwork, but that is biting sarcasm in the student's ears, when he sees the notes piled high upon which he is to be examined the first day of the new term. To most students the Christmas season is the only time of the year that affords him any opportunity for recreation. In the

case of those taking mission fields for the summer, however, they are permitted, after preaching the required twenty Sundays in a vacation of eighteen weeks, to take the remainder of the time to themselves. It sounds, indeed, almost like sacrilege to hear this season of such hallowed associations designated as "plug-time"; but to the man who calls a spade a spade, what alternative is offered?

Indeed, if this interim suffers such diminution in the time to come as in this present year, the freshman in his graduating year need not expect his recreation to exceed a trip around the Belt Line before 8.15 on Christmas morning. The social life of one's home must be entirely neglected. Fancy the impression which "higher education" makes upon the minds of the student's relatives, as they see a perfect alienation of his sympathies from the familiar scenes of the past, in order to digest the contents of his voluminous text-books. The matter would be clear as mud to them if they knew that he was lost in an attempt to find himself in the social whole of which he is a part. Ofttimes the people at home are not aware of the strenuous life of the student until, gathered about the festive board on Christmas Day, they see him now and again glancing at a ragged bundle of notes, which are half-concealed beneath his napkin.

How joyously he greets the rising sun on New Year's morn, as he sits by his window and translates one of the satires of Juvenal! Some, it may be, are inclined to treat the matter lightly, and are unwilling to believe that these things really do occur. So much the worse for the student if they don't, for the duties have been placed upon him, and if he will not work, there is but one alternative, which is worry. Between work and worry he manages to pass the few days allotted to him, for he is reminded that the results of the examination, written in cold black ink, do not betray the slightest evidences of the arduous circumstances under which they have been secured.

JUNIOR attempting to enter a theologue's room without giving warning. Modest Theologue: "Stay out; stay out! I—I—I'm changing my mind!"

THE Fyfe Missionary Society held its first open meeting in the chapel of Castle Memorial Hall on the afternoon of November 17. The president, Mr. Wm. Raithby, called upon Prof. P. S. Campbell and Prof. Keirstead to open the meeting of the Fyfe with prayer. Miss Armstrong then gave a very interesting and instructive talk on missionary work in Burma. After speaking

of the country and of the people of Burma, she told us of the educational work being carried on there. The difficulties of the work, owing to the several different languages spoken by the people, were pointed out, and we were surprised to learn that the little children in Miss Armstrong's kindergarten at Rangoon were taught in English Miss Armstrong closed her address by calling our attention to the great need of workers in this part of the field. After listening to a vocal solo, excellently rendered by Miss Jackson, '11, we were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Graham, of the First Avenue Baptist Church of this city, on missionary work in general, and the needs of the work. Four features of missionary work were brought to our notice. It was shown to be God's work, work for our brothers, work that is uplifting in its influence upon those for whom it is done, and work that abides forever. The speaker then pointed out how we could promote the work by enriching our personality, by prayer, by informing ourselves about missionary work, and by educating our consciences to liberal and systematic giving to the cause of God. Not for a moment throughout the meeting did the interest flag, and all came away with a feeling that the time had indeed been profitably spent.

A certain theologue, who hoped to come to McMaster in the dim, distant future, began to wear the green and black as a mark of his erudition-to-be. We can at least give him credit for having more faith in McMaster than a certain freshman, who went to the Tiger-Varsity football game wearing the Varsity colors, in order to identify himself with the students of University College. We would advise that youth to deny our colors honorably, if he is ashamed to wear them, and, also, that out of due consideration for those who wear the "blue and white," he should make sure that he is eligible to wear those colors before doing so.

Literary Meeting.—The Literary Society held a bright and interesting meeting in Castle Memorial Hall, Friday evening October 30th. The programme consisted of a vocal solo given by Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, followed by a reading by Miss Denovan, '11. The address of the evening was given by Mr. A. E. Kochaly. He appeared in his native costume, and gave a lively and instructive talk about the customs and manners of his country, Persia. He also explained the religious influences that prevailed there, and traced the development of the missionary movement. The address was very successfully terminated by a series of lantern slides, which illustrated the points touched upon by Mr. Kochaly.

The Open Meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, November 7th. After the reading of the minutes, the President welcomed the friends of the University who had assembled, and briefly explained to them the aim the Society had in view in giving the Open Meetings. An entertaining programme, consisting of both instrumental and vocal music and also several readings, followed. The President then introduced Dr. Logan, who delivered an address upon the subject, "The Influence of the Gaelic Renaissance Upon Modern Celtic Literature." The address was full of interest, and the appreciation with which it was received was voiced by the vote of thanks which followed. A full report of Dr. Logan's lecture will appear in the January number of THE MONTHLY. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

DR. HARRIS, honorary lecturer in English Bible, gave his annual course of lectures in Castle Memorial Hall, November 15th to 22nd, inclusive. The subject this year was "The Finality of Christianity," based on a study of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The following were the topics: "The Perfect Covenant," "The Perfect Revelation," "The Perfect Redemption," "The Perfect Rest," "The Perfect Priesthood," "The Perfect Sanctuary," and "The Perfect Sacrifice." The lecturer compared Judaism and Christianity, showing that Christianity is the best revelation that God has given, and that there will be none greater, because God has revealed Himself in Christ. The lectures were well attended and much appreciated, not only by the students, but also by several from the churches who were able to attend.

ON FOUNDER'S NIGHT.—Freshman to freshette, about the fifth promenade, holding out his empty card: "Say, are you all filled yet?" Freshette: "Yes, thank you. I've been down closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

FOUNDER'S NIGHT.

THE annual gathering in honor of Senator McMaster, the founder of our University, was held on Friday night, November 27th. Never before have so many accepted the hospitality of the University upon this regular occasion, when the faculty and the students unite to welcome their friends and give them a glance into their college life. When promenading time came, the floor and gallery of the chapel were filled almost to the limit, and more were still in the main hall. From eight till nine o'clock

Chancellor McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. J. H. Castle, and Mr. N. McNaughton, President of the student body, received the people as they assembled in the chapel. Everybody was there and that one must indeed have been a stranger who could not find plenty of friends. The trouble in most cases was decidedly the other way, and the limitation which the promenade card set was felt all too soon. At 9.15 the bugle announced the time for promenades to commence. The orchestra, which had been playing in the chapel, divided, and part of the players took their places at the head of the first stairs in the main building. The crowd soon scattered through the corridors, but considerable congestion prevailed in the hall adjoining the chapel.

Company possesses a mighty charm, but it fails before the appeal made by the prospect of refreshments. Although a visit to the dining-room required the time of two promenades, and very likely the best part of a third, this room was by far the most popular of the evening. It was pitiable indeed to watch the gallantry with which more than one unfortunate gentleman protected his gentle companion through the eager crowd to the door, and there kept open a way for her to enter, only to be himself shut out from following, by the dutiful but unknowing doorkeeper.

The decorations this year were up to their old-time mark. The main hall and the chapel were ornamented with bunting, but the real work of art displayed itself in the furnishings of the year rooms. The seniors succeeded admirably in carrying out their principle of originality, by turning Room 1 into an Indian encampment. Room 3 was also artistically planned and laid out by the juniors after the fashion of a Dutch scene. What bright idea had crossed the minds of the sophomores was a mystery to all, as during the afternoon they worked in the load of straw before the door of their year room. Admiration was not lacking however, during the evening for the taste they had shown in their decorations. The freshmen put forth their efforts upon Room S. 15, and succeeded in producing a very pleasing effect. As one remarked, their room was quite refreshing. In planning Room S. 14, the thoughts of the theologues seem to have travelled into the future to the time when they each would have a church and a home of their own. Their room was indeed very comfortable and homelike. Nothing was forgotten, not even the baby. The Biology Laboratory was a wonderland to many. Whoever would have thought that the liver of a white rat possessed the beautiful colors which the slides revealed! One man with the true sporting nature could hardly be persuaded that it was not worth his

while to rig out a tackle and climb into one of the microscopes to have a fish.

But and end must come to the pleasantest occasions. As the last promenade proceeded, the people made their way towards the cloak-rooms, and soon the halls were once more deserted. Founder's Night was over, but its pleasant memories were lodged in the minds of all who had shared in its good things.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.—Believing that one of the functions of "Around the Hall' is to draw public attention to things that are worth while in connection with the College, we feel that it is incumbent upon us to heartily commend the artistic way in which Mr. A. F. Smith, '09, continues to announce the doings in the chapel. Instead of an unsightly poster, which occasionally greets the eye when one enters the College, Mr. Smith believes in having something that will be at once novel and attractive. His work bears evidence not only of skill and ingenuity, but also of time and care. We can assure him that the student body appreciates this gratuitous labor done on behalf of the College.

There was a Class—and that is all we know;
No record lives of their predestined schemes.
Year Ten seem palsied by some giant blow
And speak in whispers of their former themes.
A tattered fragment of a rugby team;
A few black eyes, a choir of ghostly groans.
Thus runs the record—this the misty gleam.
What giant hand aroused these wretched moans?
The far-famed seniors, a resistless foe,
Striking clenched fists against the teeth of Ten;
The valiant heroes, tackling so low,
Wrought havoc and dismay beyond the pen;
And vanquished Juniors now sadly tell
How Nought-Nine won the Cup, and won it well.

First Inter-College Debate.—On Tuesday evening November 24th, the first debate of the year in the Inter-College Debating Union was held at Victoria College between representatives of Victoria and McMaster. Students from both colleges were present in large numbers to cheer their debaters on to victory. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, that the abuses incident to the system of party government are greater than its benefits." Messrs. W. A. Scott and G. S. Jury, of McMaster, upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. S. E. Brownlees, B.A., and F. E. Moyer, of Victoria College, supported the

negative. The judges were Professor DeLury, W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., and Professor Keys. The debate was most vigorously contested; the arguments of both sides were cogent and to the point, although the debaters on the affirmative seemed to have their subject somewhat better in hand, and had a clear margin on their opponents in style of delivery. The judges, in giving their decision, congratulated the debaters on the excellent manner in which the subject had been debated, and finally declared their unanimous decision that McMaster had won the debate, both as to matter submitted, and also in style of delivery. The musical side of the programme was furnished by Victoria students. While the judges were arriving at a decision, Mr. Thos. Wearing, of McMaster, gave an impromptu recitation, which was much appreciated. After the singing of the National Anthem, Messrs Scott and Jury were carried out of the hall on the shoulders of the enthusiastic McMaster students.

The Debating Society.—The subject for discussion on October 23rd was: "Resolved that the Canadian Senate should be abolished." The affirmative was contested by Mr. A. Bissett '09, and the negative upheld by Mr. C. Ronson, '10. Professor I. G. Matthews acted as critic. The judges awarded the decision to the negative. On Saturday, November 14th, the subject for debate was: "Resolved that the Canadian Government should control the railway rates." Mr. S. McMullen, '09, led the affirmative, and W. Donald, '10, the negative. After Dr. Kierstead had given a very helpful criticism, Mr. T. Dadson, B.A., announced that the affirmative had won. On Saturday, November 21st, the subject for consideration was: "Resolved that the franchise should be granted to women." Mr. T. Richards, '10, successfully supported the resolution against G. Chadwick, '10, who upheld the negative. Such a subject is specially attractive, consequently this was the most successful and enthusiastic meeting of the year. Professor McLay's criticism was well received. Mr. T. Wearing, '09, and Mr. W. A. Scott, '09, acted as judges.

Comments on Founder's Night.—Monopolies and combines, so deplorable in the economic field, almost succeeded in demoralizing Noughty-Nine's Indian encampment. To sit five promenades in one wigwam is, one would think, beyond a student but one heroic couplet actually performed the feat. Noughty-Nine displayed their usual originality, and painted several war "hoops" around their tepees. For an initial attempt at

decorating, the freshmen might be congratulated. Their bubbling fountain in a cedar swamp appeared as novel as it does in nature. The special feature of the theologue's room was an infant neatly tucked away in a baby carriage. The child was supposed to be representative of theology in McMaster, and the conundrum was to find whether it was dead or sleeping. The sophomores are to be commended upon the absence of the fire-place from their decorations. Doubtless theology's imitation of the hearth will succeed in suppressing the fire-place epidemic.

In cosy corners he delights,
Nor such dark places ever slights,
For "family groups" he is immense,
Of evergreens he makes his tents.
Nor folds them up and steals away
Till bugle's call is loud and gay.
In such pursuits he fain would be.
You know this man, this P. H. D.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday—
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?

SUCH are probably the feelings of us all at this time of year. Recollections of Founder's Night are still fragrant, and glad anticipations of Christmas are luring us all through the first few weeks of December. Books and what is written therein—we refer to the genus commonly known as text-books—fade away in the brilliant light of festive days; the voices of sages of the long-ago, calling us to our work, are lost in the music that bids us laugh and be merry. Yea, even the thoughts of neglected work in the past and of cruel "exams." in the future cannot hinder us from saying, with Horace, *Carpe diem!*

W. L. S.—Two meetings have been held during November, the first on the sixth, and the second a couple of weeks later. The former was devoted largely to readings from Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. Miss Beatrice VanSickle, '11, gave a selection from *Aurora's* childhood, and Miss Winnifred Dengate,

'10, one from the heroine's womanhood. Musical numbers were provided by Miss Ruth Denovan, '11, who gave a piano solo; Miss Evelyn Kellock, '11, who sang "Mellow Autumn," and Miss Gertrude Carey, '11, who played her mandolin.

The second meeting took the form of a debate, with "Resolved that the public woman accomplishes more than the home woman" as subject. Two representatives from year '10—Miss Dengate and Miss Pratt—upheld the affirmative, and Miss Gray and Miss Tapscott, '09, the negative. The number of points on both sides almost overwhelmed the judges, Messrs. McCrimmon and Tenbroeke, who, however, seemed to find no difficulty in arriving at a decision satisfactory to the upholders of the negative. While they were considering the aforesaid decision, a short dialogue between Miss Muriel Farmer and Miss Munroe Tucker amused the waiting audience. A vocal solo by Miss Cross was also much enjoyed.

An Enigma.—Sometimes the bulletin board in Room 3 bears a notice dark in meaning. For instance, one reads: "Three Lifes Lost from Ladies' Room. Abductor kindly return at once." That was the original notice, but someone has since added, for sake of emphasis, "*Three Lives Lost.*" What, then, is the plural of "life"?

A Senior's Wit.—The character of notices in the Ladies' Room is much more artistic this year than it has been formerly. Each week the girls are greeted with a beautifully decorated invitation to a meeting of the Y.W.C.A. On one occasion, the picture was that of a little girl temptingly holding out a dish to some doves, and the notice read: "A gentle invitation to all to attend the meeting, etc." One girl (probably a freshette, to judge from her question), said, "What are those birds?" "Oh," remarked a senior, "those are birds of *prey.*"

On the day when lectures were cancelled, and lessons in decorating were being learned, a surprise came to the girls of McMaster. No longer need anyone look anxiously on the floor for a much-betrampled gown or a much-abused hat; no longer needs there to be any question as to which side of the room to look for vagrant rubbers; no longer need umbrellas unwittingly fall into the hands of strangers. No; the poor, overworked pegs have received reinforcements. Ere we penned the article regarding our lamentable state, in the last issue of our magazine, our Chancellor had taken pity on us and our belongings, and had

ordered a couple of fine, long racks to be placed in the Ladies' Room. And there they are, rejoicing the hearts of McMaster's fair ones.

Y. W. C. A.—The Society held its annual reception to the lady friends of McMaster on November 11th. The guests were received in Castle Memorial Hall by Miss McLaurin and her executive, and the new members duly presented to them. After a short time spent in social chat, Miss McLaurin gave a very interesting account of her experiences at the Silver Bay Convention, and Miss Gladys Jackson sang a solo. Then all were ushered into the sitting-room, where tables of light refreshments had been prepared by the girls. When the echoing footsteps of the last guest's departure had died away, a scraping and rattling of china ensued, like unto the distant clash of armor, before the unwashed dishes finally found their way into their respective market baskets.

The devotional meeting of the month was spent in considering the "Inasmuch" of Christ's teaching. Miss Gertrude Pratt, '10, was the leader. After a few helpful words from her, the girls took part freely.

A missionary meeting was held the week after, when the topic chosen was "Greenland." Papers were read concerning the country, the people and their religion, and the life and work of Hans Egede, of Denmark, a notable missionary to Greenland. At the last meeting we were glad to have with us Miss Fisher, from Japan. Miss Fisher is associated with the Y.W.C.A. representative in Japan, Miss McDonald, in work among the young Japanese women. She gave a very interesting talk about her work, and told us what a splendid influence the Y.W.C.A. has in that Oriental country.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. A. DETLOR.

"There shall be wars and rumors of wars."

INTER-YEAR RUGBY.—Ten vs. Eleven.—The first game of Rugby in the inter-year series was played Nov. 11th, between years '10 and '11. The sophomores, of course, were no match for the lordly juniors, who put it over them to the tune of 15 to 1. The soph's, though, were at a considerable disadvantage, as Dales came on the field with a game leg, and was forced to leave early in the first half with a worse one. Yet some good playing was done; McCrimmon tried all manner of stunts, and worked five times harder than in any senior game. Final score: 15—1.

'Nine, 15; 'Twelve, 5. The second game of Rugby in the inter-year series was played Nov. 12th, between years Twelve and 'Nine. The game was not swift nor yet was it slow, for the awkward material turned out by the freshman year is generally amusing. However, we have a few good words for the freshmen. McGregor, Silcox and young Sinclair played a pretty fair game; the others are coming along slowly. Ed. Whan, of course, figures in the Varsity games.

The freshmen have some good men, potential men, and we believe these will soon make their mark, but whether as a year they develop into good sports is a doubtful question. They have the stuff, and are as likely a looking bunch as any that have gone before, but the deplorable thing of it is, there are too many girls among them. Another lamentable fact is that so many are compelled to room out of the building. We thoroughly believe that were these freshmen inside, they would become permeated with that spirit of manliness and sport of which they now have only a faint suggestion. We who have been in residence for three and four years know whereof we speak, and we would advise our young friends to secure rooms along with their elder brothers. Freshmen can't afford to room out of the building.

Naughty-Nine, 8; 'Ten, 1. "Wednesday, 4 p.m., Nov. 18th, 1908. A day of complete triumph for the seniors." Thus writes

a freshman in his first diary. Unfortunately, the entry for this final game of rugby is void of details, so that the editor feels himself bound to "relate how it really was."

Before the game, no one knew which was going to win. The juniors, though, predicted with such confidence a fair measure of success that the poor seniors began to probe for latent energy. The ominous knots of scheming juniors observed throughout the halls foretold a well-considered conflict, while the Black Witch secretly promised that Robertson could play spare—and of course someone was likely to get hurt; the certainty of this, we are told, constrained many of the girls to stay at home.

Well, the teams lined up according to the freshman's diary, and wild was the battle. Nothing slow about this game. The flower of the school were in the field, and every man was on his mettle. Wings glared at wings and then sprang forward, only to be rudely repulsed. It was a good game to watch. The seniors gained a rouge, then the juniors one. The excitement was intense, but above the deafening uproar could be heard a thin, penetrating voice, "That's right, kids! Go it, kids! Oh, 'Ten! You're the good kids!" At this juncture Sayles was carried off the field, a wounded "kid," and Robertson took his place. The game went on with varying success until '09 scored another rouge. It was now quite dark. From the side-lines the players could hardly be distinguished, and the ball could be scarcely seen. The game became a duel between the captains, and well each played his part. Leckie pushed the dreaded tandem-buck, while McKay let Fuzzie do his sensational snake-fence run. Under cover of darkness, he seemed to glide and whirl like an Arab sheik, and twice endangered '09's line. Scott, Holman, Leckie, McKay and Fuzzie were the fast runners, but Leckie was the only "toucher." This turned the scales beyond any question, and, buoyed by success, '09 pressed hard for another touch. But it was not to be. The whistle blew, and vanquished saluted victors, while the side-lines cheered for the best inter-year game they had ever seen.

We feel that just here a further word would be much in place. The spirit arising over this game is but the culmination of past events. Year 'Nine, even in her freshman year, promised to be a strong addition to the College. In her sophomore year she received valuable additions in Layng, Haydon, Leckie, Bissett; and in her senior year Holman joined her ranks. With these men, Noughty-Nine stands strong, four-square to all the school, with men who can take their place on the track, in rugby, in association, or in hockey. Year 'Ten was the largest year ever enrolled in the history of the University. Besides

outnumbering 'Nine, she outweighed her, there being some very big men among her members. In her freshman scrap, 'Nine was shamefully worsted, an event which "stuck" for that season anyway. More than this Year 'Ten defeated 'Nine in Rugby in her first year, another "sticking" thing. 'Ten repeated the Rugby dose in her sophomore year, which stuck still more; and on the track, too, she stuck another plaster on 'Nine, and carried off the Matthews' Cup, which 'Nine had won the year before. This was the most exasperating thing of all, and it "stuck." Thus, coming into the lists this year, we have '10 with a Rugby team which has defeated 'Nine for two years, and a track team which this year defeated 'Nine by two points; while '09 comes with an Association and a hockey team, each of which has, for two years, beaten the school. With such conditions, one can easily understand the spirit that marked this game of Rugby. It was 'Ten's last whack at her old opponent; 'Nine's last chance to cover herself with glory. A like spirit has never marked any other game in the history of McMaster athletics, for the reason that, never have two years been so evenly matched, taking all phases of inter-year contests into consideration. Then all hail to victorious Noughty-Nine! And yet, all hail to their adversaries, the defeated juniors! They proved themselves valiant foes.

Noughty-Nine line-up: Back, "Hamish"; halves, Layng, Leckie, Scott; quarter, Bissett (captain); wings, Haydon, Hutchinson, Jackson, Jury, Harris, Holman; centre scrimmage, Robinson, J. O.; side scrimmage, Sloat, Rutledge.

Year 'Ten line up: Back, Chadwick; halves, "Fuzzie," McKay, Crowe; quarter, McGregor; wings, Wearing, Richards, Veals, Hodgson, Hind, Tedford; centre scrimmage, Iveson; side scrimmage, Sayles, Newell.

Inter-Year Soccer.—'Nine, 6; 'Twelve, 0. The first game of Soccer in the inter-year series was played Nov. 17th, between years '12 and '09. This was a friendly game, and will help, we trust, to put the young gentlemen of '12 in good fighting spirits at the very beginning of their sophomore year. The game was a little one-sided, as the official score indicates; still the freshmen played very well in the first half. Early in the second half the seniors began to work; the freshmen lost all organization, and played wild. One poor bewildered fellow lost his head, mistook his own goal for that of the opponents, and scored for Noughty-Nine. "Hamish" and Rutledge, determined not to be outdone by any freshman, put in three or four more, and after a couple

of good runs by McGregor and Silcox, the whistle blew, and the freshmen began calling themselves names.

'Ten, 0; 'Eleven, 1. On Nov. 20th, the juniors and sophs. met to play off their tie game of the week before. The juniors were considerably strengthened this time by the addition of Robertson and Kelly, while Leon's leg, "long, but sure," fortified the sophomores' goal. The game was again closely contested, and neither side could score till McLaughlin dropped a neat kick from right wing while the junior goalkeeper was regaining his feet ten yards out. This was the only score made, and the young sophs. won the day.

'Nine vs. 'Eleven: The final game of Soccer in the inter-year series was played Wednesday, Nov. 25th. Old Noughty-Nine again triumphed, proving herself more than a match for all her foes. Year 'Eleven pressed hard at times, but the senior backs, trained to repulse the onslaughts of furious '08, worked well with each other, and preserved a record of which they may well be proud, that no team has ever scored on them. Once several shots rained upon '09 goal, but old Sloat, "fat, but not slow," played a level-headed game, and fisted them out in great style. Year 'Nine has always been noted for her combination, and for her *inability* to shoot. This year she surprised the junior years by finding the goal within a few minutes of the kick-off in each game. The sophomores played good football, and had they worked their foul kicks right when they had the wind, they might have scored. Their backs kept the ball in the air, and fed their forwards well down the field. The thanks of the boys are extended to Professor McCrimmon, who very ably and satisfactorily refereed in the final games of both Rugby and Soccer. Final score: Noughty-Nine, 2; 'Eleven, 0.

Noughty-Nine line-up: Goal, Sloat; backs, Haydon, Layng; halves, Harris, Jury, Robinson; forwards, Detlor, Rutledge, McLaurin (captain), Hutchinson, Bissett.

Year 'Twelve line-up: Goal, Newton; backs, Gray, Dales; halves, McCrimmon, Wilson, House; forwards, Gray, McLaughlin, Ramage, Brackin, Price (captain).

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: L. D. JACKSON, '09.

"But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days."

CHRISTMASTIDE is again upon us, with all its glad reunions and joyous homecomings. McMaster is represented all over the world, but an exceptionally large contingent of her graduates is found in the Canadian West. Many also enjoy the season in India, where the merry jingle of the Christmas sleighbells of our own clime has, as its remote representative, the creaking of the watering cart. No doubt numbers of graduates will gather together in different places, relate many of their college experiences, rehash their Charlie Joneses, and shout their pangauwaugas with renewed vim. To all, we wish the best the season can offer, with pleasant memories of Alma Mater, and the highest enjoyment of their present surroundings.

LAST May, A. C. Watson, '01, became pastor of the Baptist Church at Vittoria, and was ordained in August. For some time after leaving these halls, Mr. Watson was teaching in Brandon College, leaving there to become assistant pastor to Rev. H. P. Whidden, of Dayton, Ohio. We are pleased to hear of his return to his native country and Province.

IN our last issue we predicted the success of R. H. Roberts, '07, who is teaching in the West. Word has already come to us that he has been elected President of the Northern Alberta Teachers' Association. At this rate of going, we will be able to publish next issue the announcement of his appointment as Minister of Education for the Province, or some such high office.

J. H. HANNAH, '99, is another stalwart who is giving his life to work in India. After leaving here he served some time with the Baptist churches at Peterboro' and Fenelon Falls. Then, after taking advanced work at Rochester and Newton Theological Seminaries, he was appointed teacher in English Bible at the American Mission College, in the Nellore district of India. He has recently taken up practical mission work in Bengal, under the auspices of the American Baptist Mission.

Among the last summer's ordinations are those of the following graduates: J. B. McLaurin, '05; H. R. Nobles, '06; G. R. M. Wells, '06, and W. A. Cameron, '06. Three of these are city pastors. John McLaurin is at Dufferin Avenue, and Harry Nobles is in charge of the work at Christie Street. W. A. Cameron, at Bloor Street church, has already proved worthy of the responsible position in which he has been placed, and is rapidly gaining an influential position in the religious life of the city. George Wells is pastor of a church at South Chelmsford, near Boston. He is completing his theological course at Newton Theological Seminary, and also taking some lectures at Harvard University.

H. H. Newman, '96, Ph.D., has recently resigned his position as Assistant Professor of Zoology in the University of Michigan to accept a position as Head Professor of Zoology in the University of Texas. He will have under him an adjunct professor, an assistant professor and several instructors. The position is considered by zoologists one of the twelve best in the United States, salary and size of department being considered.

Gordon Ferguson, '07, is attending the Normal College at Regina, Sask. Wilfrid Poapst, '04, is studying law in Edmonton, Alberta.

J. R. Cresswell, '94, a member of the first graduating class in Arts, recently paid us a visit and took part in a chapel service. He has resigned his pastorate at Pembroke and accepted a call to the church at Mount Forest.

E. A. Brownlee, '01, has resigned his pastorate at Midland, and is now engaged visiting different centres in the interest of the China Inland Mission. In January of the new year, he expects to sail for China to engage in work under the auspices of the above-named mission.

F. J. Scott, '99, who recently returned from Bolivia, after attending Newton Theological Seminary for a term, has accepted a call to the church at Plymouth, Mass.

The following letter was received from a graduate in the Congo Free State, and we deem it worthy of a place in this department:

The Business Manager, McMaster Monthly:

Dear Sir,—About the time that my subscription for The Monthly ran out, I wrote, asking to discontinue sending the

magazine. Familiar names had disappeared, and new ones had taken their place, so that I lost interest in the doings of the giddy freshmen and sage seniors. After I had been in the Congo some months, THE MONTHLY found me out, and has been coming ever since. Perhaps it was on a hunt for the lost tribes, and, stumbling on a member of '03, decided that here was something lost or strayed. The numbers of THE MONTHLY for last year, culminating in the Graduation Number, have been so exceptionally good (the best yet) that I wish to learn how much I am in arrears, and I shall send this sum with my subscription for the coming year.—Sincerely yours, P. A. MCDIARMID.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THE first social function of our college year has come and gone—the Autumn Class Tea. The pen fails to describe its charm, for who can picture the spacious hall, the artistic decorations, the bevies of Moulton maidens, the attractive procession of the faculty, and the guests? Only those who have participated in this festive occasion can know its delights. Miss Mildred Cook, President of the Fourth Year, was a most admirable mistress of ceremonies, and worthily upheld the high traditions of the office. The speechmakers and their subjects were: Fourth year, Maime Denness, "Esprit de Corps"; third year, Muriel Sayer, "The Library Table"; second year, Edna Mutton, "Our Moulton Mother"; first year, Mary Postill, "The College Bells"; preparatory, Grace Craig, "The Maple Leaf"; primary, Helen Blackford, "Our Greetings to the Seniors"; specials, Effie Cook, "Per Ardua"; the faculty, Miss Bessie M. Pugsley, B.A. The guests were: Chancellor McKay, Miss Dora McKay, Mrs. Hardy, Dr. A. S. Vogt and Mrs. Vogt, Mr. A. T. Cringan and Miss Cringan, and Rev. W. A. Cameron. The Chancellor and Dr. Vogt made some happy remarks on behalf of the guests, Dr. Vogt claiming seniority over all present on account of his being on the staff of Moulton for twenty years. The entertainment in the chapel was a further pleasure to all, the drill and dialogues being admirably done. Long live the Autumn Class Tea!

ONE of the most interesting events in Moulton's history was the visit of the delegates to the Women's Missionary Convention

on Thursday, Nov. 12. The faculty extended to the ladies an invitation to spend an hour in Moulton and see the school. About two hundred responded to the invitation. The guests were received by Miss Thrall and Mrs. Hardy, and were escorted through the school by the girls. All the corridors and classrooms were open to inspection, and expressions of satisfaction were heard on every hand. Afternoon tea was served in the sitting-room by the faculty, and altogether the visit was a memorable one.

"Blessed be examinations."—Did any schoolgirl ever write that motto? The examinations have had the usual result—they proved us worthy and unworthy. It would not be fitting to say who belong to either class, but the whole story will be told in the final class lists in June. In the meantime the first-term examinations will spur us on.

The Domestic Science Department is experiencing a boom just now. Candy-making is the special subject of instruction, and Miss Ryley has crowded classes. Fudge and peanut brittle and such sweet dainties are the chief items on the bill of fare. The recipes seem infallible, under the skilful teaching of the instructor, and probably a good many households this Christmas will have a good word for this department at Moulton.

Moulton College has been honored during the past week with the privilege of entertaining one of the guests of McMaster University at Founder's Night, Mrs. Castle, of Rochester. Rev. Dr. Castle, after being pastor of Jarvis Street church, was called to be the first Principal of Toronto Baptist College (McMaster Hall). His name is still fragrant among Toronto Baptists, and we are pleased to have Mrs. Castle at Moulton College during her stay in Toronto. She recalls Mrs. McMaster, and links past and present for us.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

C. S. Edwards, B.A.,

MONTHLY EXAMS.—The bulletin board has no conscience whatever. It has been publishing unkind things about some of us again. For a time it was a rude shock to pass by that way. And it makes one's heart ache even now to think of it. The following carried off the honors for November: Preparatory, F. Rumball, 76 per cent.; first year, E. J. Adams, 82 per cent.; second year, A. Lester, 90 per cent.; third year, D. A. Clark, 93 per cent.; fourth year, E. M. Campbell, 82 per cent. Why didn't we come at the top of the list? Because—"there's only room for one." But just wait. There'll be something doing next month. Headaches are better than heartaches.

Oxford County Marathon.—Six of our boys entered in the ten-mile road race run here on Thanksgiving Day. There were forty-eight competitors, and we ran away from forty of them; at least, Moore did, who was first of the college boys to cross the line. Although "Jimmy" was only three minutes too late for the silver trophy, he carried off a pair of gold sleeve-links presented by E. W. Nesbitt, M.P., to the first Collegiate runner coming in. Allan Smith came close upon Moore's heels, and finished ninth in the race. The other College boys who entered were: Murray McKay, Charles McKenzie, Victor Gardner and Gordon Kipp.

Theatre Night.—Yes, we went to the show, theologs and all; and it was Monday night, too, and we didn't have a lesson done for next day. But it isn't every day that Othello comes to town; and it's a rare occasion that you are invited to sit in the pit for a sum that accommodates your purse; and it's only once in a lifetime that a celebrated Shakespearean actor gives you a personal invitation to go and see him act. John Griffith tickled us immensely. He invited himself up to the College, and gave us a whirlwind oration on Shakespeare and things histrionic that fairly made us panting enthusiasts for the classical drama. That night the house committee was

deluged with petitions. It was a good thing to have a clear record. Most of us were a bit anxious for a while. But a generous temper pervaded the faculty, and a gracious response set the corridors a-whoop with joy. We went. We saw and heard Othello; and we've been quoting Shakespearean fragments ever since.

Student Body Organization.—Progress is the motto of our school this year. Evidence of our advance is seen in the organization of our student body. Hitherto we have been a chaotic bunch, threading a maze of orbits; now we are a universe, circling around a common centre. This was the result of a student body meeting, held early in the term, in which a motion was passed, requesting the faculty to appoint a committee to represent the student-body, and to administer its affairs. Accordingly, the following committee was appointed by the faculty and unanimously accepted by the students: President, E. W. Quinn; Secretary-Treasurer, O. U. Chapman; Councillors, A. Haddow, T. Pink, B McCrimmon.

Camera Club Competition.—Nothing hitherto has been reported about our camera enthusiasts. They are a lusty body, numbering about thirty-five members. Mr. C. E. Burke is president, and his zeal keeps the ardor of all aglow. The old Excelsior room has been converted into a dark-room. We may therefore imagine the prospects of the club are bright. The summer's competition resulted thus: For landscape, first prize, L. Bennet; second prize, E. B. Reid; for general work, first prize, E. D. Pound; second prize, K. Murota.

Evangelistic Band.—The first service conducted by the College Evangelistic Band was held in Oxford Street Baptist church on Sunday night, Nov. 22nd. Mr. C. E. Burke was leader, and about a dozen of the boys assisted him. The College Quartette, Messrs. Ashmore, Wright, Morrow and A. Clark, sang two selections. The speakers were A. Haddow and A. Clark, both of whom made strong, impressive addresses. A very deep, earnest spirit characterized the meeting. Mr. Edwards made the appeal.

East Building Notes.—Only one event last month—Thanksgiving Day. We spent a week getting ready to go home. We knew the folks were dying to see us, so we didn't miss the train. Our folks enjoyed our visit very much. Nobody was lonesome with us around. And we were always around. Of course, if our folks found any work to do, we evaporated. But most of

the time we kept things lively. Our specialty is noise. We made things go—particularly at meal times. On the whole, our visit was a huge success. The next event is Christmas.

Rugby.—The close of the Rugby season finds us modestly proud of our achievements. We played three matches, and did not suffer a single defeat. London C. I. found it inconvenient to arrange a return game, so we suppose they concluded that one trimming was enough for one season. Hamilton C. I. played the return match here on the afternoon of Nov. 6th. The reputation of their town for Rugby didn't save them from disaster. We trounced them soundly (24—1). Ashmore was the star player on our team. The line-up: Fullback, McKenzie (captain); halves, McCrimmon, Ashmore, R. D. Campbell; left wings, Rodney, Hewson, E. N. Campbell; right wings, Matthews, Reid, Guyatt; scrimmage, Spencer, Cox, Haddow.

Inter-Year Rugby.—The fourth year are again champions. The second place goes to the third year. These results represent battles, grim and gory, fought at intervals during a period of three weeks. First, the second year went after the first year's scalps, and vanquished them, 35—0. Then the fourth year routed the third year, 52—1. This left the second and fourth years to fight the battle royal. "It was war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." By a score of 43—11, the fourth year won the championship. Captain Matthews deserves credit for the way he managed his team. In deciding the second place, the first year defaulted to the third, leaving the latter to play off with the second year. After a keenly contested game, third year won by a score of 4—0. Decker's fine work at quarter won the day for the victors.

Basketball.—On Friday night, Nov. 20th, our boys engaged the Armory team in another friendly tussle on the latter's floor. The game was fast and well contested during the first half, but the soldier boys were obliged to haul down their flag. With merry hearts we returned home, victors, to the tune of 28—8. Our line-up: Adams, centre; Smith, Ashmore, forwards; Gardner, Decker, defence.

The following week, Nov. 27th, our team went to Guelph to play the O.A.C. The story of that event doesn't make pleasant reading. We got our first licking, 22—27. Of course the fates were against us. Give us another chance, and—we'll tell you later. The players at Guelph were: Chapman, Lees, Smith, Ashmore, Adams.

The same night a junior team from the College played and defeated a Y.M.C.A. junior team, score resulting 10—5.

Our College has a muse. Not a very Mt. Olympus, classical dame, but a forty-second cousin of the nine immortal sisters, nevertheless. Not all her verses look well in print, so we submit only a couple:

We run the whole show
Nostro hoc in oppido.
Keep off the grass, there, children, do!
We don't give a plum
Propter vestrum oppidum.
We are the Woodstock boys. Who are you?

Chorus:
Whoop! Huroo!
Vobis est skidoo.
Cheer up, there, you daubers, your team's N. G.
I'll be blest,
Id delendum est.
Boom-a-lakka!
Boom-a-lakka!
W. B. C.!

When other cities come,
Ad nostrum oppidum,
We send them home again, black and blue.
We have some husky men,
Inter nostram aciem.
We are the Woodstock boys. Who are you?

Woodstock College again demonstrated her ability in debate. In the inter-college debate, between Guelph Agricultural College and Woodstock College, which took place on Friday evening, Nov. 27th, at Guelph, Woodstock College had no difficulty in wresting the honors from their opponents. The subject debated was that "The Maritime Provinces erred by joining Confederation." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. J. W. Jones, B.A., and S. E. Todd, of Guelph, while Messrs. O. N. Chapman and E. W. Quinn, of Woodstock, took the negative. The Woodstock men won, both in style and argument. On their arrival home, the students received them in the true College spirit. O. N. Chapman and E W. Quinn are now wearing the laurels of conquerors in the halls of Woodstock College.

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. F. SMITH, '09.

REDEMPTION.

The sun is gone.
The flaming colors soften in the West,
And twilight creeps upon the silent world,
Deepening as the blinding fog that sweeps
In from the ocean, till its ghoul-like shroud
Wraps earth and sky in groping mystery—
'Tis night!

Return once more!
For, as the sufferer greets his watcher's face,
And poverty allayed, to riches reverence pays,
So we would hail thee, with thy guiding power,
Thy light to lead us from our darkest night
To perfect vision of the radiant God.
'Tis day!

—W. H. S. in *Colgate Madisonensis.*

ONE neat and attractive little paper which finds place upon our table is *The Philomathean Monthly,* published by the literary societies of Bridgewater College, Virginia. Its cover design for November is simple, yet of a nature appropriate to the Thanksgiving season. In the matter of literary content, one article especially is worthy of note. This is an essay entitled "John Heinrich Pestalozzi—Educator." Being a biographical sketch, it records many of the vicissitudes in the life of this well-known educator. An eventful career, such as Pestalozzi's, seems to emphasize the fact that man is endowed with the power to overcome circumstances, and to encourage one to believe that indomitable persistency will, as a rule, surmount at last all difficulties. The essay shows some study, is very well written, and is deserving of the reader's careful perusal.

To the student who desires a "complete adjustment to the civilization of the human race," anything of a nature that will aid him in becoming an intelligent citizen, not only of his own country, but also of the world at large, should prove of interest. Many modern magazines contain articles from time to time, describing conditions in other lands; these articles should, to say the least, be briefly reviewed by him. In this connection, two articles in *The Trinity University Review* of recent issue

might be mentioned as worthy of the student's attention. One describes graphically the Oriental nature of the Indian student to-day, with reference to such characteristics as adherence to old tradition, aspirations to Western civilization, personal pride, respect for authority, docility, and excitability. The second article of note, entitled "New Turks and Modern Greeks," seems very apropos. This states that "the main object and purpose of the New Turkey movement is the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in its integrity." The writer goes on to state that the ideal of the New Turk demands one nationality, one citizenship, a levelling of racial and even of religious conditions in the interest of empire. No longer will the Christian and the Jew be burdened with the payment of the greater part of the taxes. The Greeks, on the other hand, with their intense hatred of the Moslems, have surrendered their ears to the voices of the past. These, the author claims, demand the re-establishment of a great and powerful Grecian Empire, separate, though perhaps allied, to the Turkish *imperium*.

Little Tommy's Choice.—Little Tommy Whacken was taken by his mother to choose a pair of knickerbockers, and his choice fell on a pair to which a placard was attached, stating, "These Can't be Beaten."—Current Literature.

The William Jewell Student is a monthly visitor we are always glad to welcome. The November number is very commendable, both in its mechanical make-up, and in the quality of its literary content. If we agree with some others in the opinion that, for a college magazine to be ideal, its columns should be devoted neither wholly to the expression of literary effort, nor exclusively to the publication of matters of purely local interest, but rather should partake partly of a literary and partly of a local nature; also that the magazine should contain at least two poems, two essays, and three other prose articles, then we must admit that *The William Jewell Student* for November is conforming largely to that ideal. In this issue appear three essays, two poems, and several prose articles containing rather lighter reading. One essay is a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. Another, "The Two-Talent Man," is very sane, emphasizing the importance of the middle-class man, the unrecognized hero of tireless toil; he it is who achieves the world's victories; unlike the one-talent man, he is no sluggard; unlike the five-talent man, he is no genius. Of the other articles, "In the Pangs of the White Terror," sustains the interest to the very last. "A Storm on the Plains" is a very fair

pen picture, and "Nights from the Round Table" is worthy of comment. A poem by the same author, entitled "October Days," in the October number, is also good.

IS IT SO?

Many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a smile from a lassie kind,
Is not for you, but the man behind.

—"Trebor," in *Colgate Madisonensis.*

CRIMINAL!

Lives of college profs. spell-bind us
When we contemplate their crime—
Still they live and still they grind us—
Tempo! mores! sans the time!

—*Coyote.*

SHE: "My face is my fortune." He: "Mine is, too; let's put our fortunes together."—EX.

WE rejoice to receive, among our exchanges from time to time, successive copies of *The Martlet*. *The Martlet*, it may be explained, is published weekly by the students of McGill University. As this is the first year of its existence, it may not seem out of place for us to express herewith to the editorial management of *The Martlet* our heartiest wishes for the success of this new publication, which we hope will be staunchly supported by the students in general, and which will truly reflect the literary genius and life of McGill. The appearance of a new magazine, especially one representative of a Canadian university, is worthy of special notice.

MUSINGS OF DADDY DAN.

Many a student, to make the mare go, invests much money in wild oats.

He who neglects to put his best foot forward when he has a chance, feels like kicking himself later.

When you have succeeded in accumulating wealth people will then be convinced that you have some sense.

What excuse has a student for making the same mistake twice when there are so many other mistakes to make?

It seems that every time we do something foolish we fulfil the prophecies of our enemies.—*The Victorian.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly
JANUARY, 1909.

THE BOOK OF MY YEARS.

In the Chamber of Memories,
Bowed o'er the Book of my Years,
I follow the finger of Time,
Reading through blinding tears.

The page of the year is done,
Torn from the book and whirled,
Stained with its tears and its blight,
Over the walls of the world,
Blown to that shadow-land lone
Where the pyramids pierce through the night.

In this wonder-wove tale somewhere
Lingers Tragedy waiting for me.
Time's sleeve hides the New Year's leaf;
As it moves what fate shall I see?
Dwell glory and ecstacy there,
Or passion and sinning and grief?

So with eager and trembling heart,
I bend o'er the Book of my Years,
To follow the finger of Time,
Reading through blinding tears.

A. Eustace Haydon, '01.

THE GAELIC RENAISSANCE.*

—Is gorm na cnuic tha fada uainn: Green are the hills that are far from us.

WITH due respect for the English and the French elements in Canada's social and political evolution, it is thoroughly true that from coast to coast of the Great Dominion the dominant force in Canadian civilization and development has been Keltic. Canada's first genuine poet was a Gael and wrote in Gaelic; her men of letters, for the most part, have been and are of Keltic descent; the first Premier of the Dominion was a Gael; the great educationists of Canada were and are Gaels; the founders of her merchant marine, and her captains of industry, were and are Gaels. In short, Canada, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, has had, as it still has, for the basis of its civilization, for the foundation of its political, social, commercial and industrial progress, the sanity of the Gaelic genius and the energy of the veritable Kelt—a sanity and energy which, unfortunately, are potent only when free.

If for no other reason than this, it is high time that we of the Keltic strain in Canada should come to have clear views of our spiritual origins, that we should understand our Gaelic heritage, that we should learn to take a just pride in the genius of our Keltic forebears, and that we should, to this end, acquire a decent knowledge of the language and literature of a race which, when politically intact and regnant in the green isle of Erin and the heather-brown highlands of Scotland, was for more than one thousand years the finest flower of civilization.

* * * *

You have heard of the Gaelic League, you have heard of the Keltic Renaissance, and, no doubt, you have wondered, as many

*Substance of an address before McMaster University Literary Society, November 7, 1908, by J. D. Logan, Ph.D.

others have wondered, whether the Gaels had a past and a civilization and a literature worth continuing by deliberate efforts at revival. I cannot now in detail undertake to show you the glory of the Keltic past and of Keltic literature. I can only refer you to the poetry and to the prose romances of the ancient Gaels, the best of which by infinite labor have been discovered, edited, and translated into English. But, as I have said in the "Epistle in Criticism" introductory to my "Preludes" (a volume of sonnets and other verse), "not in any other literature, Semitic, Grecian, Roman, Teutonic, are there such enthralling tales of heroic love and adventure as in these inimitable sagas of the ancient Kelts. There is no other love story as such that approaches in simplicity and dignity and spiritual exaltation the story of the great-souled Naoise (pronounced Neesha) and matchless Deirdre (pronounced Derdra). . . . And not the exploits of Samson, Achilles, Aeneas, Siegfried, are so overwhelmingly magnificent (in the etymological sense) as those of the incomparable Gaelic hero, Cuchulain (Coohoolin), majestic in life and unutterably majestic in death."

Let us for a moment put the matter to a critical test. No doubt you have been taught to believe that there is nothing comparable in literature to the exploits of Homer's Achilles and Hector. Yet compare the death of Hector with that of Cuchulain and you must admit that the Homeric story of the incidents about Hector's death are profoundly unheroic.

In the XXII. book of The Iliad we read how Hector came boldly forth to fight Achilles, but the approach of that hero so filled Hector with fright that he turned and fled. What could be more unheroic—it is positively ridiculous—than the picture Homer gives us of the mighty Hector fleeing round the walls of Troy, three times in succession, with Achilles in hot pursuit, and with no gain for one or the other? And had it not been for the deception practised on Hector by Pallas Athena there would have been no dead hero. The fleeing episode is unheroic enough, but the assistance given by the goddess in bringing about the death of Hector renders the episode positively ignoble.

On the other hand, contrast the death of Hector with that of

Cuchulain. Translated from the Gaelic, the account runs thus: As Cuchulain sprang forth Lewy MacConroi pierced him through the bowels. Then fell the great hero of the Gael after a hundred fights. Thereat the sun darkened, and the earth trembled, when with a crash fell that pillar of heroism, and that flame of the warlike valor of Erin was extinguished. . . . Then Cuchulain, raising his eyes, saw northwards from the lake a tall pillar-stone, the grave of a warrior slain in some ancient war. With difficulty he reached it, and leaned awhile against the pillar, for his mind wandered and he knew nothing for a space. After that he took off his brooch, and, removing his torn girdle, he passed it round the top of the pillar, where there was an indentation in the stone, and passed the ends under his arms and around his breast, tying with languid hands a loose knot, which soon was made fast by the weight of the dying hero. Thus his enemies beheld him standing with drawn sword in his hand and the rays of the setting sun bright on his panic-striking helmet. So stood Cuchulain, even in death pangs a terror to his enemies, for a deep spring of stern valor was opened in his soul, and the might of his unfathomable spirit sustained him. So died he, Cuchulain the Unconquerable."

There you have humanity heroic in conception, and the essential quality of sublimity. You cannot read the account of the death of Hector and feel uplifted: there is no sublimity in the Homeric treatment or art. But one, whether a Gael or not, cannot read that account of the death of Cuchulain the Unconquerable and not thrill with the majestic nobility and pathos of it. Surely the genius that created such a hero of romance, surely the Keltic genius, thus stamps itself as unique in imaginative art. But this is only an episode from one of scores of the romantic tales created by the Gaelic genius: the literature already rescued and preserved is full of the most entrancing stories of love and adventure—and every one genuinely heroic. The Cuchulain episode is enough to give you the merest inkling of the literary treasures you may expect to find if you explore the mines of ancient Gaelic romance—a contribution absolutely *sui generis* to the great literature of the world. For the instinctive

artistic ideal of the Gaels was to represent beautiful and heroic life. And this, says Fiona (Feena) MacLeod, is the ideal which "has lain below the spiritual passion of all great art in every period. Phidias knew it when he culled a white beauty from the many Athenian youth, and Leonardo when he discerned the inexplicable in woman's beauty and painted Monna Lisa, and Palestrina when from the sound in the pines and the voice of the wind in solitudes and the songs of the laborers at sundown he wove a solemn music for cathedral aisles. With instinct, the old Keltic poets and romanticists knew it; there are no Breton ballads nor Cymric mabinogion, nor Gaelic sgeulan which deal ignobly with petty life. All the evil passions may obtain there (in their writings), but they move against a spiritual background of pathetic wonder, of tragic beauty and tragic fate."

The Gaels, we must remember, are the creators of the authentic romance; this was their first gift to European literature, and in the art of prose romance they have never yet been surpassed. But they were as original and supreme in verse as in prose. The poetry of the ancient Gaelic bards is the most remarkable in any literature for the complexity of its technics and formal structure. Unfortunately, the very complexity of its structure was so dominant over its content that it cannot appeal to the modern mind. But with the decay of the bardic school of Gaelic poetry in the 16th and 17th centuries, a body of romantic verse was created by the Highland and Irish Gaels which is "probably the most sensuous attempt to convey music in words ever made by man." The bardic system was based on consonantal rhyme and variations in the numbers of syllables to the line. The new Gaelic prosody introduced into European literature vowel rhyme and accentual rhythm—which are the chief element of all modern verse. This was the second great contribution of the Gaels to the literature of the world—and, like prose romance, it was a contribution both original and creative.

The outburst of lyrical poetry by the Highland and Irish Gaels was simultaneous and wonderful. Scores upon scores of beautiful metres were invented, recondite many of them with

melody that became too sweet and cloying. Here is an example Englished by Dr. Hyde, to indicate faintly the luscious sweetness of the new Gaelic vowel music, in which three words follow each other in each line, all making a different vowel-rhyme:

"O, swan, Brightly GLEAMING o'er ponds Whitely BEAMING,
Swim on, Lightly CLEAVING and flashing through sea;
The wan Night is LEAVING my fond Sprite in GRIEVING,
Beyond Sight, or SEEING, thou'rt passing from me."

"These beautiful and recondite measures," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his learned but saddening account of the literary history of the Irish Gaels—"these beautiful and recondite measures were meant apparently to imitate music. They did not all come into vogue at the same time, but reached their highest pitch of perfection and melody about the middle of the 18th century, when the Irish (Gaels), deprived by the English penal laws of all possibility of bettering their condition or of educating themselves, could do nothing but sing, which they did, in every county of Ireland, with all the sweetness of the dying swan."

When, therefore, a present-day Gael hears the language and literature of his forefathers spoken of slightingly he may, with truth and just pride, reply that his ancestors created not only the forms and models of modern romantic prose and wrote it with incomparable beauty, but also all the characteristic elements of European verse, namely, rhyme and accentual rhythm, and verbal melody.

"The last tragedy for broken nations," says Fiona MacLeod, "is not the loss of power and distinction, nor even the loss of that independence which is so vital to the common weal. It is not, perhaps, even the loss of country. The last tragedy and saddest is when the treasured language dies slowly out, when winter falls upon the legendary remembrance of a people. Such a people is the Gaelic people—the small Gaelic remnant in the Scottish Highlands and in the Isles and—the remnant in Ireland. This people is unable or unwilling to accept the bitter solace of absorption in the language, the written thought, the active omnipresent and variegated energy of the dominant race. It has to keep silence more and more, and soon it, too, will be silent."

There are many now—nay thousands—who do not believe this, and the belief has resulted in what is called "The Keltic Literary Movement," "The Gaelic Renaissance." Now, I could not impress on you the meaning and sanity of this movement or renaissance unless I had shown you, as I hope I have done, something of the glorious literary achievement and heritage of the Gaels, and the splendid elements and qualities which the Gaels have contributed to the substance and form of European prose and poetry. Their wonderful literary history and their contributions to literature constitute the right of the Gaels to have their literary present made a rational continuation of the past by a revival of their language and literary traditions.

The ideal is eminently a worthy one, but it has had its ill effects and its good effects. To understand this you must bear in mind that the phrase "the Keltic movement" and the phrase "the Gaelic revival" represent two altogether different methods in the continuation of the Keltic present with the Keltic past. The first is altogether a literary movement as such, and its productions are properly designated "Anglo-Keltic" literature. The original father of this movement was Thomas Davis, who created the so-called "Young Ireland School" about the middle of the 19th century. But this movement was doomed to failure, first, because it was an attempt to compete with the English in their own style, language and models; secondly, because the literary productions of Davis and his band of brilliant writers, being in English, could not reach, much less touch and fire, the hearts of the Gaelic-speaking people; and, thirdly, because, in the last analysis, the movement was essentially journalistic rather than literary. The "Young Ireland School" produced for the most part fugitive verse, and amongst these authors only John Mitchell wrote with such literary excellence of style and substance as to deserve to have his name and writings live: but he left no disciples or inheritors.

From the ashes of the "Young Ireland School" at length arose another band of Anglo-Keltic writers, of whom the best known are Fiona MacLeod of Scotland and W. B. Yeats of Ireland. The present Anglo-Keltic movement is a definitively

literary movement; but the defect of this group of authors is that they give us writings which are really appreciations of the temper of ancient Gaelic literature rather than embodiments of its substance, form and essential spirit. The writings of W. B. Yeats, George Russell, Katharine Tynan, Moira O'Neill, Ethna Carbery, Patrick Colum, Seumas O'Sullivan, Frances Wynne, Seumas McManus, Shan Bullock, Dr. Todhunter, Nora Hopper, Percival Graves and others are really expressions of literary art in the English, not the Gaelic, form of thought. I will quote an example of what I mean by English form of thought suffused with Gaelic color but not in the Gaelic form of thought:

THE GRAY AND THE GREEN.

The gray streets of London are grayer than the stone,
The gray streets of London, where I must walk alone;
The gray city pavements are hard to tread, alas!
My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.

Far down the winding boreen the grass is soft as silk,
The wind is sweet, as honey, the hedges white as milk;
Gray dust and grayer houses are here and skies like brass,
The lark is singing, soaring, o'er the Irish grass.

* * *

The gray streets of London they say are paved with gold;
I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold;
I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass
For the dew that's gray as silver on the Irish grass.

I think that I'll be going before I die of grief.
The wind from o'er the mountains will give my heart relief;
The cuckoo's calling sweetly, calling in dreams, alas!
Come home, come home, acushla, to the Irish grass.

Now you get my meaning—anyone with a sense of rhythm and rhyme by studying Gaelic history and Gaelic sentiment could produce such a poem. The poem quoted, though tender and beautiful, sounds very much as if it were city-made. On the other hand, contrast it with Moira O'Neill's "Corrymeela," and you will experience something of the Gael's appreciation of nature and intense love of place, uttered in this poem with a simplicity, pathos and humor which reach the heart:

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

* * *

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child.
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

* * *

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from aff one roof before an English town!
For a shaugh wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown.
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

All that we may, then, say justly of Mr. Yeats and his school is that their writings are Gaelic (1) in so far as the form adopted is lyrical, (2) in so far as the themes are the simplest aspects of nature and human life, and (3) in so far as there appears in them the Gael's intense bitterness against the Sassenach. But in criticism, it must be observed that their writings are Anglo-Keltic by virtue of the fact that (1) their language, style and form of thought are essentially English, and that (2) their simplicity, pathos and humor are not spontaneous, but studied and manufactured in the literary laboratory. In short, beautiful as these writings are, they are recrudescences of sentimentalism and symbolism—Gaelic only in fortuitous outward semblance, not in the inner heart and soul.

The genuine Keltic revival was begun by the society founded some sixteen years ago by Dr. Douglas Hyde, eminent Gaelic scholar, historian, critic, dramatist and poet and patriot. But this movement is not literary in the narrow professional sense; it is sociological.

Founded by seven men in 1892, the Gaelic League set itself to carry out a task which to many seemed hopeless, "the preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue; also the preservation of existing

Irish literature and the production of a modern literature in Irish.'' A second clause declares it non-political and non-sectarian.

This latter fact is of extreme significance in a country where for generations the people have been divided into distinct groups of politics or creed without common ground for meeting or communion. In the Gaelic League all party has been swept aside, and for the first time in many centuries the sons and daughters of Erin have found themselves united by a common thought, a common ideal, a common bond of brotherhood.

In the Gaelic League all Ireland is appealed to, and every type of citizen has rallied to the support of the national language, the restitution of native culture. Here are banded together rich and poor, high and low, merchant and mechanic, lawgiver and country gentleman. It includes Catholic, Protestant and dissenter; unionist, nationalist and parliamentarian; Milesian, Gael and Cromwellian planter.

Remote as may appear to be the connection between language and industries in Ireland, it has been demonstrated to be direct and vital. The spirit of a nation lies imbedded in its tongue, that spirit calls out the national pride which hangs upon national traditions, and a new racial vitality inevitably ensues. A true Gaelic Leaguer not only speaks Irish but thinks Irish, feels Irish, exploits all that is Irish.

The results, so far, of the efforts of the Gaelic League have been far-reaching: in a decade and a half, thousands and thousands of Kelts, both in Ireland, America, and now in Canada, are studying the Irish language and literature. The same spirit is alive in Scotland. Chairs of Keltic exist in Dublin, Oxford, Edinburgh, Harvard, and, to the credit of little Nova Scotia, in Dalhousie University and Francois Xavier College. The literary results, however, are so far necessarily nil. Yet this genuine Gaelic revival must have its issue in a new literature; for the springs of inspiration will come from the study and acquiring of the language, and all that is needed further is the ready power to express Gaelic thought in Gaelic literary form; and time and practice will bring skill in these.

THE VALLEY AND THE MOUNTAIN.

O, I am weary, Mountain, of this place,
So unseen and so low that each new day
Forgets till noon to stoop and rend away
The veiling of the night-hours from my face.
Men o'er my breast deep wounding furrows trace,
And herds scar wonted pathways as they stray;
Vexed is my ear with Echo's bickering play,
My heart, with sighing forests' chill embrace.

O Mountain, I would live thy great white life,
And hold high converse with as high a kin.
Then could I never know this vain dark strife,
This upward look for light; but I would win
The golden adoration of the morn
And name of shrine from planets yet unborn.

* * * *

This crown,—what glory to a brow of stone
Whose very noonday thoughts are glacial?
What serves it me to have vast worlds in thrall—
To me, a king enslaved to be alone?
O Vale, 'tis more than dark to hold a throne
In unshared brightness! I ne'er hear the call
Of brothers, but afar behold them all
Chained down with bands of silence like mine own.

O Valley, seek some low, sad place for me,
Down where the dark and bright together bide,
Where tempests mingle with tranquility
And cold's the amen of the summertide.
Then, ask of Earth to take away my crown,
My throne, my all, and there to lay me down.

—W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

FIGURES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

"The new hath come, and now the old retires;
And so the past becomes a mountain-cell,
Where, lone, apart, old hermit-memories dwell
In consecrated calm, forgotten yet
Of the keen heart that hastens to forget
Old longings in fulfilling new desires.

"And now the soul stands in a vague, intense
Expectancy and anguish of suspense,
On the dim chamber-threshold . . . lo! he sees,
Like a strange, fated bride as yet unknown,
His timid future shrinking there alone,
Beneath her marriage-veil of mysteries."

THE College Girl sat before the dying fire. The old clock on the mantle-piece pointed to five minutes to twelve. Five minutes, and 1908 would be no more! The Girl stirred restlessly and leaned forward to give the darkening embers new life. As they brightened once more a dull red building rose slowly from the coals, and the Girl softly murmured, "McMaster!" As she spoke the word, the fairy structure faded away, and a youth in dazzling raiment, with a garland wreathing his brow, stood before her. In his hand he carried a sceptre bearing the gleaming figures "1908." As she watched, another youth sprang up, clothed in red from the jaunty little cap on his saucy curls to the high boots on his twinkling feet. Over one shoulder was slung a pair of skates and snowshoes; over the other he bore a toboggan. He was waving a hockey stick in time to a gay little whistle. Behind him came the Snow Queen and the merry little elf, Jack Frost. A happy trio!

But look! What apparition was that to freighten them? In a college cap and gown and studious-looking "specs"; bent down under a load of books; a fountain pen held despondently in one limp hand and a blank examination book in the other; and all the knowledge somewhere in the sub-conscious state under that

learned cap, he came to challenge the jolly sprite. The melancholy eyes and drooping mouth betrayed his identity. The Girl groaned and muttered in desperation, "Yes, exams!" But the sorry figure receded, and a line of professors with mysterious notes walked solemnly past. Ere they had disappeared a gay little maiden in a bewitching gown laughed and waved her hand temptingly, while sounds of revelry were heard and nearing sleigh-bells tinkled musically. And then a greedy flame leaped up and the Snow Queen and her companions melted away. Another figure arose, in an actor's "learned sock," and laughingly pointed to "The Merchant of Venice" solemnly standing at one side. A happy smile played about the Girl's mouth for an instant, but faded again as once more the dark figure with the examination book came before her. This time he lingered longer than he had the last; but close behind him pranced a gay fool, flaunting a large placard, with the letters. "Eat, drink, and be merry." The Girl laughed and clapped her hands. In an instant, two graduates with their diplomas stood bowing before her. As they began to fade the Girl called to them, half regretfully, "Good-bye, '08! Don't forget us in the busy world you're going out to." The two faces smiled, and the girl graduate threw her a rose in answer.

For a few seconds there were no pictures from the fire, and the Girl sighed, "It is all over." But no, a tiny flame flickered up, brightened, and then another and another. A sweet maiden in a soft blue robe and garlands of flowers rose slowly from the playful flames. A beautiful star gleamed from her forehead; her golden hair fell loosely over her shoulders; birds sang about her; at her feet rippled a happy brooklet. As the Girl gazed on her, a merry little lad in a motor-car shot past the maiden, and another, waving a tennis racquet, beckoned to her. Then the brooklet seemed to widen and down the stream came a light canoe, lazily paddled by a dark-haired youth. Again a smile touched the Girl's lips as she looked wistfully at the Summer Maid, slowly fading away.

The flames danced restlessly, flickered a moment, leaped up in one glorious flare, and became transformed into a maiden

robed in rich green and crimson and brown and gold. Her nut-brown hair was wreathed with golden grain, her hazel eyes smiled kindly, and her rich red lips were parted in friendly greeting. Ripe fruits dropped from her outstretched hands. In the distance came the familiar sound of a bell, and the solemn black line of professors (awakened to their duty) once more appeared in the fire. Behind them came a jester in a multi-colored suit of green and yellow, blue and red, black and white. Loaded down with cushions and cosy-corners, he tried to look dignified as he ambled along, but the saucy smile he gave the Girl provoked from her a ringing laugh. And with shining eyes she welcomed again the Winter Elf.

The fire died down . . . nothing but ashes. Yes, there came an aged man, heavily leaning on his stick. . . . Slowly he passed before the Girl. . . . The clock strikes the mid-night hour. . . . Ashes and desolation. . . . Naught but Memory remained of the grand old year of 1908. The Girl arose, and stirred the ashes with her foot. Another flame! See, a slight, graceful figure in purest white, mystic, wonderful. The Girl stooped to see the face. But it was hidden behind a heavy veil. "Whatever thou bringest, welcome, 1909. Thy mysteries no man can fathom, thy secrets no man learn. Yet, welcome!"

Laura J. Craig, '10.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN KURDISTAN.

KURDISTAN is the geographical name applied to the Kurdistan Mountains, and sometimes to the whole country inhabited by the Kurds. The area is estimated at 50,000 square miles, extending to Mount Ararat in Armenia on the north, to the plains of the Tigris on the south, to the city of Harput, Sivan, on the west, and to the plains of Oroomiah and city of Sakis on the east. On the territory described not only Kurds reside, but also Turks, Armenians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, and Persians. The Kurds are descendants of the ancient Carduchias. They number about 5,000,000, of which 700,000 are subject to the Shah of Persia and the remainder to the Sultan of Turkey, but practically all are lawless and beyond the control of either of these two governments.

The region they occupy is as rugged as their character. They are by far the most turbulent of the subjects of the Shah, and were it not for the beautiful rugs they manufacture in their rude dwellings one would be at a loss to imagine the reason for their existence. Their origin is obscure. They seem to have no relationship with any other race, and, like Cain, their hand is against everyone and everyone's hand against them. The etymologist who places little value on his life might find a few months among the mountains of Kurdistan of some profit to science. They themselves claim that they are descendants of Esau. They speak a mixed language called Kurmanji, which has never been reduced to writing; so they are without books or schools. If any writing is done it is in the Persian or Arabic characters.

A Kurd is very decided and independent in spirit; he would rather live in a cave under a projecting rock and be unmolested than dwell in a palace and be subject to higher authority. Some

of the tribes have a small village in the mountains, to which they return in the winter.

The Kurds seldom cultivate the soil, but keep herds of cattle, horses and flocks of sheep, and travel from place to place, wherever they may find good pasture for their flocks. A Kurd goes before his sheep, having a staff in his hand, and on his shoulder hangs a bag in which he has provisions for the day. He may be seen sitting and playing his flute with his fond flock gathered around him for an audience.

During the great part of summer they live in tents in the cool places on the mountain slopes and in valleys; in winter they dwell in houses made of stones or clay, and some are under the ground, containing only one room, with one or two small holes on the top for light. This one apartment answers the purpose of bedroom, parlor, kitchen and stable. In the daytime all the inmates are out, but towards the sunset they come dropping in one by one, at least a score of them, men, women and children. The hens, however, have already turned in, and are perched in a corner for the night: sheep, oxen and horses have been stalled, each in its well-known place. After night has fairly set in, coarse stale bread and sour milk is brought in for supper; two spoons and one big dish is all the plate, and the spoons are passed to each in turn—all in the dark, as they have no lights. It is now bedtime, and one after another finds his place under the same quilt, without either a pillow or a bed, except, perhaps, some hay spread on the floor. In a few minutes all are fast asleep, and soon the heavy breathing and snoring of men and cattle is mingled, the effect being not at all pleasant to the ear.

Their principal occupation is robbery. Those who devote their energies to this pursuit sleep during the day, and rise with sundown to start on their pillaging expeditions. In his warlike costume, sword at side, pistol, dagger and many cartridges in his belt, with his bright dark eyes peering from under the heavy folds of the turban, and flourishing in his hands his spear and gun, the Kurd is certainly a fearful-looking fellow. When they start at dusk they are ready to rob and kill.

By the next day at nine o'clock they return with their prey of flocks, herds and valuable goods, and rest for a time. Parents teach their children how to become successful thieves. A father will give his son of six or seven years of age a pistol, dagger and shield, and then play robber with the child, showing him how to use these deadly weapons. A Kurd once told the writer of his timid son. The child was afraid to steal, but the father wanted to make him a successful thief, and so tried the following plan: The first night he sent the child to steal grapes from his own yard; the second night corn from his own crib; the third night grapes from a stranger; next a chicken, then a sheep, then to enter a house, and thus the youth became a most daring highway robber. Then his father was proud of his son and told him he had become a man and could marry. The girls of these tribes will not marry a man until his reputation as a successful robber is established. They wish to be assured that they will not starve after marriage.

The Kurds are divided into tribes, each tribe having a chief. These tribes are generally at enmity with one another. The chief of a tribe will lead his men against another tribe and kill all the men and take all the flocks, herds and all other properties as booty, but they do not harm the women and children. An old man is not honored by a tribe; they say he can't fight or rob and is good for nothing but to feed sheep. The man most highly honored is the one who has killed the greatest number of men. When a man is killed in battle or while robbing, he is honored at the funeral by the singing of many songs, by weeping and lamentations, but not many tears are shed when one dies a natural death. The Kurds are very quick-tempered. A slight offence will make them enemies and they will seek revenge. They are expert in a running fight, they love to revile an enemy, and are continually trying to invent new and more severe expressions of hatred. It is their nature to quarrel and to fight. Brothers often become angered over a small matter and fight to the death. They think no more of killing a man than we do of killing a chicken. The husbands and wives are

not faithful to each other, and this is frequently the cause of murder.

As a people they have no foresight, having no thought of the morrow. The Kurdish religion is that of Islam, and of the Sunni sect. They are very religious, pray five times a day, always before leaving their homes, so as to have success in their robbery. Before each prayer they perform their ablutions; when a man is praying no woman must touch him, lest she might get the benefit of his prayer, as women have no soul, and if she touched him she would get his soul and he would lose it. If a woman should come near to him during his prayer the man would stop, step out of the circle of prayer, take up his gun, shoot her, and then continue his prayer. Their chief priests are called Sheikhs and are honored as gods. They kneel before a chief priest and kiss his hands, clothes and shoes, and ask his blessings. To penitent ones he promises that he will ask God to forgive their sins. He has absolute power over laymen; they believe his words are inspired truth and obey implicitly. The writer knew of a priest or Sheikh who bathed every morning in a spring, and the people would flock to this place to draw of the water to drink in which he washed his body. The father of the late Shiekh Obdulhah, who assisted the Sultan in the late Russian-Turkish War, commanded more than 100,000 Kurds to fight against Russia. He told them not to be afraid of the big cannons that would be seen when they met the Russians. He said, "I have by the help of Allah bound the mouths of these cannons and they cannot hurt you." It is said that he would arise every morning with black hands and claim that they had been blackened by the gunpowder of these cannons, and that he had been in the battle all night with the Russians and was not harmed at all. This would encourage more Kurds to enter the Turkish army.

The Kurdish children are very pretty, and the features of the women, who never go veiled, distinguished by great regularity, large eyes, aquiline nose, robust figure, deep black hair, well harmonizing with a slightly brown or swarthy complexion. Unfortunately, they are too often disfigured, like their Hunda

sisters, by the gold ring passed through their nostrils. Both sexes are fond of finery, bright-colored costly robes, high head-dresses, enveloped by the men in gorgeous turbans. The Kurd completes his costumes by an arsenal of small arms—revolvers, knives and yatagans, attached to the girdle, rifle swung to a shoulderbelt, a long lance decorated with ribbons carried in his hand; but this is only on parade, most of such encumbrances being dispensed with in actual combat.

The women wear exceedingly picturesque costumes; they have dark complexions, with eyes and hair intensely black. Their beauty is not of a refined type, but by a mass of paint is made sufficiently attractive for their easily-pleased husbands. Almost all of the work, in and out of doors, is done by the women. Early in the morning, when they are through with their home work, they hasten to the fields to attend to the flocks or gather fuel for use in winter. In the evening they come in with large burdens on their backs, which appear to be quite enough for two donkeys to carry. So industrious are they that they frequently spin on their way to and from work, singing the while, apparently as happy as if all the world were theirs. The difficulties and ailments of womanhood are nothing to them. A woman with child will go out among the rocks, climbing the mountain heights, and although her time of labor is at hand she does not cease her usual toil. In the evening a woman may be seen coming down the mountain singing, with a heavy burden of fuel on her back and in her arms the child to which she has given birth during the day. Even this the men do not appreciate or reward, but will not hesitate when it is raining to drag the women from the tent to make room for a favorite steed.

A. E. Kochaly, Theol. '11.

THE AUSTRIAN UNIVERSITY AND ITS GERMAN STUDENT.

IN order to form a correct idea of Austrian universities and their students, it is necessary to cast a glance at the preparatory schools. These are of two kinds, the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*. Though both have much in common, the *Gymnasium* lays stress on the study of the ancient languages, and the *Realschule* on the acquisition of the principles of the exact sciences. The study of English and French forms a vital part of both. Entering one or the other of these schools at the age of eleven or twelve, the student is required to spend eight years in rigorous preparation for his university career. Upon passing an oral and written examination (*Maturitätsprüfung*) in all subjects of the curriculum, he is admitted to the university as a regular student (*ordentlicher Hörer*). Without such preparation a student is admitted as a special, or extraordinary student (*auszerordentlicher Höer*). To this category belongs students from the British Isles, the United States and Canada.

Both the method of teaching and the character of the discipline in the university differ vitally from those in vogue at the preparatory school. While in the latter the students are in direct touch with their professors and are compelled to study or be expelled, in the former the completest liberty obtains. A Canadian student has no idea of the restraint imposed upon the scholars of an Austrian preparatory school. They are under the immediate control of their teachers both in and out of school. How would a Canadian student of twenty years of age like to have to ask his teacher for permission to attend the theatre or a concert, or how would he like to be prohibited from carrying a cane? Petty offences are punished severely by incarceration in the school prison, during which involuntary sojourn the delinquents are given sufficient school work to prevent them from pondering too seriously over their misfortunes. In the university

all this is changed. "Freedom in study and in attending lectures" is one of the long-established principles of Austrian universities. Is it any wonder that the golden freedom of the university should seem like Eldorado to the heart of a student grieving under what seems to him the harsh discipline of his preparatory school?

During the university term—which, with the exception of doctors of medicine, is four years—nearly all special courses have only two State examinations. These are oral tests under the auspices of appointed governmental examiners, to which all students, irrespective of nationality, are admitted, providing they have the aforesaid "*Maturitätsprüfung.*" Besides these examinations, each professor is entitled to give, as often as he chooses, small test examinations called "colloquia," which have but little value to an Austrian student, as he is obliged to pass his State examinations, even if he has undergone all of the examinations of his professors. Therefore, regular students take these examinations very rarely, but extraordinary students take them regularly, as they are barred from the others. In nearly all of these university courses the degree of doctor is granted, for which a dissertation is required, and which can only be approached after eight semesters.

The courses in all the universities of Austria are the same, so that a student may, without loss of time, study in different universities and, nevertheless, after the required time put in his application to be admitted to the examinations. The student may also take his course in one university and, if he desires, pass his examination in another one. In general the university fees are very low, as these institutions are the property of the Government and are sustained with public funds.

Thus, free to an extraordinary extent, the Austrian student enters upon his university course, and devotes his leisure time to various recreations, the quality of which depends upon the nationality the student belongs to. The German student, being a member of a nation that is given to meditation and dreaming, as a rule never enters into the vigorous sports to which a Canadian student is accustomed. As a member of a nation that

is very conservative, he clings to old customs and, therefore, indulges in nearly all the pleasures of the mediaeval student. We find the German student seeking his recreation where he can put into practice the inclinations which are peculiar to the German race. To answer this purpose German students form numerous clubs, which are founded to create good fellowship and social feeling amongst the students, to cultivate German song, language and literature, and to give the members a good training in politics. To give these clubs an appearance of old knighthood, fencing is practised. All of these clubs have the motto, "Honor, Freedom, Fatherland" ("*Ehre, Freiheit, Vaterland*"), *i.e.*, every student must guard his honor and, if necessary, defend it by force of arms; he must assert the freedom granted him by State and university, and, finally, he must cultivate patriotic feelings.

These clubs have the names of *Burschenschaften*, *Corps* and *Vereine*, and generally are called after the name of a Teutonic tribe, like Vandalia, Sachsonia, Thuringia, etc. Generally they have a few rooms in some restaurant, which they ornament with pictures, bunting, swords and standards. Here they meet officially twice every week during the university session. Some old clubs which have been in existence in Germany for over a century have their own houses, which are furnished very luxuriously. The students of the same club have their meals in their club rooms, where the leading papers and journals are kept for the use of the members. Each of these clubs has a university-attending or active membership of about thirty or forty students, and with the inactive membership, consisting of those students who as members of the club have completed their university course and are in situations, the number runs up into the thousands in some clubs. The latter inactive members, but nevertheless members, called "old gentlemen," pay their fees just as the active members, and have a vote in all affairs of the club; they also look after the financial business of the club. To be an active or inactive member of some of these clubs is considered a very high honor; the sons of Emperor Wilhelm and the Kaiser himself belong to a Burschenschaft in Bonn. Surely

the examples of great men are a stimulus for the entire German student body, and worthy of imitation. This accumulation of a large membership is of great value to those members who complete their university course, as the "old gentlemen" when disposing of situations will generally favor a club brother.

These clubs form a direct communication between the faculty, with his "Magnificenz, the Herr Rektor," at its head, and the student body. The presidents and vice-presidents of all clubs hold meetings with this high body, in which all affairs pertaining to the students are settled.

The club room, in which all active members of a club meet twice a week, is called *Kneipe*, which translated into English means beer-house. The verb formed from *Kneipe* will be *kneipen*, which will be necessarily associated with beer drinking. In such a *Kneipe*, at a long table, divided into a so-called high house, for the *Burshen*, *i.e.*, seniors, juniors and sophomores, and a lower house, which is called *Fuchsenstall* (freshmen's table) for the *Füchse* (freshmen). At one end of the table the president presides and rules despotically during the session of the club. Opposite him, at the other end of the table, the vice-president (*Fuchsmajor*) has his place; his duty consists in keeping order amongst the freshmen, who, like freshmen of all countries, are supposed to be in want of training before they can be pronounced equal to the rest of the students of the university.

The president in his beer realm keeps order and silence amongst his subjects by compelling them to drink a certain amount of beer for any infringements of the beer laws. To discuss everything that is associated with beer and to enumerate all beer laws in this beer realm would lead too far, but it should not be believed that these institutions have solely the purpose of getting beer-drinking down to a system and of getting intoxicated. On the contrary, intoxication is interdicted, and a student in this lamentable condition is obliged to leave the *Kneipe*.

Such a *Kneipe* session consists of two parts, a serious part and a more jovial part. At intervals of about fifteen or twenty minutes student songs are sung, and during the first part a political review of current events is given, generally delivered

by a freshman, upon which the older students pass comments. During this part of the *Kneipe* also some topic of German history or literature is spoken on. After these proceedings the jovial part of the meeting begins, when some members delight the assembly by giving humorous readings or a dramatic production. During this part hilarity and joviality prevail, and the members try to excel each other in jokes and jests.

The members of such a German club wear colored caps and have ribbons with special club colors attached diagonally over their waistcoats, to distinguish themselves from members of other clubs. If a German student does not wish to belong to a club as an active member he selects a club which he frequents as a guest and receives all the protection a club can give in university and duelling matters. These students are called "finches" (*Finken*), and a body of them "finchhood," and are an object of general ridicule.

When entering a club a freshman selects some older member as his fellow, who advises him and who helps him in every possible way in his studies.

All of these clubs adhere to the principles of duelling and believe that honor can only be defended by force of arms. To be prepared to meet a challenge, and for bodily exercise, the members of German clubs fence daily for at least an hour, and become in very many cases experts in the use of the sword.

From all that has been said it will appear that these clubs perform an important function in the life of a German student and contribute much to the picturesque side of university life in Austria.

Wilfred Perkins, '10.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON 11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
————, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, '11. Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. JANUARY, 1909. NO. 4

Editorial Notes.

THE New Year, with its messages of encouragement, inspiration and uplift, marks another milestone in our earth journey To all its readers THE MONTHLY heartily extends the "Compliments of the Season." May the vista of the coming days reveal very much of the brightness of life, with just enough of shadow to render the rest more sincerely appreciated and enjoyed.

CHANCELLOR and Mrs. McKay have gone South for a few months. For some time the health of the Chancellor has been impaired by the heavy strain of administering the affairs of this institution. This fact, along with the present illness of Mrs. McKay, would appear to render imperative a short stay in a less rigorous climate. THE MONTHLY expresses the sincerest sentiments of faculty and students in hoping that they may enjoy a pleasant sojourn in the South land and may soon return with renewed vigor to their cherished work in connection with the University.

Book Reviews.

THE FORESTS AND THE PEOPLE.*

The above is the title of a pamphlet issued by the Canadian Forestry Association. The object of this association is to bring before the people of Canada the great and growing importance of preserving her forests. A far-sighted, comprehensive, aggressive and business-like public policy in relation to our forests is advocated. This, however, can only be done by creating a widespread intelligence upon this subject, which will bring our people to realize that the presumably "inexhaustible forest resources" are in grave danger of being exhausted in the near future.

A review of the forestry situation in the civilized world shows that the consumption of wood is greater than the normal production of accessible forests. Canada, with her immense forests, holds a commanding position in this respect, but the laws of nature must not be violated or she will ultimately be placed in the position in which many countries have found themselves through the neglect of their forests. The valuable water powers of our country, with their immense possibilities of electrical development and other uses, depend upon the streams which flow from these forested hills; in some cases the very existence of these water supplies depends upon the preservation of the forests, while in all cases the forests regulate their flow.

The Dominion Government by surveying the forests and also by protecting them against fire are furthering this great work of preservation. The Provincial Governments also have established fire-ranging services, which are absolutely essential to the Canadian forest policy.

The ideas which this pamphlet brings before the people should be of vital interest to every true Canadian citizen. A

*"The Forests and the People."—The Ensdale Press, Ottawa.

movement which has such a worthy purpose should command our earnest support. We heartily commend this work on forest preservation to all who are interested in the future of our country.—W. H. F., '10.

QUIET TALKS WITH WORLD WINNERS.*

The writer of this little volume is now well known in the religious world as the skillful word artist of the "Quiet Talks." In this latest product of his pen, Mr. Gordon, with careful portrayal, artistic simplicity, and vivid presentation, treats of the passion of world-winning, and suggests the forces by which the winning may be accomplished.

Each chapter is an idyll, breathing out its own fragrant atmosphere, yet all unite in creating a stirring message to twentieth century Christians. On every page there is, to cull a phrase from the book itself, "the winsome telling, the tirelessly patient and persistently gentle telling of the story of love, God's love as revealed in Jesus." Its broad application and wide appeal will ensure an interested reading, especially by those engaged in active Christian work.

---

*"Quiet Talks with World Winners," by S. D. Gordon. Toronto: William Briggs.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.—O. K.

WITH the announcement of the examination results many fond hopes are annually dashed to the ground. The slaughter is terrible. The poor freshman is a piteous spectacle because he has not yet learned to take consolation in the fact that examinations are, at best, a very poor test. Fortunately he is in that stage when visual impressions bring him more pleasure than those which appeal to reason; consequently a third, being of more magnitude than a first, possesses greater power to please. Thus "all ignorant of their overhanging doom the little victims play." The sophomore is stunned by the blow, and, as his head whirls, he sees stars appearing in constellation upon his horizon. The juniors and seniors as they learn their results may be seen on every hand gazing at Rhodes' Scholarships dissolving into thin air and passing beyond the utmost bounds of human ken. The theologue is more fortunate, however, for thirds and firsts are alike to him since he has learned in whatsoever state he is therewith to be content. Nor is he without grounds for his contentment, for he reasons thus. "While my marks are low, my ideals are high."

Certain it is that the examinations serve a wise purpose, being part of the discipline of life. The stress is now over and the reaction has set in.

"Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

Everyone has settled down for four months of quietude, only to awaken in May to find that he has again been sleeping upon the mouth of a volcano.

Teacher at a nearby ladies' college dismissing class: "I wish you a pleasant vacation, and hope you will come back prepared to do even better work than has been done this term." Class *en chœur*. "The same to you, Miss ——."

Professor in Philosophy.—The Stoic always upheld suicide in his teaching, and continually practiced it.

The McMaster Evangelistic Band, under the leadership of Mr. E. J. Bingham, B.A., conducted union services in Schomberg, from Friday evening, December 4th, to Sunday evening, December 6th. Their efforts were much appreciated by the large audiences present at each meeting. The singing of the quartette contributed largely to the success of the meetings.

Another series of meetings was held two weeks later, in the Markham Baptist Church. The services were all well attended, and especially the Sunday evening meeting, when seats could not be found for all. Much credit for the success of these meetings is due to the enthusiasm of the leader in the work, and also to the singing of Mr. E. T. Newton, leader of the quartette.

EXAMS.

Watch the fellows in the middle of exams.
Nine o'clock and the swinging hall door slams.
An ugly little table and a hard, hard chair,
See the pen and the paper and the ink all there.
Why look so blue?
They are meant for you;
The hideous little table and the beastly hard chair
Being necessary adjuncts of exams.

Other times you've sat in the same old room.
Now your soul sings a very different tune.
Your feet vaguely shuffle and your fingers clutch your hair,
You search earth, heaven, and almost every other where
For Greek and Hebrew roots,
Or various other shoots
That have *shot* from your cosmos into realms of upper air,
Leaving you in undissipated gloom.

At last comes an end to the exams.
Every student his old note-books promptly crams
In the waste-paper basket, and swears with main and
might
Not a question on the paper but was just a perfect fright.
He still looks blue,
For he knows he's up the flue.
And he adds: "Darn it all, why can't they state the
questions right?
Then we'd show them how to scoop their old exams."

Student, describing the city of Venice to a theologue, was asked if he had secured any landscape paintings around the city.

A Fast Life.—On Thursday evening, December 4, the seniors, on the invitation of Miss E. R. McLaurin, met at her home for a good time, and had it. One of the results of the evening was a year history, written impromptu and with variations, and which is worth reading. Everyone was happy and had an enjoyable evening. The class will not soon forget Miss McLaurin's party.

But '09 had other good things coming, and on the following evening met at the home of Dr. Cross for another time of it, another round of pleasure. Here, too, the class enjoyed itself immensely, and left expressing hearty thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Cross for their hospitality.

A Professor in Theology, in an after-dinner speech to the Arts students, said that he was very glad to have the privilege of speaking to an intelligent audience.

Freshmen and Juniors Debate.—The first of the series of inter-year debates was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th. In the absence of the President, W. Scott, Mr. V. Price presided. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, that the trust movement is beneficial to society." The affirmative was upheld by F. Shields and E. D. Campbell, of Year Twelve, while the negative was supported by J. Wearing, '10, and R. C. Crowe, '10. The debate in all was well contested and of live interest. While the judges, Prof. I. G. Mathews and Mr. G. H. Campbell, were weighing the arguments, Miss Carey, '12, favored the audience with a piano solo. The effervescent exuberance of the freshmen was suddenly chilled when Mr. G. H. Campbell, after a few words of criticism, announced that the judges had decided in favor of the negative.

The Second Inter-Year Debate.—On Dec. 18th the Literary Society met in Castle Memorial Hall. The first number on the programme was a mandolin solo by Miss Carey, '11. The debate between Theology and Year '11 then followed. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, that a board of arbitration with compulsory powers should be appointed by the Dominion Government to settle disputes between employers and wage-earners." F. Jeffery, '11, and R. Gould, '11, upheld the affirmative, while N. S. McKechnie, B.A., and J. Strachan

successfully contended the negative. Theology had the better of the debate, both in style and argument. While the judges, Professor Gilmour and Professor Ten Broeke, were considering the value of the arguments, C. A. Detlor, '09, with his usual vein of humor most successfully entertained the audience by a strikingly vivid description of the enraged proceedings of one since labeled "Bovril." The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Professor in Education.—Be sure that the pupil is able to associate the object with the name. For example, when he begins to think of an "oyster-catcher" he finds himself pretty much at sea.

Debating Union.—On Dec. 5th the weekly debating union met as usual, President Anderson in the chair. The rules regulating the oratorical contest were read and adopted. The resolution, "That the number of licenses should, in Toronto, be reduced to fifty," was upheld on the affirmative by E. E. Hyde, '12, and on the negative by F. McGregor, '12. Mr. T. Dadson acted as critic and most efficiently performed his duties. The judges, Messrs. Jury and Edwards, gave the decision to the negative.

On Dec. 12th the debate, "Resolved, that the mid-year exams. should be abolished," was supported by R. C. Crowe, '10. E. W. Hinkson, '10, took the negative. The debate was carried on with great enthusiasm. Dr. Oliver acted as critic and his remarks were appreciated by all present. The judges, Messrs Telford and Smith, decided that the negative had won.

Dec. 19th. S. M. McMullan presided at the debate. After the reading of the minutes Mr. Anderson, '10, supported the resolution, "That the requirements of two years in residence for the Arts degree would be in the best interest of McMaster." Mr. N. McCausland, theology, led the negative. A lively debate followed. Mr. T. Wearing gave a most helpful criticism. The judges, Messrs. Jackson and Hutchison, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

Student in Theology addressing the class on the ministry of Mr. Moody turned to the professor and said: "It was his custom to address his remarks to fools, taking it for granted that wise men would understand."

Oh, wonderful class of nought-nine,
Why should the poor juniors repine?
Of defeat they must sup,
Whilst you hold the prized cup,
Most glorious class, noug.ty-nine.

Most wonderful class of nought-nine,
At rugby you certainly shine,
O'er the poor juniors' biers
Only once in three years
Victorious, most mighty nought-nine.

Most commendable class of nought-nine,
You have done pretty well, we opine,
For your vict'ries so few,
Cannot help but be new,
Most original class called nought-nine.

Our friends of the class of nought-nine,
Of advice we would drop you a line:
There's great danger, 'tis said,
In a case of swelled head—
You reside in "glass houses," nought-nine!

—With kind permission of the Author.

New Theology.—A divinity student of good standing, when asked by the professor where Jesus was born, replied, "On the way up to Jerusalem." A higher critic who sat next to him, anxious to relieve a fellow-student from his embarrassing position, informed the class that Christ was born in Nazareth.

On the evening of Saturday, Dec. 12, the members of Year '12 met together at the home of Mr. Ashall, on Sherbourne Street, to spend the evening in merriment. A few moments of introductory conversation were followed by a programme of ingenious pastimes. Probably the most amusing of these was a game requiring the players to guess the hidden meaning of various weird legends placarded about the rooms, or another requiring each couple to sing a stanza of some well-known melody. After the serving of generous refreshments and a hearty "Auld Lang Syne" the merrymakers reluctantly dispersed.

Professor.—"Where civilized man goes weeds follow." Theologue.—"Yes, and *when* he goes widow's weeds follow."

In Apologetic Class: The Mohammedans make a great display, but their lives are not in accord with their profession. Second Student: Some Christians are not what they profess to be. Professor: This is not a testimony meeting.

What the heart of Year Eleven said to the Literary Society, December 18, 1908:

Words of theologues remind us,
In debating they're sublime;
But, though now defeat's behind us,
We shall win another time:

Win a victory that all others
Must applaud with might and main,
When bright Year Eleven brothers
Take—and hold—the lead again.

Let us, then, be up and doing—
Let us show them all our gait!
Still achieving, still pursuing,
We'll worst all who us debate!

—E. McG., '11.

A CERTAIN one of our students is either deeply conscious of his inferior position and has never heard the solution of an old French conundrum or else he has a rather grim sense of humor. Leaving the classroom, immediately behind the professor, he was heard to remark, *sotto voce*, "Je ne suis pas ce que je suis."

LIT.—Undoubtedly one of the best "Lit" meetings of the term was that held on Friday, Dec. 11th. The opening number was a rollicking piano duet by Miss E. R. McLaurin, '10, and S. Peron, '09, and this was followed by a couple of inimitable selections by our latest elocutionist, Miss Hind, '12. After this, came the event of the evening, "McMaster Men on the Frontier," an address by E. E. Sayles, '10. In this the audience were treated to a recital of some of the escapades that have made McMaster students famous in the north country, and in glowing language, sparkling with quotations from "Songs of a Sourdough," Mr. Sayles described the glories of "the big, broad land away up yonder." The programme ended with a song and encore by Miss Jackson, '11, the most popular soloist in McMaster.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow."

WITHOUT doubt, the new year has rung in a new order of things in the Ladies' Rooms. Where are the laughing groups, the "sleeping beauties" on the couches, the happy readers of the latest magazine? Gone, like the old year, and yet unlike 1908 in that they will inevitably return when the dark phantom of horrible exams. ceases to haunt our waking and sleeping hours alike. There are two periods during the academic year when McMaster girls are inordinately enamoured of text books and notes, and religiously deaf to the call of the less serious "pleasures of life." January brings us examinations and vain regrets expressed in the oft repeated: "Oh, why didn't I study this ages ago?" But exams. cannot last forever, and once more merry sounds from the rink will proclaim that "plugging days" are no more for the present.

ON Thursday afternoon, December 4th, Mrs. Smith entertained the McMaster girls at her home. The seniors served refreshments from a table beautifully decorated with carnations and candles. The girls had an opportunity to meet several friends of the University in addition to the professors' wives. A very enjoyable time was spent by all.

Y. W. C. A.—At the first meeting of the month Mrs. Cowsert was present and gave us a very delightful talk on the 23rd Psalm.

The next meeting was devotional in character, and all were urged to speak of their own personal thoughts on Christmas giving, and tell what the day meant for them. Miss Emma Kennedy, who has recently returned from the West, brought with her a message from our sister society at Brandon College. She said their devotion and enthusiasm was inspiring. It was also suggested at this meeting that we help in a practical way to bring Christmas joy to some poor home in the city, and a committee was appointed to raise money for this.

On December 16th Mrs. Holman gave the most heart-searching talk the girls have listened to for a long time. Her subject was "The Holy Spirit," and she earnestly declared that there

was no higher ground, and that spiritual perfection was reached merely by doing the same things over and over again, day by day. The examples she drew from her own experience as a student were very helpful and encouraging. Miss Helen Davidson then sang "Come Unto Me."

Mrs. G. H. Campbell entertained the classical girls at her home on Friday, December 11th. We had all been told to take our sewing with us, and for some it was a hard matter to find or borrow any. But the sturdy little *homo novus* allowed no one to feel lonely simply for want of a little bit of needlework. We all had a delightful time, as classical people always do over a cup of cocoa.

THE WAIL OF THE FRESHETTE.

With fingers inky and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A freshette sits in studious pose,
Plying her pencil in bed.

Cram! cram! cram!
With notes from far and near,
And as she thinks of the fun she has missed,
She silently drops a tear.

Plug! plug! plug!
Till her brain begins to swim;
Plug! plug! plug!
Till her eyes are heavy and dim:

Greek and Latin and French,
French and Latin and Greek,
Till o'er the pages she falls asleep,
In dreams the translation to seek.

Plug! plug! plug!
From early morn till night,
Plug! plug! plug!
Not a single "first" in sight;

Algebra, English, and German,
All to prepare for exam,
Mechanics, biology, history,
And only ten days to cram!

—E. P., '10.

Junior (on a rickety chair, which, like some Greek roots, threatened to cause her downfall): "My conscience!" Professor: "I beg your pardon?" Junior (slightly modifying): "I think my chair's going to fall to pieces." Professor: "Good gracious! you're not going to tumble down, are you?"

W. L. S.—The Society gave a reception to the freshettes, the wives of the professors and Baptist ministers and the mothers of the girls. Mrs. Smith, our Honorary President, and Mrs. Arnton helped the President, Miss Florence Edy, '09, to receive the guests after they had been duly ushered in and announced by be-gowned and be-capped members of the Society. While the guests were assembling instrumental music was provided. Later, a very entertaining programme was given, when the following numbers were rendered: Piano solo, Ruth Denovan, '11; reading, Winnifred Dengate, '10; vocal solo, Evelyn Kellock, '11; dialogue, Etta Pugsley, '10, and Barrie Duncan, '10; and reading, Mrs. Arnton. After the programme the guests were shown into the two rooms which are used on such occasions, the Ladies' Room and the Faculty Room. Here Miss Pugsley and Miss Duncan, in their old-time costumes, poured coffee at a table decorated with roses and candles. After the guests had departed the hostesses might have been seen leaving McMaster Hall with various suit cases, as if holidays had begun, or with two or three cushions ready for defence when necessary.

The last meeting was devoted to the reading of the play we are to give next spring, "As You Like It." Mrs. Arnton had charge and acted as judge. As we went forward to the front seats to be tried we probably hoped in our inmost heart that we should be acquitted. Those who were found most suitable for the different characters were proved guilty, and when the reading is given next March the verdict will be known to the public.

The day before Christmas one of the girls, assisted by a gallant co-ed, might have been seen wandering around the Ward in search of a certain poor family who needed a Christmas dinner. After some futile attempts to go to the right place, they were finally successful, and deposited their numerous packages, big and little, wherever they could find room between the wondering children.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. A. DETLOR.

"There is a difference between having something to say and having to say something."

AT this juncture in our editorial career we feel the uniqueness of the above quotation. The track, Rugby and soccer, with all their varied interests—individual glory, personal bickerings, year defeats and triumphs—are now a thing of the past. Ahead lie the sweet pleasures of the rink and the manly joys of hockey, while looming up before us in rapidly enlarging proportions is the second great struggle of McMaster with her old-time adversary. But for the present we lie like a ship becalmed at sea, with the hungry sharks nosing around and the expectant birds flitting about the empty, useless sails. We feel like the hardy slaves of Egypt moulding bricks without straw, or the indomitable sons of '04 making gas from nothing.

Perhaps with this word of explanation we would be pardoned should we make the freshmen the subjects of a few comments. If at any time the remarks from this paper seem to our young friends but seathing invective, let them remember we say nothing but with a kindly spirit and an eye single to their best interests and the future welfare of McMaster. If at times our criticisms seem harsh and unsympathetic, it is because we see the error of their ways and seek to set them in that straight and narrow path we older ones are now inclined to tread. Thus, when the heroic couplet sent out its cutting message it was not that we wished to rail them for their ignoble showing on Field Day, but that we would spur them on to what we believe they can do. Or when we declared the freshmen poor sports it was grounded on facts up to date and published in the hope that it would stir them to a fuller realization of college life. And so we trust our friends will take these things kindly, for we speak but as a father to his children, with a personal interest in their progress and the general welfare of the family. Thankful, indeed, are we that no such effeminate game as "Heaven's Angels" has yet made its appearance in the McMaster athletic constitution, but we fear that the general apathy of the freshman year towards sport—due possibly to their being so scattered, few being in the building—will tend to lower the status of the college. This would be deplorable, for

the older years must pass away, and upon the freshmen "the weight of all, and our last hope, relies." Freshmen, McMaster must be recognized on the field and ice as she is recognized on the platform!

An Accident Fund.—We trust we shall not be taunted with being tainted by the corroding influence of a towering ambition for agitation if we were to advocate some provision for accidents in our athletic constitution. It seems hardly fair that the men who take the field and give every ounce of their energy for the glory of McMaster and suffer injuries thereby, should be called upon to meet their own bills. If a trip is made outside the city are the individual players expected to pay their own expenses? If a certain player is needed for a game and his playing entails absence from his charge over Sunday will not the Athletic Association fill the appointment and meet the expenses? Why, then, should a player who is hurt seriously in a game be compelled to pay his own doctor bill? We on the side-lines can yell and cheer when the men are in the battle, and give wild applause and go into ecstasies over a man's brilliant playing. But let that man be carried off the field. "Too bad," we say. "He played a star game." We see him a week after limping around, and we ask him how he is. Now this seems to me to show a very poor appreciation of the man's services and a mighty slender sympathy with him in his misfortune. Of course, we wish him well; but when a man gets a tooth knocked out of his head, or a rib fractured, or a toe smashed, or an eye cut, let us as an Athletic Association do him well by footing his doctor bill. If a man is hurt in an inter-year game, let his year foot the bill. We make these remarks from our own just conviction, not from prejudice on our part, nor from any complaint from those who were hurt in last fall's Rugby.

The Scrubs.—While our one absorbing interest is the first hockey team, we must not lose sight of the great body of fellows commonly known as "scrubs." These fellows can't play hockey, but they are anxious to learn. They are always on hand with a cracked stick or a toothpick blade, hovering round the rink like birds of prey, and were it not for the strict ruling of the captain they'd veritably cover the ice. We know that they are little good, but they should have a show. Some of them have never played much hockey, and, of course, it is rather late to begin; but when we remember that the stalwart Bensen never had a stick in his hands till he came to McMaster it behooves us to give these ambitious scrubs a chance to get into shape. Now

they will have Saturday morning at Victoria, but that is not enough to make players of those awkward fellows: they need more. But we cannot give it and at the same time do our first team justice. Therefore this column asks the question and leaves it with the school to answer: Is there not some rink in the city which the Athletic Association could procure for these scrubs one hour a week? This would give them two hours a week, and we believe by such consideration we would be laying the foundation of a strong, live hockey spirit in McMaster.

A Hockey Trainer.—Now that the immortal "Chess" New has passed from the active life of our college sports, and can no longer tuck the fellows away snugly in bed promptly at 10 p.m., it becomes advisable to secure another trainer. We want a man thoroughly imbued with the athletic spirit, a man of influence, who commands the respect of the fellows. We want a man persistent in his energies and dogged in his determination to keep the fellows straight and make them toe the mark. We want a man who will work hand in glove with the captain and carry out his instructions. Such a man can be found, and found only, in the redoubtable Caleb Harris.

Mr. Harris is the only man for the position. A man so actuated by the spirit of sport that athletics color his otherwise literary utterances morning, noon and night. Indeed, so reputable has he become that if one asks, "Where is Caleb?" the answer is at once made, "Oh, round the hall somewhere, talking athletics." As for his influence, there's not a man that knows him but pronounces him "a hail fellow well met," with championship cups on the brain. To the freshmen he is the epitome of all knowledge, yet kindly bearing with their ignorance; and when an unsuspecting freshman spells "cemetry" for "cemetery" he simply says, "Well, I guess it's not quite full." To the sophomores he is the acme of vituperative language fulminating against their rash and ill-advised projects. To the juniors this doughty champion is the effusive poet, singing their fatuous schemes. To the seniors he is the man of omniscience, knowing the possibilities of every fellow in the college and vigorously expatiating upon those possibilities with the acerbity of a professional coach and the language of a poet-laureate. Such is the man Caleb Harris, whom we unhesitatingly recommend for the position of trainer. Already, from his own intense interest in the boys, he is fully performing the duties of a trainer, and we think the Athletic Association should demonstrate their appreciation of his services and formally recognize him as "trainer."

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: L. D. JACKSON, '09.

CHICAGO University seems to be a favorite stamping ground for McMaster graduates. This year adds four more to the ranks of those who are taking post-graduate work there.

D. H. McINTOSH, '06, who returned last August from England, where he had spent a term at Oxford University, is taking up work in Education and Economics.

A. G. CAMPBELL, '97, of Okanagan College, Summerland, B.C., is also spending a year there.

DAN BUCHANAN, '06, recently of Woodstock College, is taking up work in Mathematics, with a view to a Ph.D.

HARRY PROCTOR, '99, has resigned his charge at Calgary, Alberta, and is also studying at Chicago.

L. H. THOMAS, '99, late of Guelph, is now pastor at Kenora.

G. H. SNEYD, '97, is pastor at Port Arthur, succeeding E. W. Parsons, '99, who has been compelled to give up work for a year owing to ill health.

G. W. LANGDON, '03, is pursuing a successful career in the real estate business in Winnipeg, Man.

EPH. ST. JAMES, 06, is in the employ of the Imperial Oil Co. at Winnipeg.

W. G. CARPENTER, '05, recently of Bowmanville High School, now holds a responsible position in the Science Department of Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

GEO. TOMPKINSON, '05, assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass., received the degree of B.D. from Newton Theological Institution last spring.

A D. WERDEN, '04, of Rochester Theological Seminary, accepted a call to the church in Dubuque, Iowa, last August.

C. J. Triggerson, '00, has resigned his pastorate at Hamilton, and is now taking post-graduate work in Biology at Cornell University.

W. W. Lailey, '04, has graduated in Medicine from the University of Toronto, and is now engaged as house surgeon in the Hospital for Sick Children.

L. H. Werden, '07, after taking one year in Medicine at Toronto University, accepted a position as teacher in the Christian College at Allahabad, India.

A. M. McDonald, '99, of Edmonton, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fort Rouge Church, Winnipeg.

D. A. McGregor, '05, who last year went to India as General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Allahabad, was married on November 30th to Miss Bella Tompkins, of Billings Bridge. The wedding took place at Colombo, Ceylon, where Miss Tompkins was met by her future husband. Before returning to Allahabad Mr. and Mrs. McGregor visited Madras and Cocanada, where a reception was tendered them by the McMaster students stationed there.

Troward H. Marshall, '08, who since graduation has been attending the Harvard University School of Divinity, was fortunate in being awarded one of the six scholarships from the Edward Hopkins Students of Divinity Fund, the value of which is $275 in cash, for the year 1908-'09. Before attending here he graduated in Theology from Colgate University. We congratulate Mr. Marshall on his success, which we venture to add is due in no small way to his having married a McMaster girl, Miss Grace Iler, '98.

The following is a pen portrait of Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, clipped from *The Religious Herald* and from the pen of a member of the Board of Trustees of Newton Theological Institution, of which Board Dr. Wallace has been the accomplished President. As he was for ten years Chancellor of McMaster University, and was its pilot through many of the trials of the younger days, we think this appreciation will not fail to interest Monthly readers and bring back pleasant memories to the minds of many graduates:

"What manner of man is Dr. Wallace? The portrait of him which graces the cover of this week's The Watchman fully answers this question. Surely eddying ripples of the slightly

frosted hair betoken virility and vitality. The finely chiselled and classic face is a credible prophet of refinement and grace. The eye impresses one first as kindly, next as deep-seeing, last as strong. The broad space over the eyes and below the hair indicates that here is a man who is wont to reflect upon what he is quick to perceive. The full lips are harbingers of felicitous speech. The chin is a distinct hint of the presence somewhere in this man's constitution of a vigorous will which intimate acquaintance will discover to be always a good-will. There is the slight stoop of the shoulders which characterizes the student. All this is what The Watchman portrait tells even to a stranger. But to him who has come to know the man, the portrait shows that light which was never on sea or land, the light which belongs to him who knows the secret of the Lord and obeys the royal command of love.

"I wish the Herald might be able to place upon its cover such a portrait of Dr. Wallace as I have before me while I write. For then its readers could better understand than by any words of mine why our hearts are heavy over his going so far away from us."

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. F. SMITH, '09.

FAME.

The birds sing sweetest in the deepest glade,
Untrodden paths invite the fairest flowers,
The roughest stone, the purest gem has made,
The faintest star could swing this world of ours.
Ambition has no home in gilded halls,
Fame comes at last to those who've sorest wept,
A sage may dwell within a hovel's walls,
The King of Kings first in manger slept.
Heed not a lowly birth and humble home;
The sails ne'er feel the breeze until unfurled.
The flame of genius flutters on unknown,
Then, meteor-like, illumes all the world.

—Stevens, in the *Univ. of Ottawa Review.*

WE are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Trinity University Review; Manhattan Quarterly; Mitre; Columbia Monthly; Mercerian; Brunonian; Martlet; Varsity University Monthly; Vox Wesleyana; Manitoba College Journal; Vox Collegii; Lux Columbiana; Vox Lycei; Harvard Monthly; Solonian; College Index; Acta; O. A. C. Review; Queen's University Journal; Acta Victoriana; Allisonia; University of Virginia Magazine; William Jewell Student; Western Outlook; University of Ottawa Review; Collegian; O. B. C. Peddler; World Wide; Dalhousie Gazette; Hya Yaka; Viatorian; Philomathean Monthly; Western University Gazette; Middlebury Campus; Magnet; Bessie Tift Journal; Ottawa Campus; Starkey Seminary Monthly; University Monthly (University of New Brunswick); Wanagan; Colgate Madisonensis; St. Andrew's College Review; St. Hilda's Chronicle.

A YOUNG MAN asked a young squire what "R.S.V.P." meant at the foot of an invitation. The squire, with a little chuckle, answered: "It means Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and Put!"—*Ex.*

Dare to be a sophomore,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a sophomoric yell,
Dare to make it known!—Ex.

On the back of one of the seats in a class-room at University College there is an inscription which, for brevity and depth of meaning, rivals Julius Cæsar's famous despatch. It is this: Brown, '09, '10, '11.—*Ex.*

TO A FAUN.

Faune, nympharum fugientum amator.—Horace.
O happy Faun, I saw thee yesternight
Pursue the laughing Nymphs among the sheaves
Of yellow wheat. Above, the harvest moon
Hung over-golden, like a censer bright,
Sprinkling faint-scented beams amid the leaves.
And then to-day I found thee at midnoon
Reclined and piping on thine oaten reeds:
Thy lips, a skein of scarlet, were close-tied
In a true-lover's knot; soft zephyrs brought.
With heapéd hands, fragrant, quaint-tinted seeds
In sweet confusion; and from yonder side
The timid Naiads watched thee from their grot.
—*Edward Eyre Hunt, in the Harvard Monthly.*

Seven volumes of *The University Magazine* have been published, and so striking have been the merits of the articles they contain, and so thoroughly national in the highest sense, that the attention of every Canadian reader should be drawn to the columns of this magazine, which gives evidence of such a dignified national tone. We quote the following from *Acta Victoriana:* "From Dr. Edgar, one of the editors, we have gathered certain facts as to the origin of the *Magazine*. The old *McGill Quarterly* went out of existence to make way for a magazine of a more national character. Some Montreal writers asked for assistance from certain people here interested in the furtherance of Canadian literature. The Canadian Society of Authors seized the opportunity of practical usefulness, held a dinner, at which McGill and Toronto Universities were strongly represented, and the present *University Magazine* was instituted. *The Nineteenth Century and After* ranks it with the great English monthlies."

TRIOLET.

When first we met, ma chère Duchesse,
I thought you had a heart.
You showed a lot of friendliness,
When first we met, ma chère Duchesse,
So how was I, poor fool, to guess
That flirting was your art?
When first we met, ma chère Duchesse,
I thought you had a heart.
—J. I. Scull, in the *Nassau Lit.*

SONNET.

Look in my eyes and let me gaze in thine.
Let each in each the other clearly see—
The self, the soul, and not the mockery
That masks before the eyes of men, with line
And color of a play—that self divine
That yearns at times to break the bonds and flee,
As have great souls from self-captivity.
'Tis true; the world is but a stage, and shine
Thereon but daubed and powdered things that strive
For stage effects. Must all be vanity
Forever—hideous, grinning parody?
Ah sweet, look in my eyes and let us live!
My soul is sick of paint and wigs and mask,
It longs to live. Is it too much to ask?

—H. E. Joy, in *The Nassau Lit.*

A CHANGE, it seems, has been made in regard to the publication of *The Varsity*, the former literary organ of the University of Toronto. This publication has been discontinued as a monthly, and in its place a semi-weekly *'Varsity* has appeared, serving as a sort of newspaper and bulletin of University intelligence. Simultaneously with this change, a new students' monthly magazine was to have come into existence. This idea, however, has since been abandoned, and to effect the same end namely, to afford a worthy field for student literary expression *The 'Varsity* and *The University Monthly*, the latter a magazine now in its ninth volume, have amalgamated, the result being that the columns of *The University Monthly* have been made accessible to the undergraduate contributor. Under this new arrangement, the editor of *The 'Varsity* has been appointed associate editor of the *Monthly*.

Mary had a little lamb,
  It was so kind and willing.
But papa's feast required the beast,
  So Mary had a killing.
This action worried Mary's lamb,
  As it was sure to do.
Just drop a tear. The lamb, I fear,
Is in a dreadful stew.—Ex.

COMPLIMENTARY.—"Why, papa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Archie, at dinner, when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as guest of honor. "Of course," said his father. "What of that?" "Why, you said this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton-head' home to dinner this evening."—*College Index.*

THE following lines were addressed by the great English scholar Professor Skeat, to Dr. Murray, editor of the *New English Dictionary.* We clip them from *The Periodical,* in which they were reprinted from a recent number of *Notes and Queries*:

TO DR. MURRAY ON COMPLETING THE LETTER C.

Wherever the English speech is spread
And the Union Jack flies free,
The news will be gratefully, proudly read,
That you've conquered your A, B, C!
But I fear it will come
As a shock to some
That the sad result will be
That you're taking to dabble and dawdle and doze.
To dolour and dumps, and—worse than those—
To danger and drink,
And—shocking to think
To words that begin with d——.

THE WORDS IN D.

Those words in D! A dismal, dreary dose!
Here dilatory dandies dandling doze,
Dull dunces dog our steps and dreadful duns,
Dolours and dragons, donkeys, dolts, and dupes,
Devils and demons, and "the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon!" Dirks and daggers haunt,
Dank dandelions flourish, dampness daunts,
Depression and dejection drags us down,
Drear desolation dwells, and dire delay,
Disaster, disappointment, disarray,
Defeat, disintegration, and despair,
Disease, decay, delirium, darkness, death!
Yet through the darkest dens of dimmest doubt
Dogged determination drives its way,
Dilemmas yield to diligence at last,
Deliberation dissipates dispute,
Dismay is dashed with draughts of dear delight,
Deft dainty dances, and delicious dreams!
The power to do one's duty still survives,
Still dawns the day, divine dominion rules.

A YOUNG man asked a young squire what "R.S.V.P." meant at the foot of an invitation. The squire, with a little chuckle, answered: "It means Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and Put!"—*Ex.*

TIME MEANS MONEY.—"Yes," said the old man to his young visitor. "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five years old, and a really good girl. I shall give her $1,000

when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her $3,000, and the man who takes Eliza who is forty, will have $5,000 with her."

The young man reflected for a moment and then enquired: "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"—*Ex.*

BIND together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and know how much may be accomplished.—Ex.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The years a golden halo weave
  Around long vanished forms;
And in their path a peace now leave,
  Where once were angry storms.

The distant charm will soon gain ground
  To claim these ripening years,
To brave a joy where pain is found
  And sweeten all these tears.

Forget the present pain until
  A fuller music roll
Down all the years and, growing, fill
  One grand harmonious whole.

—A. L. B., 10', in *Acta Victoriana.*

AMOS, '09: "That Toronto man who slept two weeks was arrested yesterday." Stewart, '09: "What was the charge against him?" Amos: "Impersonating a policeman."—*Hya Yaka.*

PROFESSOR: "When was the revival of learning?" Student: "Before the last exams."—Ex.

HARVARD, Yale and Princeton have formed a triangular debating league.—*College Index.*

FRESHMAN: "Will you throw me a glass of water, please?" Senior (at the head of the table): "I'm not a water pitcher, thank you."—*College Index.*

He failed in German, flunked in Chem.
They heard him softly hiss:
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

—Ex.

PROFESSOR (in second year classical lecture, naming over the rivers of Hades): "You had better memorize these, gentlemen, as you are certain to meet with them later on."—*Varsity.*

MY ABSOLUTE.

There is no *near* when I am far from thee;
There is no *far* when I am near to thee:
In thy sweet presence is infinity
Whence petty space must flee.

There is no *early* when I am late to thee;
There is no *late* till I must go from thee:
In thy dear presence is eternity
Whence count of time must flee.

I boast no true love like my love for thee;
I seek no new love save more love from thee:
In thy full love is all sufficiency,
Like timeless sky and spaceless sea.

—C. Britten, in *The Harvard Monthly.*

Harvard, on October 1st, opened a graduate school of business administration.

Chicago University has added a new department, which is called the Consular School. A three years' course is outlined, and at its completion the graduates will be recommended to the President of the United States for appointment. Five students enrolled this year.—*The William Jewell Student.*

THE

McMaster University Monthly

FEBRUARY, 1909.

IN THE LAND OF THE TURK.

"To go to Turkey is to go to the devil; to remain under the Pope is to fall into hell."—*Mediaeval Proverb.*

MUCH of the journey from Cairo to Port Said lies over desert sands and along the Suez Canal. But I did not find it tedious. My mind would not leave off prying into that distant past, when Gizeh and Memphis served but as the portals of the wondrous world which by the splendor even of its wreckage startles the self-complacent modern tourist into dreaming of the ancient glories of the Upper Nile at Thebes, and Luxor, and the other habitations of the mighty dead. Nor did I care to shake off the memories of Cairo, that meeting-place of Orient and Occident, incongruous home of gaiety and sombreness, of *café chantant,* and the great El Azhar University, of picturesque bazaar, and Mehemet Ali's alabaster mosque. This city of the Nile is still a scene of conflict. A growing materialism is proving a menace to Islam; an incipient nationalism chafes beneath the "upstart" rule of the Anglo-Egyptian Government.

Port Said, sandy, cosmopolitan, precarious, is the meeting-place of continents. As our French steamer passed beyond the monument of De Lesseps perched high upon the mole my eyes followed the long line of lights that traced far overland the course of his canal. One is accustomed to behold ships upon the sea. But at Port Said the impression is of ships sailing over the sands. There is something daring about it all that invites our imagination to attend upon the voyages of those steamers

bound for India, Australia, and the uttermost destinations of the earth.

No one can approach Palestine with indifference. It is hard to sleep the night before one reaches Jaffa. Anyone possessed of any historic appreciation must be up betimes. It is useless to explain to yourself that no physical remains there can possibly rival the pyramids, the Parthenon, the Coliseum. You are not dealing with the realm of the physical at all. Whether we realize it or not, our whole training has invested Palestine with a halo. It is idle to try to be calm, to attempt to anticipate with dispassion the land responsible for the most precious possession in life. I had read of the alien Turk and of Bedouin, but by some strange illogic I had excluded them from my Palestine, a Palestine wherein David was still slinging stones at giants' heads, and youthful Samuels were ever waking sleepy Elis. I should have been no more surprised had I beheld on that exquisite morning in June the great fish disporting with its prophetic cargo in this same ancient harbor which was not Nineveh, or some beams of Hiram's cedars dashed up against the reefs that endanger the entrance, or had Simon the Tanner come on board ship ostensibly as medical examiner, but really to collect piastres, than I was actually to realize that there I was in Jaffa on *terra firma*, and real dust, too, disputing with Customs officers, repelling would-be dragomans, or avoiding carcasses of dead dogs that beset the street that leads down from Dorcas' establishment to the house where Peter lodged.

Palestine is not necessarily the place for spiritual uplift. To visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem or the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, where after the passion of two thousand years the Christ must behold a Turkish soldier, an armed follower of Islam, keeping sentry to prevent Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, and Armenian from killing each other in their enthusiasm to preserve what they fondly regard as relics of Him who came to promote good-will, to jostle against burdened donkeys and ugly camels and religious folk in Jerusalem's narrow, dirty streets, to attend the wailing of the Jews on Friday afternoon, a wailing occasionally interrupted by

requests for *backsheesh* on the part of some of the most moanful. to hear the Muezzin call the Ezan from the minarets on the citadel of "Mt. Zion," which, like the mountain at Hamilton, is only a mountain *honoris causa*, to visit the Temple Area under escort, to inspect in the Mosque of Omar the sacred rock whereon Abraham was within an inch of sacrificing Isaac, the rock which wanted to start straight off to heaven with Mahomet on the occasion of some visit or other from Allah's prophet—but an angel held it down to earth, as the dragoman can demonstrate by showing in the rock the imprint of the angel's fingers—all this conspires to make Jerusalem religious, it is true, but neither inspiring nor holy. It is only when one climbs the Via Dolorosa or steals away outside the city walls to Gethsemane, or climbs the path up the Mount of Olives, or takes the road past Bethany down to Jericho and Jordan and the Dead Sea and feels that here He too must have been, or, better still, visits the school for blind girls of my good Canadian friend Mr. Thompson and hears those soft-voiced Arab girls sing some simple gospel hymns and feels that here He is yet.—then is a visit to Jerusalem glorious indeed.

How startlingly the Bible is recalled as one comes upon a group of lepers that call out to you in the valley of Jehosophat, or hears the water-carrier shout, "Ho! every one that thirsteth," or beholds shepherds on the hills near Bethlehem, or sees vineyards with hedges built about them and towers in their midst, or watches the oxen tramping out the corn and peasants throwing chaff into the air, or on a trip to Jericho submits ungraciously to the armed escort who will prevent you "falling among thieves," or beholds from Nazareth, Cana, and Tiberias the town of Safed, a "city set on a hill," or watches the long caravan of traders "going down into Egypt" halt at the spring near the spot where Joseph was made the subject of a transaction. To ride through the plain of Sharon and Samson's country on a railway might expose a man to the charge of modernism, but acquittal would be certain when it was explained that this is a railway in Turkey. To look beyond Jordan to the mountains of Gilead and Moab, to spend a night in the French monastery

at Nablous, the ancient city of refuge, Schechem, near Ebal and Gerizim, and Joseph's tomb, to see Gibeah and Bethel and the colonnades of Herod at Sebastieh, to rest beneath the mulberry trees at Jenin, while your dragoman discourses on the cleansing of the lepers or points out Carmel with memories of Elijah and the Baal contest, and Gilboa, where Saul ended his life; to pass by Nain, Endor, Mt. Tabor, over the Plain of Esdraelon, the great battleground and highway of the ages; to come to Nazareth, nestling in the hills, with the magnificent view from the height behind the town—He must have seen it often; to visit Cana, a tiny village with an English mission school; to spend a day at Tiberias: to explore Bethsaida, Magdala, and Capernaum, with its recently excavated "synagogue"; to experience when sailing upon Galilee "a great tempest on the sea," or, above all, to rest, tired and thirsty, as I did on my Samaria trip, at Jacob's well, the only spot in Palestine that can be definitely connected with Christ—it makes the Bible throb.

No one should leave Palestine without bathing in Jordan or enjoying the sweep of vision from the steeple of the Russian ecclesiastical edifice on the Mount of Olives, or riding up the Damascus road with Ephraim Aboosh, prince of dragomans, or pondering well the story of the crusades or taking a last look upon Jerusalem from Scopus, where Titus encamped to besiege the Holy City, or observing closely the remains of Roman roads, or purchasing his local passport or *tezkere*.

A good day's journey from Samakh at the end of the Sea of Galilee, with winding gorges all morning and snow-capped Hermon hovering near us all afternoon, brings us late in the evening to Damascus, Pearl of the East, at the same time most ancient and most oriental of cities. A great sight it is, with its canopied streets, its veiled women, its crowded bazaars, its Street called Straight, the Great Mosque, the wonderful workshops of the artisans, the beautiful rugs, the donkey market, Emperor William's monument to celebrate the arrival of the telegraph at Mecca, and, *horribile dictu*, the miserable little theatre wherein a negro and white woman from America served as chief attractions, and there it lies, resting on the Abana

and Pharpar, looking up to the Anti-Lebanons, as it did before the days of Abraham.

Over the first mountain range, a change of trains at Râyâk, and then Baalbek. No single group of ruins in Egypt, Greece, or Italy has ever so profoundly impressed me as did the magnificent splendour of Baalbek. It is situated for greatness there midway between Tyre and Palmyra, between Beyrout and Damascus. It has witnessed the vicissitudes of conquest. Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Tartars in turn have occupied, plundered, dismantled, and transformed it, until in these last days Kaiser Wilhelm has had a force of nearly two hundred men at work upon it. The massiveness of the structures is scarcely believable, if one has not seen it for himself. Some conception of the enormous size of the *trilithon* or Cyclopean masonry of the Temple of the Sun may be gathered from the fact that the *trilithon* consists of three blocks of stone placed upon a foundation of six blocks 30 feet long and about 20 feet high above the level of the ground. The first of the three, on the right, measures in length 65 feet, the second 64 feet 10 inches, the third 63 feet 2 inches. They are 13 feet 6 inches high, and 12 feet thick. Each block has a volume of from 345 to 350 cubic yards and an estimated weight of about 720 tons. Yet in spite of their immense size they are so accurately placed in position and so carefully joined that it is impossible to insert a needle between them. But even these are surpassed by the stone that lies at the entrance to the quarry. Its dimensions are 69 feet in length, 13 feet 10 inches in height, and a width of 17 feet 4 inches from below and 13 feet 10 inches from above. Its weight is computed to be about 915 tons. It has not been detached from the rock, but it is wholly hewn and squared. It lies there waiting to be transferred to its fellows. M. de Saulcy has calculated that the united efforts of 40,000 men would be requisite to set this miniature mountain in motion. An impression of the splendid massiveness of the ruins is admirably conveyed by a view of the Hexagon and the Great Court, or the Citadel from the west, or of the Propylæa from the east. The magnificence of ornamentation on the door-

way in the northeast of the Great Court, on the wall of the vaulted cellars, the architraves of the colonnades in the courts, the cornices of the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Bacchus with its great decorated doorway and its interior adornment, the columns of its east portico, its capitals and entablature, the mask formed of acanthus in the frieze of the temple, and, above all, one delicate frieze ornament as graceful as the flowers in the field, all contribute to render Baalbek peerless.

After leaving Baalbek we travel over the Lebanons on a narrow-gauge railway operated on the rack-and-pinion system, with cog wheels at the heavy grades. That is a splendid drop from the independent Lebanon Christian communities down to Beyrout. I can recollect nothing finer than this view of the Mediterranean, unless it is the Bay of Naples as seen from the crater of Vesuvius. In Beyrout, a prosperous seaport extending into the sea, I was fortunate to, meet Professor Webster, a graduate of the University of Toronto in Arts and Medicine and of Knox College in Divinity. He is now teaching in the Syrian Protestant College, and is one of the two men, both Canadians, who most favorably impressed me during the summer. I say this at the risk of slighting both Kaiser Wilhelm and Pope Pius X. The College possesses the finest situation of any academic institution in the world, stretching out into the Mediterranean, with the Lebanons for a background.

At Beyrout, Ephraim Aboosh and I dissolved partnership. But as he was to attend the Patriarch and the Bishop of Jerusalem on an embassy to the Sultan, he left Beyrout by the same ship, and was the means of enabling me to develop a good comradeship with these dignitaries. On Sunday we passed the coast of Cyprus and the southern shore of Asia Minor, and just as the sun was setting we arrived at the Isle of Rhodes, the last main outpost of Christendom to fall into the hands of the Osmans under Suleiman the Magnificent. All next morning we were among the isles of Greece of "burning Sappho" fame. I must confess that, unlike the Greek mainland, they proved a disappointment to me, seemingly devoid of habitations, as brown and sere specimens of physical creation as one

would care to behold. Patmos was no better than the rest, but the mainland of Asia Minor looked not so barren.

On Monday we came to Smyrna. Beautiful for situation is Smyrna, at the far end of the gulf, beautiful even as Constantinople or Nauplia or Naples. Back of the town lies Mt. Pagus, capped by the ancient fortress, "Crown of Smyrna," suggesting to the writer of Revelations the better "crown of life." The early departure of our boat forced me to postpone my visit to Smyrna and Ephesus till I had visited Constantinople.

On Wednesday morning we passed Tenedos. Over on my right behind yon mountain I fancied I could make out just where old Troy should lie, and in my soul I could hear the march of the heroes of the Iliad and "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey." Then came the Dardanelles, which a timid Sultan has fortified by entrenched guns and by some old tubs which Ephraim pronounced to be "warships," the beauteous sea of Marmora, the Prince Islands, then the craning our necks to catch the first glimpse of St. Sophia.

The real beauty of Constantinople is in its water. As one looks forth from the Galata Tower, the Bosphorus stretches out to the left, inviting the vision to penetrate to the Black Sea, to the right the Sea of Marmora extends far off to the Dardanelles and classic Greece, while below, shimmering in the sheen of a setting sun, the Golden Horn, alive with innumerable caïques, leads up to the sweet waters of Europe. Just across the Bosphorus in Asia is Scutari, with white gleaming walls and domed mosques and tapering minarets, and, scorning all contact with the earth, far in the distance soars Mt. Olympus of Bithynia. At your feet lie Galata and Pera, the progressive foreign sections of Constantinople, with the dark cypresses of the Petit Champ des Morts and foreign embassies on the sloping terraces. Across the Galata bridge lies Stamboul proper, the Turkish town situated on the peninsula where lay ancient Byzantium. Here are the Mosque of St. Sophia—(really not St. Sophia at all, but *Hagia Sophia*, the Holy Wisdom)—the Imperial Museum of Antiquities, the old Seraglio grounds, the Sublime Porte, and the Hippodrome, with its memories of Janissaries.

Everywhere are pariah dogs, miserable, mangy curs, neglected by the Turks, but protected by the Koran. The late Sultan Aziz nearly precipitated a revolution by proposing to transport them to a barren island. Everywhere in the Turkish quarter are latticed windows concealing the harem—for the face of woman is sacred. Barbarous people, you Westerners are! Men look at women, and women look at men—unheard of impropriety! And yet, with these same folk legs to the knees are a parliamentary spectacle. Everywhere acrobatic movements proclaim the prayer of the pious devotees of Islam. Telephones, theatres, electric cars and electric lights are non-existent. There is not one postal system but several, for each European State supports its own post-office.

Asia and Europe meet here in this cosmopolitan city. You carry your citizenship with your passport. Five men on the street may be obeying five different kinds of law. No better evidence, as Sir Charles Eliot has pointed out, can be given of this cosmopolitan character than what is styled an *Almanach à l' usage du Levant,"** "Every leaf which is daily torn off is a museum for the chronologer, philologist, and student of comparative religion. It bears inscriptions in six languages: Turkish, French, Bulgarian, Greek, Armenian, and Spanish, in Hebrew letters. It records the flight of time according to five systems. Thus, the same day is described as December 9, 1898, new style, or November 27, old style (followed by the Greeks, Bulgarians, and Armenians); or Rejeb 26, 1316, for the devout Mohammedan, who counts from the Hijira; or Teshrin-i-sani 27, 1314, for the official Turk, who follows the 'financial year' (a remarkable invention of the Sublime Porte); or Kislev 25, 5659, for the Jew who does not pretend to be a Christian. Nay, more, the *Almanach* extends the same large impartiality to all religions. It registers the disagreeable ends of Greek, Bulgarian, and Armenian martyrs, and bids the believer rejoice, according to his particular convictions, over the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, the Prophet's journey

*"Turkey in Europe," p. 142., by Odysseus.

to heaven on a winged steed, and the Dedication of the Temple of Jerusalem—all these exhilarating events being commemorated on the same date. . . . The little Levant almanack does, it is true, give a certain pre-eminence to Mohammed and his celestial tour; he sprawls over the middle in triumphant Arabic flourishes, crowding the Bulgarian and Armenian martyrs into corners, and casting vowel points and spots perilously near the Immaculate Conception. But, though recognizing the predominance of Islam, it addresses a public which has no one language, religion, or code of institutions. It wishes to be useful to the Pasha and the Rabbi; to him who speaks Bulgarian and to him who speaks French; to him who thinks the sun sets at 4.30 and to him who considers that midday is twenty-three minutes past seven."

To those who think of the Turk as the slow-pacing, dignified individual who never hurries except at funerals, or with solemn mien attends the "Sick Man" at the Selamlik at Yildiz Kiosk, or observes the requirements of Ramazan, it may come as an occasion for surprise to learn that he can be a merry man and actually possesses a sense of humor. Sir Chas. Eliot regards as the classical exponent of Turkish humor Khoja Nasreddin Effendi, who one night slept on the verandah to be cool. "He awoke, however, in a fright, and saw what he took to be a robber dressed in white climbing over the garden wall. He seized his bow and immediately sent an arrow straight through the imaginary burglar. On calm examination, however, he found that the white object was one of his own nightshirts, which his wife had washed and hung on the wall to dry. The Khoja accordingly began to call out 'Praise be to God!' and other religious exclamations, which awoke the neighbours, who mistook them for the morning call to prayer. Finding it still wanted several hours to sunrise, they surrounded the Khoja and indignantly inquired what he meant by his untimely piety. 'I was thanking God,' he replied, 'that I was not inside my shirt when I shot an arrow through it.'"

The space allotted by an inexorable editor forbids me to tell of the abominations of Customs officers, of the ignorance of

those Turks who believe that the Sultan is suzerain of Europe, and that tribute flows to him from all other monarchs, of the glories of a trip to the Black Sea upon the Bosphorus, with its numerous palaces and Robert College, of the delights and bargains of the Great Bazaar, of the three visits to the consul and one to the ambassador requisite to the visit to *Hagia Sophia*, where every Friday since that May day in 1453 the Khatib has mounted the mimber to deliver the Friday sermon and brandishes a naked sword in memory of the conquest, of the endless strife between the Palace and the Porte, of the fratricide of the imperial house by which Murad III. secured the throne by the murder of his five brothers, and Mohammed III. established a record by strangling nineteen.

I left Constantinople on a Roumanian ship on July 4th. On July 24th the Revolution was precipitated. No person could foresee the granting of the constitution when I was there. Foreign ambassadors did not anticipate it three days before that wonderful day. But discontent was rife. A Turk told me in a subdued voice that so oppressive was the espionage of Abdul Hamid II. that the weather was the only secure topic of conversation. An Armenian fellow-traveller prophesied that some climax must soon be reached. I did not know then, but I know now, why during the following week I saw troops concentrating in Asia Minor. Bulgaria and Austria have since complicated the work of the Young Turkey. But the timidity and age of the Sultan and the discretion of the Reform party may render the Constitution permanent. A private communication from Constantinople assures me that the change that has taken place is profound.

On my return trip to Smyrna I had the good fortune to meet Dr. McLachlan, president of the International College, one of the most magnificent men I have ever met. I recognized him on the streets of Smyrna because as a boy I had seen his brother. His work there in Smyrna has been splendid. It was worth much to have him indicate the Tomb of Polycarp, the approximate situation of the Seven Churches, and to have him place at my disposal his intimate acquaintance with Ephesus. Ephesus

lies about three hours from Smyrna, and eloquent it is with its ancient theatre, its church of St. John, its prison of St. Paul, its temple of Lysimachus, the gate of persecution, the double church, the gymnasium, the market, the stadium, the library, and, not the least, the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, now a frog pond and no longer great.

Thursday I left for Athens. It was a return to the West.

E. H. O.

"THE REAL PRESENCE."

Where Winter shrouds our sleeping fields with white,
Where Autumn covers them with cloth of gold,
Above them bends the Lord of Life and Light,
The fabrics weaving, that the earth enfold.

He is the beauty in the rose dew-pearled;
He is the soul of silence and of song,
The faith, the hope, the love that rule the world,—
The lasting Right, beneath the transient wrong.

He is the temple—He the yielding door;
He is the lock, and, too, the golden key,—
The secret that eludes us evermore,—
The Light that casts the shadow—Mystery.

—B. W. N. Grigg.

PIETRO.

THE teacher at Level Creek, Saskatchewan, thought driving on the prairies a wonderful thing. You see she was not very old, though she did have charge of the life and destiny of thirteen little foreigners at the new frame schoolhouse—and being not very old, she loved novelty and swift motion. It was such glorious, primitive freedom to drive straight across country on into the very heart of the sunset, or to let the reins go at night when the white moonlight made the level prairie like a city pavement. In time she grew brave enough to drive teamster, and never even troubled to hit the trail—but you don't do that at first, for the prairies seem pathless as the ocean, and its only in time you come to recognize the hawk's nest, the heap of sod, the cross-trail that the natives know as landmarks.

But there was one drive she took that was neither fleet nor joyous. That was when Pietro Gavrilo, a descendant of Shem, and a pupil of hers, hurt his knee at recess and had to be driven home. But first you will have to know about Pietro; also Tinka and Milla, whose three names gave distinction to the school register. Tinka and Milla were his sisters, of course, and fussed over him with much solicitude. All this is shortly to appear. Tinka was eight, and the prettiest. It is really too bad the story is not about Tinka, for she was charming. She was the reigning belle at Level Creek, and the teacher loved her, too. She was so loveable and earnest, and when you gave her a mathematical fact her eyes were as full of the "everything-depends-on-what-you-say" expression as if you were her father confessor. At least, that's how the teacher felt; but then she always took these three dark skinned divine manifestations rather seriously.

Tinka was a little mite of a thing. She made you think of seconds, while Milla, who was grave and big-eyed, made you think

of hours. Sometimes the children laughed at Tinka's accent, which was sweet but chippy. Then her eyes would well up and wet the exquisite black lashes. She wore blue enamel ear-rings and hideously incongruous clothes. Her hair was a queer tawny color and crinkled round her thin, pointed little face. I fancy she was the happy type who shed childish homeliness and keep their gray eyes and delicate noses for future use.

But I should be talking about Pietro. After all there is not much to say. He was always a mystery—a mute one, because his Yiddish and English were almost unintelligible, but in appearance Pietro was the very embodiment of the Semitic hope. The moment you saw his close-cut hair, thin brown face and dumbly patient eyes, you thought of Sinai or the Decalogue. The children persecuted him, and this true child of a vagrant people felt the world against him and remained dumb. Into this breach stepped Milla with her mother love—and the teacher loved him because of that beaten, cowed something within him that cried out for a champion. The Gavrilos were from Russia and understood persecution.

One day at recess at Level Creek a little girl broke her arm. Not that this has anything to do with Pietro, but it established an unhappy precedent, for the next day Pietro cut open his knee. Nor would this event have affected the moral tone at Level Creek, but the head trustee, at whose house the teacher boarded, suspected her of negligence in the matter of these maimed limbs. And the reason he suspected her and abused her and persecuted her was the one which made him suspect and abuse and persecute everyone else. When the teacher thought of him something quoted to her softly,

"I am determined to prove a villain."

And she didn't stop at Shakespeare—for Psalm 55: 21 was his perfect picture. Now be sure to look this up.

It was a perfect Saskatchewan June day. The little frame schoolhouse seemed to have been dropped on to the green out of the blue. Nothing else was visible, though you could hear the snipes, now as always, with their clattering, noisy call and vulgar flapping wings. It was lunch time at Level Creek. The teacher

ate out of her tin pail at her desk, while the children ate outside, when there was a sudden commotion and a shouting. Someone tore in at the door. It was Tinka, her little face aglow, yet full of terror, her crinkly hair falling in her eyes.

"Teacher," she shouted, "teacher—Pietro—cut hisself—all the blood—hurt hisself—all the leg iss blood—bad boys."

Milla followed her in. Words failed Tinka, but she was all action. She pulled the teacher outside, sobbing sharply, and Milla followed again. The children were frightened into quiet and stepped back when the three came out.

"It iss the bad boys," repeated Milla vaguely, the instinct of accusation strong within her.

But they were both wrong. Pietro had fallen on a broken bottle and was moaning in a stupid, helpless fashion.

"You may all go home for the rest of the day," said the teacher to the waiting children, who departed regretfully at losing a taste of sensation.

"Bring out the towel and water-pail, Milla. Then hitch up your horse—your horse, that brings you to school in the mornings. Don't you understand? Tinka, try to catch the horse while we help Pietro. Run, Tinka," she added, with nervous impatience, pushing her aside and beckoning to Milla to hurry with the towel.

With real dismay she examined the cut. The bone was laid bare. To her inexperienced eye it looked ugly. She tore the towel into strips. There was nothing for it but to wash it, bind it and have it sewed. The doctor was eighteen miles off.

The four got into the ramshackly waggon the Gavrilos used and crawled slowly along the trail, for every jolt of the wheels increased the flow of tears from all three, who cried in a frightened, fluttered way as if their hearts were breaking.

Now it is a rare thing to see anyone on foot on the prairies. Yet someone was walking toward them. It was the head trustee; the children had told him. As the teacher saw the tall form nearing them she stiffened with apprehension. "He will tell me now," she said to herself bitterly, "what he has wanted to for days, that it was my fault Amelia broke her arm, that his

children are not learning anything—(idiots! they never will); that it is my fault there is broken glass in the schoolyard; that they cannot afford my salary. He hates these Jews, because I love them. He will send me away, and I shall have *nowhere* to go. He will shrug his shoulders and be polite, and all the time want to kill me."

They had met now. The girl in the buggy had the advantage; he had to look up to her to speak.

"What is the matter with Pietro?" It was the correct English of an educated German.

"I think his knee is broken."

"And you shut the school and send my children home. We pay you to keep it open."

"Pietro could not go home alone. These children are perfectly helpless. He must have a doctor. Will you send for one?"

Then the shoulders shrugged. He waved his hand. "He is not *my* son. I have other use for my horses. There will be a board meeting when you come back." He went on toward the schoolhouse. She noticed he carried the keys.

She drove on without a word. The crying children were forgotten. Her lips straightened out. It was not from fear. It was the sense of failure. She struggled with its dark, ugly body, which told her that in her first game in life she had lost.

Those three miles took so long to cover. That was because she shrank from the humiliation at the end.

Now they have reached the house—a quiet little place with gentle cooing doves on the roof and a fine yearling colt at the door.

The father came out slowly.

"Pietro!" cried Tinka, "he hass hurt hisself—the knee."

The father took the child most lovingly in his arms and carried him in. What a room! Whitewashed startlingly clean and overdecorated—windows hung with colored tissue paper cut in strips—pinwheel affairs in each corner. There was a paper centrepiece on the table and a tumbler of prairie grass in the middle. The little cot beds, the sheets, the curtains were white as milk.

There was deep lace on the pillow covers, yet manifest poverty—evidently a passion for decoration.

Once inside Pietro fainted. The mother appeared. She screamed and muttered Yiddish. She wrung her hands and looked menacingly at the teacher. She kissed and fondled the boy and tried to drive away the father. She was a useless, chattering Jewess. Tinka seized her wrapper and pulled her outside.

"Get water, Milla, and cotton—a rag—a cloth—and clean."

There was none in the house. The teacher tore up her handkerchief. The father held the boy and the leg was bandaged again.

Then Tinka drew the teacher gently to the table. "You sit," she said, "You haf dinner."

With the sweetest grace in the world she spread it out—a glass of clear tea and a saucer of peanuts, stale and brown. And because the teacher *could* not eat Tinka was hurt, and a pink flush spread under the freckled little cheeks. With her pretty modesty she tried again.

"You likes bread?" And the teacher thought vaguely of unleavened cakes as she forced down the soggy slice covered with melted cheese.

It was so hard to make them understand Pietro must be taken to a doctor. And the foolish mother wasted so much time getting ready. The teacher could not make her hurry; so she sat down and waited. If she left them she knew they would not take him. The mother changed Pietro's clothes, adorned herself in another blue wrapper, tied a sash round her waist and the end of a curtain over her head. She had a long search for her ear-rings. Then she placidly fastened them before a looking-glass. She changed her husband's vest, put on his watch chain and polished his shoes. They made a bed of pillows for Pietro in a grain wagon and drove off.

Tinka and Milla drove the teacher home in the ramshackly wagon. She kissed them good-bye.

Listlessly she crossed the doorstep of the house. Some of her pupils who knew what was going to happen peered in curiously.

The trustee's children smiled maliciously. "And I have done nothing, nothing," she said passionately; "it is all his blind prejudice and hate."

"We are waiting for you—just sit here." It was the same suave voice she really cowed before, though the man little suspected it. That was partly why he hated her—because he could not break her.

"There was broken glass in your schoolyard," he began. The other trustees said nothing. They were completely in his power; they would all go against the girl. "You sit inside to eat your lunch. We think you are looking after our children. Perhaps in your next school you will eat with your pupils."

"You mean you are dismissing me," said the teacher. Like all normal people, she hated insinuations.

"Oh, well, if you *will* put it that way." He shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand.

He rose and went over to his desk. "You do not even show us your certificate—you say you have one—oh, yes, but who can tell? You keep these children writing all day till they say their hands are tired. Emil makes his s's like f's, and he says you never correct him."

Self-defence was so futile. It was all against nothing. "If you will give me my cheque," she said, without expression.

"Oh, yes—in full—you have taught here twenty-two days."

He turned around in his chair and made it out. She went at once out of the room. Something blinded her eyes. It may have been her utter helplessness, or possibly rage, but, above all, stinging failure.

* * * * * *

She got another school quite near. One day in July she was in town, sitting in a buggy in front of a store. She heard a child's limping step behind, accompanied by the tap-tap of a crutch on the sidewalk. It stopped by the buggy and the face of Pietro was raised toward her.

"I haf seen you now before," he faltered in the old half-spirited way, and the pensive note in his voice deepened. "You come back on our school? I no likes it now. You come on back."

"I can't come back, Pietro. They won't let me, and I have another school."

He looked at her mildly, not understanding.

"Not let you?" he repeated after her. "I canna do the numbers, I canna write the book. Tinka say she no likes it now."

The crutch slipped away and he leaned forward with a thin bare arm on the buggy. The teacher impulsively kissed the tired face, which deepened into a wan smile.

"New teacher mad—how you say? Mad—. I gif you this," he went on, in the unchildlike voice, and laid a bunch of orange lilies in her lap. The children at Level Creek had learned the pretty fancy of calling them lace-buttons.

"And you no come on back?"

All that Pietro said had a little yearning upward inflection.

And when she shook her head Pietro turned away, as who should say, "Once more the world against me."

After he had gone the teacher's face wore a curious expression. There was a twist of sadness on her lips for the lonely soul of Pietro, but a beam of joy in her eye, that, when all was done, she had not failed. As she drove home through the sweet night she found herself saying over and over, "Unto the least of one of these."

E. Winnifred Dengate, '10.

FAREWELL TO MISSIONARIES.

T was only last October that Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bensen and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Timpany set out for India, yet already McMaster has again had the honor of seeing another of her graduates entering the work in the mission fields of the Far East. On Thursday evening, January 7th, the students and friends of McMaster assembled in Castle Memorial Hall to bid Godspeed to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brownlee, who were on the point of leaving for China. Briefly, the various speakers expressed their own personal interest and fellowship, and the good-will of those they represented towards the missionaries as they took upon themselves the new duties and responsibilities to which God had called them.

The Rev. Judson McIntosh, as a fellow-student and class-mate, spoke on behalf of Theology, '01, assuring Mr. Brownlee of the honor which the members of that year felt in having one of their number bearing the standard of the King whom they had learned to serve together, before the opening eyes of China, and promising to follow him in his work with interest and prayerfulness. Mr. T. M. Dadson, B.A., representing the present student body, pointed out that the old spirit of McMaster was as alive as ever, that her students had still the cause of Christ at heart, and were as open as ever to the call of duty. Rev. Dr. Brown, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, spoke a few words concerning the opportunity for service in China. Mr. Helmer, Secretary of the China Inland Mission, gave an interesting account of the experiences the missionaries would pass through as they travelled to their field of activity and prepared for their work. Principal Hardy of Moulton College spoke in behalf of the institution of which Mrs. Brownlee is a graduate. Dr. Cross voiced the sentiments of the Faculty. None, he said, were more interested in Mr. Brownlee's enterprise than the

Faculty. They had followed him throughout his six years' course and during his pastorate, and would still follow him as he went to labor in his missionary undertakings. It was a great encouragement to the Faculty to see men like Mr. Brownlee entering this work. They desired him to feel that in going forth he was backed by Alma Mater.

The most interesting and impressive part of the evening was Mrs. Brownlee's account of how God had led her and her husband on into the full conception of the work which He had set apart for them to do. As a girl, she said it was her earnest desire to be a missionary, but when, later, after graduating from Moulton College, she became the wife of a minister, it seemed as though that was as near as she was likely to come to the realization of her wishes. But not so. The command of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation," had become to them both a clear and personal call to carry the gospel message to the souls in darkness. After due deliberation and prayer, they had decided that the field of their future work was to be China.

Great was the enthusiasm displayed as Mr. Brownlee rose to speak. In his opening remarks he recalled the days spent in McMaster's halls, when he used to join with the boys on the athletic field or in their debating contests, and, all important, when it was his privilege to sit under the instruction of his beloved professors and receive the training that was to make him of use in the world. Mr. Brownlee's thoughts soon turned to China and the work he would soon be carrying on there. He gave three reasons for the importance of bringing about the evangelization of that great country. China possessed great wealth, both because of the natural resources of her territory and because of the intellectual capacity of her people. What if, when she rises in her strength, China should remember, as she has cause to remember, the insults and encroachments of the Western powers. Christianity alone possessed the power to avert the catastrophe. Again, the sense of common fairness cries out against the neglect with which Christians are treating China. The people there have one missionary to every hundred and

fifty thousand of the population. Finally, the Christian's individual obligation to his Lord demands the service of him. It should not be so much the need of the foreign country that should cause a person to identify himself with the work as his own personal feeling of obligation to the Master. Mr. Brownlee warned the students not to make the mistake that he himself came so near making, namely, of allowing themselves to pass the age limit before recognizing their call into the mission work. Opportunities for service were unlimited. McMaster's graduates, regardless of sacrifice and self-denial, have gone forth, and now represent their Alma Mater in most of the world's mission fields. Remember the motto of our college, *Ta panta en Christo sunesteken.*

Who will be the next to go?

After the meeting those present availed themselves in a most hearty manner of the invitation to bid a personal farewell to the missionaries, and by word and by handclasp communicated to Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee their wish that God's benediction might follow them along their way. Owing to the meeting being held in the very midst of examinations, many students were unable to be present. However, at the close a large group of men in the Hall came down to send Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee away with the McMaster yell ringing in their ears.

K. A. C., '10.

MUSIC AND MUSIC.

EPHISTO, in *Musical America*, says: "There is music and music." The best way I could describe to you a selection given recently by a renowned orchestra would be by the following recipe: First, catch a half-dozen musical, night-prowling cats. Then get a half-dozen dogs. To each dog's tail tie two tin cans. Let loose the cats and the dogs, with the tin cans after them, to the accompaniment of Chinese firecrackers, torpedoes and red fire. And the result will be something near the idea I got of Scriabine's "L'Extase."

Now, hundreds of others probably described the same selection as: "A perfect dream! Words cannot fitly express its sublimity. When the enchanting spell was broken I had much ado to bring myself back to earth again."

These ill-mated facts tempt me to wonder—then to think—and, finally, to come to the conclusion that human nature must be as so many different musical instruments, one representing a piano, another a violin, still another a harp, mandolin, or banjo. A renowned pianist may sit down to the harp and produce a discord at his initial touch. The harper picks up the violin and instantly sends the listeners' fingers to their outraged ears at his unmelodious scraping. Yet, give either musician his own peculiar instrument, and the result may be such fascinating music that great audiences will be held spellbound. Thus it is with individuals. Some music plays so sympathetically on a man's "melody strings" that the warm blood is sent dancing through his veins, and with its dying notes all care vanishes like magic. But the very same strains playing on another person's nature may strike such a discord that he will feel indescribably uncomfortable, and even wretched, longing for the comparatively welcome din of screeching cats and Chinese firecrackers, while his neighbor is reclining on beds of roses in balmy valleys of Elysium.

For instance: A fond mother sits close beside the piano, gazing in enraptured silence on the methodical twitching of her young hopeful's fingers, while the drowsy metronome wags its noisy head back and forth—

Click—clack—click—clack,
One, two, three, four.
Click—clack—click—clack,
One, two, three, four.

Is any music sweeter to a mother's ear than the earliest productions of her ten-year-old daughter? Her husband is in his cosy den, smoking, as usual, over his evening paper, and suddenly he calls out: "Whatever is Ethel trying to play?"

"First Steps in Music," answers the proud mother.

"But is there nothing she can play with her hands?"

Men are so unappreciative, anyhow!

An aged Highlander is sitting at the window, glancing in a disinterested way at each passer-by. Were it not for his rheumatism and the care consequent on its attendance life would hold little to interest him this side of the grave. His grandchild in the adjoining room has been thrumming odd patches of popular airs on the piano half the morning. I doubt if he is aware of the fact, and knows only that he feels perhaps a trifle more fidgety than usual. Suddenly, however, she strikes up the old war-gallop:

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a, an' a,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a, an' a,
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a, an' a.

And now see the old Scotchman! His "melody strings" have been touched by a master hand and made to vibrate and tingle through his whole being. Aye, his very heart-chords feel the thrill of that touch, as with glistening eyes he vainly strives to stand erect, and, failing in this, thumps hearty time on the arm of his rickety old rocking-chair. But all too soon the music gives place to something different, following the fitful mood of the young pianist, and the old man hears nothing more until the

sad, heart-breaking notes of the sweetest song in all the world steal into his welcoming ears, melting the warlike fire in his eye and opening wide the long-closed floodgates of his soul:

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

And yet—perhaps you will doubt this, but it is true, nevertheless—I have heard people declare that there was simply *nothing to* Scotch music.

I shall not embarrass "Somebody's Sweetheart" by seeking to discover what is the sweetest music of all to her delicately trained ears. It may be a guitar played at the summer campfire, and it *may* be Mendelssohn's pretty "Spring Song," but, as the old Scotchman himself would say: "I hae ma doubts."

We see, then, that what is music to one person is not necessarily so to another. Strange sounds may also be occasionally transformed by circumstances into the most charming melodies. Supposing a French lecture to be in progress, for which you (or I, myself, possibly) have made absolutely no preparation. Every moment of that hour is to you a week of misery, as you watch in a fascinated way every slightest movement of your tormentor, in immediate terror of being sent to the board; just as a wee chicken, innocent victim of the boa-constrictor's steady gaze, trembles violently, knowing that any minute may be the period (or question-mark ?) to his erstwhile happy existence. Do you suppose that the dulcet harmonies of the Pittsburg Orchestra, combined even with the superior sweetness of our own Mendelssohn Choir, could arouse half the ecstasy occasioned by the one prolonged ding of the hour-bell? Its hitherto monotonous voice is now

"Link'd sweetness, long drawn out,"

And only a Milton or a Tennyson could do justice to its welcome notes.

Climatic conditions are known to influence the strings of any instrument, and the same is true of a person's musical nature. During the winter one can attend concerts given in great music halls and listen attentively to the solos and duets heard there. But find one person, if you can, who could sit quietly through a carefully-planned entertainment on a still summer evening, when he knows that the strains of "Old Black Joe" or "My Old Kentucky Home" are drifting softly over the painted lake from a far-off speck in the golden sunset glow.

There are times, also, when the finest instruments (especially those that have been played upon a great deal) will become so completely out of tune that, no matter how skilful the player, the sounds will be harsh and disagreeable. Thus it was with an acquaintance of mine living in Toronto. He to his friends always declared that nothing stirred him like music. He would say—(he was very poetic, you know)—that his heart was ever melted at the concord of sweet sounds. Circumstances occasioned him recently to board with a family of numerous children, etc., and his apartment was directly above the general sitting-room. For some time he had been troubled with insomnia. About ten o'clock the older members returned from the office, and the happy family gathered in this sitting room to have some music. Their hearts were also melted at the concord of sweet sounds. How their music stirred the rapt listener above! He would stir, and stir, and stir, as that battery of indifferently connected noises was fired upwards. Yes, that orchestra stirred him so powerfully that finally he could contain his overwrought emotions no longer, and at daybreak bestirred himself and attachments to another quarter.

Strange, is it not, the occasional power of music?

G. D. J., '11.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON 11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
MAIME DENNESS, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, 11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1909. No. 5

Editorial Notes.

IN the November issue of THE MONTHLY appeared a notice of the Fifth Prize Story Competition. This year the competition proved not so keen as might be desired, particularly among the graduates. The undergraduates were represented largely by lady students, a significant suggestion of the trend in present-day journalism. The first prize in the Graduate Contest was not awarded.

Professor McLay, Mr. G. H. Campbell, and the editor judged the stories, and herewith are appended the results of their deliberations:

Graduate Competition.—

2nd prize.—Rev. W. E. Bowyer, B.A., '02.

3rd prize.—Miss Bertha Jean Thompson, '07.

Undergraduate Competition.—

1st prize.—Miss E. W. Dengate, '10.

2nd prize.—Miss Gladys D. Jackson, '11.

3rd prize.—Miss Olive A. Cross, '12.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns."

INCE THE MONTHLY seeks to have something to say concerning all branches of college activity, and also to have a word for the various classes of subscribers, it is only fair that the busiest class of all, the critics, should receive due recognition of their services.

This class is fairly large, because "a man must serve his time to every trade save censure—critics all are ready made." It is true, in many cases, that those who are in the world as spectators often know it better than those who are there as actors, and it would appear as if this applied to college life as well.

No doubt, many of the best articles never appear in the magazines for the simple reason that they are never written. If they whose minds are fortified in the certainty of truth whence is beheld the errors, perturbations, and wanderings up and down of other men, would only turn their hand to the pen and give expression to the flights of their imagination, these so-called inferior poems and worthless articles would be consigned forthwith to the waste paper-basket. For it must be borne in mind that—

"Those on wisdom's mount who stand,
A lofty vantage ground command.
They thence can scan the world below,
Immersed in error, sin, and woe.

. . . . . .

But none who have not gained that height
Can good and ill discern aright."

In the meantime, however, while the commonplace productions continue to appear, there is little doubt that if to some simple little poems the names of such as Burns or Browning be affixed, some will see beauty of thought and expression which is not really there at all.

It is advisable to bear in mind that the treatment should be in accord with the subject, nor should it be forgotten that a simple verse dealing with a game of football or a sleigh-ride party is not worthy of such a dignified treatment as "The Fall of Man, or The Wanderings of Aeneas." According to Cowper, God made the country and man the town, but who made the critic, I wonder?

Professor, at the beginning of the course in Constitutional History: "Gentlemen, I beg that you will not believe many of the things I shall tell you this term."

On January 21st, the sophomores met at the home of Professor McCrimmon to sing the praises of praiseworthy year eleven. There is a rumor abroad to the effect that one of the singers had a wild scramble at the last moment for an accompanist, during the confusion of which the fair one slipped through his slippery fingers. However, this cannot be known for certain. Those who went had a splendid time, especially the men, who had the novel experience of receiving their first lessons in the art of trimming hats. This pleasure was greatly enhanced later by seeing the work of their nimble fingers in actual use. The freshmen by a strange coincidence had their annual sleigh-ride on the same evening, "Playing the mouse in absence of the cat," and slyly taking advantage of the sophs' interests being directed to other channels. Thus stern duty called away from the festive board several of year elevens' noblest and best to aid in the preparations for the freshmen's reception. About midnight, dainty refreshments were served by the girls, and after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the homeward journey was reluctantly commenced. The forlorn partners of the departed heroes were gallantly taken care of by their remaining friends.

Such occurrences as "getting in the soup" or "putting your foot in it," are common enough, but a member of 'nought-nine had an experience somewhat different from either of these yet akin to both. While he was out to dinner one evening with a lady friend of his, he got his foot into the gravy bowl. It is little wonder that there is an agitation going on for an "accident fund" to repay those who are hurt in the *games*.

A consistent freshman, who was to contend in debate against the bringing in of the letter "u" as proposed by Inspector Seath, refused to eat turnips for dinner because they were spelled with a "u."

Day of Prayer for Colleges.

Thursday, Jan. 28th, being the annual "Day of Prayer for Colleges," lectures were suspended and sessions of the Y.M.C.A. and Fyfe were held morning and afternoon.

In the morning a devotional service was held, in which the purpose of the day was evident. The divine blessing was invoked upon all institutions of learning. Dr. Gilmour then spoke a few words in introducing the speaker of the day, Rev. A. L. Therrien. Dr. Gilmour referred to the influence of the French in Europe and America. He introduced Mr. Therrien as one who understood the French and their religion, and as one who had done much toward bringing the Gospel to the Catholics of Quebec.

The subject of Mr. Therrien's address was "Race and Religion." He showed that, while race characteristics to a certain extent explain the difference in the progress of the nation's history, the real explanation is to be found in "religion." In Germany, France, and Switzerland, people of the same race show unequal progress, the Protestant sections inevitably becoming the most successful and influential. Mr. Therrien emphasized the superiority of Protestant Christianity and the necessity of disseminating it.

In the afternoon the meeting was led by Dr. Farmer. Prof. Dales gave a helpful address on "The Relation of Study to the Spiritual Life." He indicated some dangers; then pointed out how a student may prosecute his studies and still develop a strong Christian character.

Rev. Mr. Therrien then addressed the meeting on "French Evangelization and McMaster Students." He outlined the difficulties of the work in meeting Roman Catholicism, but the encouragement is such as should lead many to offer themselves for this work, especially in those parts where proficiency in the two languages, English and French, is necessary. This work affords all the novelty of foreign missions, with the satisfaction of being in the home land. Many took the opportunity of asking questions; in this way Mr. Therrien was able to give valuable information.

The class prayer meetings which followed were exceptionally well attended. The prayers indicated the influence of the different addresses of the day. There was renewed consecration to the work of Jesus Christ through the Gospel.

The day was one of the most helpful missionary days in the history of the University.

Professor in English, after describing the scene where Noah, in the "miracle play," beat his wife for refusing to enter the ark: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you see that in this there is nothing Biblical, but there is much that is dramatic—that is, there is something doing."

The Lit.—The Literary Society met in the chapel Friday evening, January 29th, and held a very entertaining meeting. After the usual opening exercises the programme commenced with a piano solo by Mr. C. Farmer. This was followed by a violin selection by Mr. Fred McGregor, '12. Miss Kennedy, '09, then appeared, all wrapped and muffled up, as though she were coming straight from the Western life and experience about which she was going to speak. In a most interesting and humorous way she related some of the many incidents which took place during her six months of school teaching in Saskatchewan last year. After what Miss Kennedy said about the great supply of bachelors out West, there should be no further lack of "school marms" in that part of Canada. Such occupation offers a much more practical life, even, than attending McMaster.

The programme was brought to a close by a vocal solo by Miss Cross, '12. After a few announcements from the President, the meeting was adjourned.

What is required for a sleigh-ride? Not snow, but slush; not a sleigh, but one of Mr. Fleming's electric motor-cars. To be sure, year '12 did have the use of a sleigh for part of the way to Weston on Thursday night, January 21st; but they abandoned it as a derelict and heartlessly left it to toil and welter in a lonely sea of mud. Nevertheless, though they may have missed the pleasures of an open sleigh, a jolly time they certainly had. Indeed, the jollity was so great that an over-"wise" policeman, concluding that their mirth arose from other causes than spontaneous wit and light refreshments, quenched it for a moment by a darkly-hinted threat. But for a moment only. Then they cheered the conductor, the honorary president, the University, and themselves, until the car-windows rattled. Altogether the trip left an impression not easily to be forgotten, and a feeling of gratitude towards those who so kindly lent their homes to the class—Miss Fairbairn and Mr. Ashall—and to Professor and Mrs. McLay, who so graciously chaperoned the party.

First Biologist—What are the coats surrounding the brain?

Second ditto.—The dura mater, the pia mater, and the-er-Alma Mater.

O Spirit of Parmenides!
O dearest Euclid's shade!
O blessed ghost, Archimedes!
Here I invoke thine aid.

Repentant, O distinguished dead!
And contrite are my pleas;
How oft, neglectful, I have fled,
Thy sacred mysteries.

But ye immortal are, and so
Magnanimous must be,
Extend thine aid and mercy now,
Thy kindness let me see.

Come, dissipate my anxious cares,
Untie these knots and tangles,
Reveal the mysteries of squares
And solve these grim triangles.

Let thine illuminating rays
Into my darkness shine!
Elucidate the tangent's ways!
The nature of the sine.

O kindly shades! vouchsafe a key
To all these vast constructions!
Disclose these wretched formulae,
Unlock these vile deductions..

In vain I pray, in vain I swear,
My face with trouble flames;
"Time's up for this exam!" I hear,
"You'll kindly sign your names!"

The McMaster Evangelistic Band has commenced the New Year with a busy series of engagements. Starting the first Sunday after examinations, January 17, at Aurora, the following week they went to Lindsay, and on the 31st to Western Church, Toronto. The first Sunday in February they will go to Toronto Junction.

In both Lindsay and Aurora, beginning with Friday evening, the meetings increased in interest and members, and in both places larger buildings had to be sought for the last meetings. The town hall at Aurora and the Opera House at Lindsay were each unable to contain the crowds which came for the Sunday evening meetings. In Lindsay the meetings were under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

The success of the meetings in these three places has been very marked and most encouraging. The singing of the quartette, the solo work of Mr. Newton, the addresses and personal work of the members, and the appeals of the leader, are all marked by enthusiasm and earnestness. They have a work to do, and mean business.

Debating Club.—The first meeting for this term was held on Saturday, January 23rd. The subject, "Resolved, that the change proposed by Inspector Seath in the spelling of such words as 'labor,' should be adopted," was upheld on the affirmative by Mr. Perkins, '10, and on the negative by Mr. Hyde, '12. The debate was one of the most interesting this year. Mr. A. F. Smith, '09, acted as critic, and offered many helpful suggestions. The judges, Mr. C. A. Detlor, '09, and Mr. C. Ronson, '10, gave the decision to the affirmative. The subject for debate on January 30th, was, "Resolved, that appointments to the civil service of Canada should be made on the basis of competitive examinations." Mr. W. McDonald, '10, upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Wilson, '11, successfully contended for the negative. Professor Clark acted as critic. His timely remarks were appreciated by all. S. J. Bates, B.A., and E. P. Lewis, '09, acted as judges.

The prize list continues to grow. It was announced recently in chapel that Mr. P. J. Pilkey, B.A., has offered a gold medal to the student who stands highest in fourth year special English for the year 1908-09.

"There is a difference between having something to say and having to say something." This doubtless accounts for some of the things which the athletic editor had to say in last issue. We would take this opportunity of removing mistaken impressions from the minds of some who think that we have been seeking public recognition for services which may or may not have been rendered in aid of athletics. We would wish it to be fairly understood that any sympathy that has been shown or any agitation for a forward movement in athletics has not been to obtain mention through the press, nor yet to seek the creation of a new office in order to be elected to it. In any case, it is most unpleasant to be made the battleground upon which contending foes seek to make good their claims. Whatever has been done has been to the end that the school might see a championship, which surely is merited by this time. Debating championships are stale around here now. Plenty of time is spent in developing debaters. One or two hundred will attend a debate and cheer the speakers on to victory. When it comes to rugby or hockey, especially the latter, few ever know when the games are to be played, few of that few ever go near because there is a gate charge of fifteen cents, and not a few of this few may be heard to say, "It's no use; we never win." What we want is not so much new officers, but a new spirit of enthusiasm. Certain it is, if we don't want a championship we won't get it.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is?"

HAT, indeed, with nothing to say? Nothing seems to have happened lately, except a rally or so—of course, one of which was the famous sleigh-drive of the freshmen. Soon, the members of year '12 will scarcely be able to count up all the different "parties" they have held. Still—

"By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

But tales of rallies and sleigh-drives are found in a different department from this. And, as there seems to have been very little "doing" during the past month in our realm, we confess we can sympathize with a certain gentleman who undertook the cheerful task of addressing a Sunday School. He expressed himself to the effect that his mind was somewhat blank as to what to say. Thereupon a member of the Primary Department called out, "Then thay amen and thit down."

THOUGH no regular meeting has been held of the W. L. S. yet the members of the society are not asleep, to judge from the energetic voices which issue from the chapel several afternoons each week. Histrionic talent is being assiduously cultivated, and the would-be actors who "counterfeit to be a man" rail against one another with such terms as "villain" and "old dog."

A FRESHETTE once asked a senior why she always looked bright and healthy with all her work crowding on her. "Oh," replied the veteran, "I guess it's because, when I sit down to worry, I fall asleep."

Y.W.C.A.—The first Y.W.C.A. meeting of the spring term was held on Wednesday, January 20th. Reports on the work of the past term were presented by the conveners of the different committees, and plans were discussed for the work of the coming months. The enrollment committee reported a membership of

over fifty; the mission and Bible study reports were not so encouraging in point of numbers, though the meetings have been none the less full of interest and value; the finance committee, which has, perhaps, the most difficult problems to deal with, presented their plan to introduce a systematic method of raising our share toward the support of the Y.W.C.A. work in Japan. The social committee's report proved the most interesting, as they told of the distribution of the five Christmas dinners provided by the Association for the poor, and described some of the pitiful conditions they found in their visits, and the gladness with which they and the dinners were received. This small taste of practical helpfulness has led the Association to realize the opportunity there is for practical Christian work in the poorer districts of the city, as well as the need in the lives of the girls for some activity such as this. It is to be hoped that this will prove a permanent and important factor in the work of the McMaster Association in the future. Among other matters of business considered was that of sending delegates to the conference of Canadian student associations to be held in Muskoka this summer. This is the first Canadian conference to be held among the women students, and the McMaster Association hopes to be well represented upon that historic occasion.

On Monday, Jan. 25th. the McMaster girls were the guests of the Y.W.C.A. at Victoria College. Our president, Miss Elsie McLaurin, was given the chair, and Miss Bessie Arkell, '11, spoke for a few minutes on the topic, "Practical Work for Christ." After a solo by Miss Gladys Jackson, '11, the meeting was thrown open. A fine sisterly feeling was noticed throughout the meeting.

One day erstwhile was heard the mournful complaint, "Oh, where's my hat? Who's taken my hat?" And University dignity was a thing of the abstract while despoiled freshettes climbed on chairs and tables or window-sills to claim some article quietly resting high above their owners' heads.

A poor little sophette
(She was in a big hurry)
Pinned her hat on back to front,
Wasn't she in a flurry?

The feathers pointed skyward,
'Twas truly entrancing,
The ribbons fell backward,
Her beauty enhancing.

She marched along Bloor Street
Right to her own door,
Quite unconscious of the smiles
Which each pedestrian bore.

When her mother's careful eye
Detected the mistake
She to her knitting needles sped
And a toque did straightway make.

Now the sophette wears this toque
And with it feels secure;
She vows that feathers, lace, and "bows,"
Ne'er more her heart will lure.

Co-education may accomplish some things, but one it evidently has not been able to do, in the case of a still timid sophette. While diligently perusing her notes one day, the well-known and much-dreaded cry of "Mouse!" so startled her that she quickly sought refuge on the greatest attainable height.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: C. A. Detlor.

"'Budge,' says the fiend;
'Budge not,' says my conscience."

N our last issue, our readers will remember, we drew attention to certain desirable, though perhaps "inadvisable" innovations. No one, we are sure, will take issue with the editor as to the sanity of these "advocated reforms." So far we all agree. But as to the expediency of their adoption there seems to be some question. This we also recognize. And yet we might remark that the apparent impracticability by no means lessens the sanity. While we admit there may be difficulties, we still maintain that the agitation is along the right line, and thoroughly believe that what probing we have done is humane, just, and considerate. Some there are, though, who think our remarks rash and ill-advised, poorly considered, and over-enthusiastically presented. They have even gone so far as to say that we were inconsistently dwelling on the sublime and the ridiculous, and woefully lacking in practical common sense. To such it seems that we have presented but

one side of the questions at issue, and as we have only the good of the college athletics at heart, we believe in a fair, all-round presentation of facts. We, therefore, publish *verbatim* the following letter from one whom we believe has "something to say," and we trust that its clear style and forceful remarks will command the attention of our readers:

The Editor of "Athletics," McMaster Monthly Office, Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—The articles on certain phases of our athletic life, appearing in your department of the January Monthly, have been read with much interest. The pungency of the style in which the "reforms" there advocated have been presented is certainly well calculated to leave the impression that their introduction is simple and necessary. That the problems thus presented, however, are not quite so easy of solution as might be inferred, we believe will be seen if a few more of the facts are considered.

First, as to "An Accident Fund," we would like to correct what might otherwise leave the impression that, while remaining within the letter of the law, our athletics are tinged with professionalism. As far as we know, the Association has never been called on to fill a Sunday appointment for a man playing on its teams. Just in this connection arises one problem which makes it difficult, though not impossible, to establish an accident fund. While in most cases there might be no such danger, there is a tendency from time to time for such money consideration to savour of the professional.

Then, again, the feelings of the members of the Association towards those who are injured in the school's matches seems to be strangely misrepresented. The man who fights our athletic battles and is injured is not treated as a race-horse which has been whipped to a lead at the finish and then is forgotten by those for whom it has won the stakes. We *do* say the man "played a star game," if he did—but we do not then shelve him and forget what he has done for us. In his place as one of the team he is remembered through the year at least, and his name goes down to future students through the team picture, and especially through tradition, as one of the school's honored rugby or hockey men.

As you have pointed out, it does seem tough for a fellow who is throwing his energy into the University's battles to have to go to any great expense because of injuries received while thus serving us. But where are we to stop? What of the men

injured in practice: those likely to make the team, who are thus deprived of the glory of playing on the team and of the opportunity of winning their emblem? Can we undertake to establish an insurance company? Not while it is as hard to pull out a $2 athletic fee from some students as it is now.

Of course it will be argued that the doctors' bills of the senior men injured in matches might at least be paid. Three years ago, under the circumstances which then brought this question to open discussion, such an action was not sanctioned by the opinion of the students. If that has now changed so as to warrant such a move, the means of promoting it are open to any member of the Association. Only, let its dangerous tendencies be considered, as well as the evils it would remedy; evils which we all recognize, but which have been somewhat more enthusiastically than advisedly presented in "Athletics" of January.

In the second place, regarding "The Scrubs," really, Mr. Editor, such a proposal comes as a gentle shock, as, from the consideration of so important a matter as "an accident fund." it seems to provide a rather sudden drop from the sublime to the ridiculous.

This year, two rinks have been secured for hockey purposes, making it possible, as never before, for the captain to "try out" all likely players. The exclusive use of one rink for an hour, and the time before and after team practice, surely give any "possibilities" among the "scrubs" chance to show themselves worth being tried on the second team at least. Financially, too, it seems unlikely for provision for more skating or hockey to meet with much favor. If, however, an insurance company should be established on a paying basis, the profits might be used to procure Mutual Street Rink for "scrub"-bing practice.

And, lastly, as to "a hockey trainer." With every word that has been said in praise of Mr. Harris and his work for the hockey team, we sincerely agree. And his work is certainly appreciated. But we venture the opinion that a team is better without a trainer than with one unsuited for the position. Is it not the better plan, then, to let a man's natural ability lead him into the work, as has been the case with Mr. Harris, rather than now create an office which in the future would be filled by appointment?

These points concerning your suggestions, Mr. Editor, have by no means been given as reasons which make the advocated reforms impossible. Your articles, however, seem to indicate that if the Association would only roll over in its sleep, all these wrongs being on one side, would unconsciously and in-

stantly be done away with. The attempt has here been made to show that there is another side to these questions. Problems of such general interest certainly should be discussed, and it is hoped that the balanced opinion of the students will find its expression, if necessary, in amendments to the constitution of the Association.

McMaster II. vs. St. Andrews.—On Mutual Street Rink, Jan. 27th, McMaster II. and St. Andrews lined up for a friendly game of the good old-time shinny. This resurrection of antique models may be obnoxious to modern hockey enthusiasts, yet the boys played their shinny though it was to the disappointment, horror, and disgust of spectators and to the intense mortification of the *Globe*. This noted paper describes the game as a "poor exhibition of hockey," *i.e.*, a good, hot game of shinny. Furthermore, it says McMaster was particularly crude, which we take to mean that she put up a little better shinny and excelled somewhat in the picturesqueness of that ancient game.

The ice was very heavy—altogether too heavy for skates. Better work could have been done without them; but the boys, feeling they must conform somewhat to modern fads, left them on, and, of course, not even a very good *type* of shinny was the result. Much time was lost in locating the puck; often it got buried under the snow and slush, and once a player lost his stick. However, the *Globe* maintains that McMaster played better shinny than the Saints, and we have great confidence in that organ. McMaster II., 0; St. Andrews, 0.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: L. D. JACKSON, '09.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

B. MANN, '01, is studying law at Regina.

C. J. McLEAN, '02, lately of Meaford, has settled with the Church at Blenheim, Ontario.

A. G. BAKER, '96, recently of Wetaskiwin, Sask., and formerly missionary to Bolivia, accepted a call at the beginning of the year to the Olivet Baptist Church, Calgary.

S. J. BATES, '07, is spending the year in the laboratory, doing practical work for an M.A. degree in chemistry.

L. A. VAIL, '04, who was with us for a part of the term, is taking his theological course extra-murally while serving as pastor of the church at Haileybury.

J. E. HAWKINS, '99, recently of St. George, has begun a pastorate with the First Baptist Church of Sarnia, Ontario.

R. J. CURRIE, '06, is pastor of the Oil Springs Methodist circuit.

W. H. HOLMAN, '08, is assistant principal of the Albert School, Regina.

MISS BARBARA JOHNSTONE, '07, is another recent graduate to take up foreign missionary work. After teaching for a year at her home in Sarnia, she went out to India last fall to labor in the interests of the Pandita Ramabai Mission.

LEONARD HARKNESS, '08, had the misfortune last fall to be seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a rifle. We are pleased to learn that, after some weeks in the Winnipeg Hospital, he has recovered and intends to pursue his studies in theology of Brandon College.

J. J. STAPLETON, '08, is taking a course at Calgary Normal School.

Ernest Farmer, '03, returned last June from Europe, where he has spent three years in the study of Theory of Music at Leipsic Conservatory of Music, and also studied piano under famous teachers. He is now a member of the staff of the Conservatory of Music in this city. He has made several compositions, some of which are used in the syllabus of the course at the Conservatory.

We have lately learned that J. Bradford Pengelly, '06, who has been pursuing post-graduate study in theology at Chicago University, has joined the Anglican Church, and is now curate of St. Edmund's, Chicago. Pen's many McMaster friends will find it difficult to recognize the husky football wing in the garb of a curate, but we sincerely hope that in his chosen profession and denomination he will find adequate field for the manifold energies with which he has been endowed.

Miss Harris, '08, is teaching at Thorndale Public School for a year, with the intention of entering the Faculty of Education next fall. It will be interesting to know that Chancellor McKay in his younger days manipulated the pedagogical switch to the terror of the inhabitants of Thorndale.

B. R. Simpson, '99, is now teaching psychology in Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, New York. After graduation from this institution he attended the Normal College at Hamilton for a year, then taught school in the West and in British Columbia for a period of five years. After one year's post-graduate work in Chicago and two in Columbia University, he has accepted the present responsible position.

At last "Billie" Grigg, '05, alias "Tacks," after years of meditation, indecision, and knocking, has got the "Power." At Calgary, on last Christmas Eve, he was married to Miss Alice R. Power, recently of the Calgary Public School teaching staff. Mr. Grigg was supported by Morden H. Long, '08, of Revelstoke, B.C. It will interest many Monthly readers to know that Mrs. Grigg is a graduate of Acadia, both B.A. and M.A., and also holds an M.A. degree from Harvard. During his course here Mr. Grigg did yeoman service for The Monthly, and we join with his many college friends in extending to him and Mrs. Grigg hearty good wishes and congratulation. They will reside in Calgary, where Mr. Grigg holds a prominent position on the editorial staff of the Daily News of that city.

C. P. McGregor, '99, associate pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, has resigned to accept a call to the Baptist Church at Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. McGregor's career thus far has been one of continued success. After graduation from this institution with a creditable record, he preached for some years in British Columbia. In due time he became pastor of the church in Bayonne, New Jersey, and in connection with his pastorate he completed a course in theology in Union Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1906, with the degree of B.D. Also in 1908 he received an M.A. degree from Columbus University. In July, 1905, he became assistant pastor to his uncle, Dr. R. S. McArthur, of Calvary Church, and remained in that position until he resigned to accept the important pastorate at Pittsfield. We are pleased to hear of Mr. McGregor's success, and we are of the opinion that he is one of the many young men that the Baptist denomination of Canada might well have induced to remain within their own borders.

On Monday, December 20th, Miss Elora Alway, '08, was married to Mr. G. W. Robertson, B.A. ('Varsity, '07). The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents in Waterford, and the rooms looked very festive, with their Christmas decorations of everygreen and holly. Miss Blanche Edy, '08, was maid-of-honor; Miss Beemer, of Waterford, bridesmaid, and the flower girl was a little cousin of the bride. Mr. R. M. Motherwell, M.A., was groomsman. After the wedding luncheon the bride and groom left for Port Arthur, going from there to their new home in Strathcona. Mr. Robertson is a specialist in mathematics from the University of Toronto, and is teaching in the Strathcona High School.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MAIME DENNESS.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

JOYOUS laughter and happy faces again are heard and seen within Moulton's walls, although by this time some faces have begun to look clouded and worried. The same old story of sorrow—exams, the very bane of the college girl's life.

DURING the last week great excitement has reigned in Moulton. At last we have attained one of the heights of our college ambition, and possess a swimming tank, that wonderful, only talked-of thing. For this we are sorry not to be indebted to the Chancellor and Senate, who have worked so hard on our behalf. Kind Nature has provided us with a well-equipped pond. No anxiety need be caused for our safety, as the depth does not permit of any diving feats, but merely a series of paddling gymnastics.

WE are very much indebted to Mr. Glen Campbell for his interesting talk on Heraldry. We all appreciated it greatly, and hope that some time again in the near future he will honor our Heliconian Society with another visit.

THE services attendant on the Day of Prayer, Thursday, January the twenty-eighth, were of a very interesting and helpful order. On the Wednesday evening before, Professor Campbell gave us a most stirring address. The chapel service on Thursday morning was very largely attended. The Rev. John MacNeill, of Walmer Road, spoke to us from the text, "What shall I do with Jesus, who is called the Christ?" laying the principal emphasis on the first clause. After his personal and searching address, the different years adjourned to their separate rooms for the class prayer meetings.

The Rev. W. A. Cameron, of Bloor Street, spent the afternoon and evening at the college, interviewing any students that so wished, on their spiritual life.

In the evening a short service of prayer and praise was held in the chapel, and proved a beautiful ending for such a wonderful day. A great blessing came upon the college in the spiritual life of the students.

We were pleased to have some five new house girls join our ranks immediately after vacation, and five more have come with the beginning of the third term. And some others are expected. Several new day girls have also enrolled, so that the daily attendance at chapel is probably the largest yet.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Munro had been advised by her physician to stop work for a time to recuperate. Miss Munro is spending three months in California, and the best wishes of Moulton are with her, that she may return in full health and vigor. Moulton welcomes Miss H. A. Iler, B.A. ('02, McMaster), in Miss Munro's place.

Here and There.

Editor: A. F. Smith, '09.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters.—*Longfellow.*

T has been both a treat and a task to review the various college journals that have been received during the past month. Several colleges have edited most beautiful and attractive Christmas numbers. Of these, the *Harvard Monthly* excels. Larger than usual, and containing several poems of passion and power, the whole number might be termed a Christmas literary feast, and is brought to a fitting close by the following little gem:

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

That love may light the eyes of them
  That keep the season of His birth,
  Till to the starry host, our earth
Shall be the star of Bethlehem.

—E. E. H.

Of the January exchanges, almost all contain discussion upon the life and work of Edgar Allen Poe, and upon his place in literature. *The University of Virginia Magazine, The Philomatheon Monthly,* and others, even appear as memorial numbers to him. He was born just one hundred years ago, on January 19, 1809; became an orphan when three years of age; and in

1826 spent one year at the University of Virginia, there distinguishing himself both in languages and athletics. In those days, however, "the prevailing custom of drinking and card-playing was transplanted into the young school," and in these things Poe unfortunately indulged to some extent. In the way of letters, he is "the first literary critic of note in America," and is widely read abroad. His works, vivid in detail, are characterized by a certain morbidness, wherein lay his genius. Striving for a "wilder beauty than the earth supplies," a beauty "as of antique sculpture in a moonlight garden," he envelops the reader in "shadows of mystery." Beauty, love, and death are his themes, the poet claiming that " a poem built in beauty is its own excuse for being." It is asserted that this author of both prose and poetry has not yet received a just reward for his labor. "Men neglected him in life, because his worth to the world was measured by the erratic life he lived." These recent magazine articles, however, will doubtless help to quicken an interest in him, and to lead to a less prejudiced and more just estimate of this writer and his works.

We lament the fact that from time to time the receipt of The McMaster University Monthly is not acknowledged by some exchange editors in their exchange lists. We wonder if our publication fails to arrive at its proper destination, or if the omission of the name is due to oversight. If our magazine is not being received month by month, we should be glad to be notified to that effect.

Exchanges, not elsewhere mentioned in this department, are hereby gratefully acknowledged: *Queen's University Journal; Martlet; University Monthly; Acta Victoriana; Brunonian; Vox Wesleyana; William Jewell Student; Lux Columbiana; Camosun* (Victoria College, B.C.); *Notre Dame Scholastic; O.B.C. Peddler; 'Varsity; Ottawa Campus; Athenaeum* (West Virginia); *Acta; Starkey Seminary Monthly; Western University Gazette; University of Ottawa Review; O.A.C. Review; Trinity Archive; Collegian; Madisonensis; Columbia Monthly; Solonian; College Index; Mercerian; Viatorian.*

The chaste and attractive Christmas cover of *The St. John's College Magazine* calls forth our praise. An essay, " The 'Nightingale' in English Poetry," and a poetic translation of "Horace I:5," are good. They are written by graduates, however. We should like to see more undergraduate work, in both verse and essay form, in this magazine. The departments are well maintained.

A Little Ambiguous.—"How was your speech at the banquet received?" "When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."—Ex.

Friend—"In what course does your son expect to graduate?" Father—"In the course of time, from the looks of things."—Ex.

On January 19, John D. Rockefeller added another million dollars to his already long list of munificent gifts to the University of Chicago.—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

We clip the following from the January number of *Acta Victoriana*:

"The Rink Committee recently advertised in McMaster Monthly, and thus received a copy of that issue. Robert, confusing it with the exchange number for *Acta*, gave it to Miss Barker, who presented it to the Pres. of the A. U., saying: 'Is this for you, Mr. Morrison?' Morrison read the following address: 'Victoria Athletic Ass.'"

Really, as the copy has not returned for redirection, the only conclusion possible seems to be that it must have reached its proper destination.

The Christmas number of the *O.A.C. Review* is weighty with "good things." Its cover is distinctly patriotic. We take the liberty to quote one short poem:

THE FROSTED PANE.

One night came winter noiselessly, and leaned
  Against my window-pane.
In the deep stillness of his heart convened
  The ghosts of all his slain.

Leaves and ephemera, and stars of earth,
  And fugitives of grass,—
White spirits loosed from bonds of mortal birth,
  He drew them on the glass.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

YOKE-FELLOWS.

Harnessed to work at my will
Patient my horses stand;
Sharp at the stroke of my voice
They will strike with their hoofs in the scattering stones
And tug till the whiffle tree groans;
A command,
Quivering, loth to be still,
(But never rebelling, good beasts!)
They will stop, tossing foam on their breasts,
Flanks heaving, as if they would call:
"Are we strong? Have we served? We rejoice!"

What to us if the vast Ideal
Have us, O brother, in yoke?
Better for us if we grow not fat in the stall
Nor wild in the fields!
Let the harnesses fall
And the sibilant stroke
Of the whip duty wields
Hiss still in our ears!
We can look down the furrow of years,
We can eat of the grain that it yields.
Darkly, but grandly, we know we have served. If we fall
What matters it, so we be leal?

—*The Harvard Monthly.*

Prof.—"The denser matter sinks to the bottom, the less dense rises to the top." This explains why the stupid boy is always found at the foot of the class.—*Vox Wesleyana.*

Non-Sequitur.—Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers. "Now, I lay me down to sleep," he began; "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "If," his mother prompted. "If he hollers, let him go; eny, meny, miny, mo."—Ex.

Lady of the house—I am so sorry little Fido died. Bridget—So am I, mum. Many's the dish he saved me washin'.—*Orange and Black.*

The December issue of *The Bessie Tift Journal,* which hails from a ladies' college in Forsyth, Georgia, is deserving of most favorable mention. Clad in a coat of brown and green, and containing several good articles in both poetry and prose, it impresses the reader as being both attractive and well-proportioned. Nearly all of the articles are by undergraduates. Two of these, "Oliver Wendell Holmes the Man" and "Dickens as a Reformer" are two short, but well written, essays. A third article, a somewhat humorous sketch, opens with a rather piquant paragraph, from which we make bold to quote the following humorous, but somewhat surprising, lines: "Some women verily believe that God created rats for the sole purpose of frightening the weaker sex out of their wits. Especially do the majority of college-girls cherish this belief, and even take the trouble to create rats in their imaginations which would never blend with the shade of their hair."

A FRESHMAN'S FRESH FOR A' THAT.

Is there for steady studying,
That wears his specs, and a' that?
This freak of man, we pass him by!
We dare be game for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that.
We may be ragged, an' a' that,
We do not give a tinker's cuss;
We'll stay in Fresh for a' that.

Some guy may win athletic fame,
And get applause, an' a' that;
If it's his first year in the game,
He must be Fresh for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that!
Even literary taste ,an' a' that—
It makes no difference what he does,
A Freshman's fresh for a' that!

—*The Mercerian.*

According to President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, the two lower classes should be abolished, making the present junior year the first in the university. The freshman and sophomore years should be furnished by supplementary colleges or high schools. "The university should receive men, not boys."—*The Athenaeum*, West Virginia.

The publishers of *The Philomatheon Monthly* are to be congratulated. Each issue seems to be an improvement on the last one.

From the commotion in the lower hall last Tuesday afternoon, German exams must have been awful. About twenty freshmen who are not in the class were posted around the door, ready to grab each fainting student who came reeling out after he had handed in his little blue book, and the poor survivor was walked up and down the hall hanging weakly on the arms of some of the relief corps, vigorously fanned and gently soothed until he was able to stand on his feet again. The way of the transgressor seems hard.—*Ottawa Campus.*

It is very refreshing to find any treatment of Art in a college magazine, and rarely can there be found an essay written in a more admirable style than " The Place of Art in Human Life." which appears in *The Vox Wesleyana*, of recent issue. From this most readable article, we take the liberty of republishing some truths which should appeal to any reader: "Art," says the writer, " is man's unconscious attempt to realize himself in terms of nature. . . . The musician hears the harmony of nature and expresses himself in sound. The poet feels the stirrings of nature and articulates them in verse. The painter sees the vision of nature and visualizes it. The architect and the sculptor feel the proportionateness, the symmetry of nature, and

then express them in stone and marble." Again, "The Art of each age indicates the soul growth of that age. . . . As the fountain cannot rise higher than its source, so, in a sense, the artist is the product of, and is influenced by, his generation, and typifies the age in which he lives." Our age is an "age of utility," and in the United States, "there is to be found mercantile prosperity, but at the same time artistic bankruptcy." The ideal, as yet, is not unselfish production for the joy of producing, not "Art for Art's sake," but production for financial advantage.

In Elocution Class.—"Now, Mr. Brom—, be more spirited. Just open your mouth and throw yourself into it."—*Lux Columbiana.*

College men are very slow;
They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.
—*Athenaeum (W. Va.).*

Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum;
Girlibus likibus, want some morum.
Fatheribus hearibus loud soundorum,
Kickibus boyibus out front doorum.
—*Fort Scott Crimson.*

"BILL."

Bill had a bill,
Bill had a board,
Bill had a bill-board,
Bill had a board bill;
Bill sold his bill-board to pay his board bill;
Bill then wasn't bored with his board bill.
—*E. A. M., in William Jewell Student.*

Board of Publication, 1908-09, McMaster University Monthly

Top row, from left to right—C. N. Curtis, '10, Secretary; R. J. Gould, '11, Subscription Mgr.; J. H. L. Morgan, '09; I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th., Consulting Editor Joseph Wearing, '10, Advertising Mgr.; W. S. W. McLay, M.A., Consulting Editor; Karl Clark, '10; L. D. Jackson, '09, Our Graduates; T. McC. Dadson, B.A., Theol.

Second row, from left to right—Caleb Harris, '09, Around the Hall; A. F. Smith, '09, Here and There; Miss Laura J. Craig, '10, Woman's Department Thomas Wearing, '09, Managing Editor; Miss Gladys D. Jackson, '11; J. M. Telford, B.A., Theol., Business Mgr.; C. A. Detlor, '09, Athletics.

THE
McMaster University Monthly
MARCH, 1909.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS' "FAUST."

THAT all those who have had more than a superficial acquaintance with the previous verse-productions, lyric and dramatic, of Stephen Phillips, have been greatly disappointed in his last contribution to English letters is becoming more apparent every day. Careful study cannot but reach the conclusion that this work really contributes more to the modern English stage than to pure letters. That it is marked by more than ordinary literary merit cannot be gainsaid, but when judged by the high standards of originality and creative imagination that were applied to his former works, it is plainly seen to be inferior. Its chief presiding genii are the gods of the publisher and the stage-manager; yet, to be just, one must confess that the tuneful Nine have played a part that must not be neglected.

The circumstances connected with the production of Faust array themselves solidly against the highest excellence. In the first place, it is the product of collaboration. J. Comyns Carr being Stephen Phillips' co-worker. In our ignorance of the exact division of the labor, it would be unfair to Carr to impute to him the blame for Phillips' failure to maintain or surpass his average. Mr. Phillips, as "senior partner," must, of necessity, take the brunt of adverse criticism or reap the larger part of the harvest of praise. The question arises of itself, as to why Phillips felt the need of a yoke-fellow in the present work, although he had previously achieved phenomenal success in single harness. One cannot but conjecture that he needed help in trans-

lating Goethe. If that be so, then Carr is responsible for the transference of the ideas from German to English, while Phillips must be taxed with the verse.

This statement appears on the title-page: "Freely adapted from Goethe's dramatic poem." Why adapted rather than translated? Naturally, to suit the modern boards. It is well known that Goethe wrote the first of his "Faust" solely from the poetical standpoint, deliberately setting aside the demands of the stage. To make his poem conform to the modern stage means, therefore, a complicated re-arrangement of episodes and speeches, the bridging or the filling-up of gaps, matter-of-fact additions—interpolations, if one will—to explain what was purposely left to be supplied by the imagination. This is exactly what the collaborators have brought about—a mutilated poem and a playable drama, with the advantage over the average drama of poetic atmosphere. In the midst of this censure, however, we feel compelled to admit considerable personal gratification over any successful attempt to redeem the stage from the Philistine of prosiness.

Further, the role of the verse-translator is notoriously hard and its burdens are lightened but little by resorting to what one might call adapto-translation. While the first member of this hybrid might overcome the difficulties of exact translation in many passages, yet the crucial passages, those that give individuality to the original, would, of necessity, be merely slurred over, all their intricacies of language, subtleties of fancy and harmonies of thought and rhythm defying expression in an alien tongue and through the heart and brain of any other than their first author. These difficulties Phillips has undoubtedly felt. Our estimate of his success as translator must be influenced in part by the success of previous translators of "Faust." Unless his effort has surpassed all previous translations, its untimeliness will be proved, and our opinion confirmed that Phillips would have been better occupied had he taken the "Faust" legend in its popular form and developed it along the lines of his own imagination and poetic conception. To perform such an original task with mediocre success is more deserving of the laurels of Par-

nassus than brilliantly to mutilate another's work through translation.

Let us observe with considerable attention to detail to what extent Phillips has changed Goethe's poem.

Of the prologue Phillips has preserved in rhyme the lyric stanzas of the three archangels. With characteristically English shrinking from literary sacrilege, he has substituted an angel for God in the original, and has then abbreviated the dialogue between the angel and Mephistopheles to about one-twentieth of its proper length. Salient thoughts and lines here and there are chosen and pieced together into a connected rhyming utterance.

In Goethe there is no division into acts. Taking advantage of this, Phillips has ordered the scenes to suit himself—that is, Beerbohm Tree's stage. His first act is made to extend from Faust's great soliloquy to his rejuvenation through the sorcery of Mephistopheles. The process of curtailment observed in the prologue continues here. Of Faust's soliloquy we get only a third, still less of his dialogue with Wagner, a mere echo of the beautiful Easter chorus, not even a fragment of the scene where burghers and peasants appear, a few rhyming couplets chosen at random from Faust's incantation over the hexagon, a meagre excerpt from the long scene depicting the signing in blood of the solemn contract. The scenes included in the first act occupy half the German text.

In the second, third and fourth acts the process of abbreviation and condensation is somewhat less marked, for the reason that it is the corresponding portion of the original that contains the most dramatic action, and action is precisely what Phillips demands. Yet in these acts he seems to take bolder liberties with the original. To introduce the visions of Cleopatra, Messaline and Helen, with lyrics *à propos,* into the Walpurgis Night scene is impertinent and misrepresents Goethe. To be sure, Helen appears in Goethe's second part, but that scarcely warrants Phillips conjuring her up before the prison scene; as for the other two, they are utter strangers to Goethe. Moreover, Mephistopheles' speech, "A world where worlds are made . . . " seems to be entirely Phillips' creation.

In view of the above, it is impossible to deny that the motive behind these multiform changes is to produce a stage-piece. No doubt Phillips would admit that himself. But what has been gained? Another addition to the long list of playable English versions of Goethe's "Faust," superior to the majority of them in respect to poetic atmosphere. On the other hand, what are the losses? The culling of incidents here and there has over-emphasized the mere story and has accelerated the action to such a degree as to leave no time for reflection. Further, the spectator's thought is forced because too specific, and consequently the universality of the poem is lost, that is, the very element which makes Goethe's "Faust" an epoch-making poem and gives it value. In considering these vital losses, which bulk so large as compared with the gain, we cannot but feel that this new version is unworthy of the genius of Stephen Phillips. Had the "Faust" of Goethe been previously unknown to the English-speaking world, our judgment would, perhaps, have been otherwise.

No one can deny the charm of Phillips' blank verse. His felicitous and consistent use of Anglo-Saxon words, interspersed so judiciously with those of Latin origin, creates a style quite *sui generis*. His descriptive phrases haunt one with a tranquil witchery. His sense of poetical propriety and proportion commands the praise of all. The absence of tedium in his highly poetical speeches is exceedingly welcome. All these excellences may be noted in his "Faust." Any versical differences from his former works are improvements, notably a more brilliant polish to the blank verse through stricter attention to syllabic emphasis and a more masculine, less languorous diction. In the first act, where Faust is interrupted by the Easter chorus in his thoughts of suicide and reconsiders his intention, he gives utterance to what is technically equal to any soliloquy in the English tongue. Its demerit is that its ideas are those of Goethe.

> "Once on my childish brow the Sabbath stillness
> Fell like the kiss of heaven: mystical bells
> And prayer dissolved my yearning soul in bliss.
> Sound on, ye hymns of heaven! ye sacred bells!
> The old tear starts! Earth has her child again.
>
> **A pause.**

"But I shall ne'er regain the ancient rapture,
When as a child I watched the sun recede,
Firing the peaceful vales and mountain peaks,
And some eternal longing came on me
To flee away and up. As over crag
And piney headland slow the eagle soared,
And past me sailed the crane to other shores.

"But now not only childhood shattered lies,
But manhood, too, is sold for a barren dream.
Ah! now those fleeting songs I would recall
Which I despised; the feast, the lips of women,
The brief yet luring hours, all lost to me.
Only the cup is left."

Margaret's words of repentance before the altar are not only a fairly faithful translation, but even surpass Phillips' high average of blank verse.

"O Mother of all Sorrows! thou alone
Canst pierce my sorrow; thou alone canst cure
The ceaseless pain that bows me to the earth.
The prayer I dare not utter thou canst hear!
And those vain tears that washed thy stainless feet
Night after night, hast thou not seen them fall?
I have no help but thee! No hope but here.
As thou wert once a maid, be pitiful,
Take in thy hands my breaking, bleeding heart,
And save my ruined soul from death's last stain."

The vigorous speech of Mephistopheles in the Walpurgis Night scene shows that Phillips has gained strength in later years in expressing the harder and harsher sentiments of the heart. As Faust looks down in dismay on the weird, bewildering throng of witches, he asks his companion, "What crazy world is this?" Mephistopheles replies:

"A world where worlds are made—a busy hive
Of murmuring bees whose poisoned honey-bags
Yield to men's lips that bitter-sweet called Love.
Here beauty ere it takes on mortal shape
Sips at the fount of sin, then onward speeding,
Enters life's portals, gathering as it goes

The voices and the blossoms of the Spring.
Here the rough gold first takes its glittering sheen
To sate the greedy pangs of avarice;
Here crowns are fashioned, and on yonder anvil
For every crown a beaten blade is forged
To fit the usurper's hand. Glory and Power,
Ambition and the countless painted toys
That draw men onward in the race toward Hell
Here, by deft hands, are decked and garlanded
To lure the world! My world!''

Phillips' translation of the lyrical passages cannot be passed by. We must confess never to have been captivated or ever much pleased with his lyrics, original or translated. The lyric is plainly not his field. All his lyrics suffer in comparison with his exquisitely-turned unrhymed pentameters. They lack those *sine qua non* qualities, inevitableness and spontaneity. The rhyme seems common, and does not ring with the naturalness of true music. The cadences are unmelodious: the words are not those that one ordinarily associates with the lyre. In short, the verses do not seem to flow from Phillips' heart, ''like music from a bobolink.'' Compare his rendering of the Spinning Song with the original and those of Sir Thomas Martin and Lewis Filmore. Goethe's first stanza is:

'' Mein Ruh 'ist hin
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.''

Sir Theodore Martin renders it thus:

'' My peace is gone.
My heart is sore;
'Tis gone forever
And evermore.''

And Lewis Filmore:

'' My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er,
I shall find it never,
Oh, nevermore.''

And Phillips:

> "Gone is my peace, and with heart so sore,
> I shall find it again nevermore."

The quotation of this one stanza suffices to show that Phillips has utterly destroyed the drooping cadence of the original, so suggestive of the dejection and despair of a broken heart. But the wrenching of the first stanza is humane compared with the torture to which the fifth is subjected:

> "At the window I stand only to greet him,
> I leave the house but to meet him."

The excess of anapests accelerates the movement in a manner entirely unsuitable to the thought. Either Lewis Filmore's or Sir Theodore Martin's versions are better representations of the original than is Phillips'.

On the other hand, Phillips has surprised us with his happy rendering of that beautiful lyric, "The King of Thule," which so eludes adequate translation. Most renderings of this founder on the rock of vulgarity through the use of such words as "toper," but Phillips has safely steered his shallop of poesy around this.

It has not been our lot on previous occasion to mete out to Phillips so much adverse criticism, and we hope that never again will such an occasion arise. It is not his work that has evoked the censure, but rather the nature of the circumstances surrounding the production. This, we believe, we have made plain. Lovers of letters are anxiously awaiting the early appearance of some product of Phillips' pen, entirely original in treatment and in conception, no matter how old the theme. If he resolutely refuses "to build on the foundation of another," he will be so situated as to give the best possible account of the really remarkable gifts that nature has vouchsafed him.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

THIS LOVE OF OURS.

Gladder than morning sunshine,
  Cheering the birds and flowers;
Sweeter than breath of roses,
  Flooding the twilight bowers;
Richer than luscious autumn,
  Mellow with moonlit hours;
Purer than diamond dew-drop,
  Is this large love of ours.

Lift up your eyes to tell me,
  Tell me to soothe my pain.
Pillow your head and tell me,
  Over and over again.

Sad would be life and dreary,
  Only for love of you.
Never can strife be weary,
  Long as your love is true.
Tempests may roll and thunder,
  Ridden by Night's black crew,
Calmly my soul sails under,
  Star of my life are you.

Smile through your tears and tell me,
  Only the old refrain,
Clingingly linger and tell me,
  Over and over again.

Chaste as the sun-kissed snowflakes,
  Fondling the frightened flowers;
Ardent as metal molten,
  Pulsing with passion powers;
Strong as the arm of angels,
  Guarding eternal towers;
Tender as kiss of childhood
  Is this large love of ours.

A. Eustace Haydon, '01.

AT THE LEIPSIC CONSERVATORY.

NDOUBTEDLY, gentle reader, you have a relative, a friend, or at least an acquaintance who is now studying at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipsic. His letters you find more puzzling than satisfactory; the very stamp lies on its side, instead of being upright, in accordance with your friend's well-known methodical habits, and the news is mainly of musical performances by persons you do not know; you are left, if you have had only a university education, with a vague wonder as to the difference between a contrafagotto and a concerto and a wish that he would tell more of his daily life. Since he will not, I will, and with the greatest possible accuracy.

First about that stamp. It is on its side because the German post-office employees tear the sheets vertically, not horizontally as ours do, and your friend applied the stamp to the envelope before detaching it from the strip. The Germans do many things in a way different from ours. For instance, your friend recently stood outside for a quarter of an hour, late at night, in a pouring rain, merely because he did not know that it takes two turns of the key to unlock a German house-door. He knows now. But I think his letters will continue to come with their stamps on their sides, except when he uses the last of a strip.

He has the best room on the half occupied by the Meyer family of the fifth floor of a house not far south or east of the Flossplatz. I cannot give you street and number, and the name Meyer is only a guess, for he was saying recently that Frau Maier, who can read English a bit, was helping some of his letters to come unsealed, and he intended to move. This is his fourth transfer—you remember Frau Meier moved to Chemnitz: the Mayers were evicted for non-payment of rent, owing to Mayer playing the State lottery too deeply; and he left Frau Schulze because her six olive branches ramified into his room

every time he went out, and made his piano keys sticky. Before the Meier period he made some attempt at hiring a room on Haydn or Grassistrasse, close to the Conservatory, but after seven times hearing the remark "Keine Konservatoristen," he reconciled himself to less pretentious quarters.

He has a good-sized room, with space enough for his piano, a German bed, in which he sleeps between the orthodox feather ticks (he is now nicely over the attack of hives which the adoption of this practice gave him), a sofa, a bureau, a wash-stand, a wardrobe (very necessary in a land where clothes-closets are unknown), a good-sized table for writing and a small one for his Swedish oil-stove and spirit-burner, and a seven-foot-high tile stove. There is no gas in the house, and no bathroom, but Frau Meyer has provided a very efficient oil lamp, and it is only five minutes' walk from the Carolabad, where tickets for ten baths (shower and plunge) may be had for two marks fifty. Anyway, frequent bathing is not considered wholesome in the Leipsic climate.

Frau Meyer brings him his breakfast—a cup of coffee and one roll—as soon as she hears the piano in the morning. This is understood to indicate that he is fully clothed. At first your friend did not understand the current sign-language; being seized one morning by a brilliant idea for the trio of a scherzo he was composing, he rushed to the piano to try the effect, and was presently surprised in his unconventional garb—a pair of eyeglasses and one sock. Now he lets his ideas simmer until his cuffs are adjusted. After breakfast he practises an hour, then goes for a walk, or on two days of the week to chorus practice, while Frau Meyer tidies up the room. Chorus practice is at twelve, from which you may calculate your friend's rising hour at this season.

A few minutes past one finds him at the house of Frau Schmidt, Dufourstr. 7, Gartengebäude, parterre (Gartengebäude, rear house), where dinner is served every day to six Americans, two Australians, a New Zealander, three Englishmen, one Bulgarian, one Russian, two Portuguese from Brazil, and your friend. The cooking is a compromise between the German and

American styles—less greasy than the former, more so than the latter. The conversation is remarkable for its good-naturedness and its great variety of topic. The English-speaking music student in Leipsic is a person whose information covers an extraordinary range, and as a rule he is absolutely without prejudice as to what matters are suitable for discussion at table—a circumstance to which your friend has doubtless accustomed himself by this time. Personal remarks are at no time barred, and it is considered bad form to resent them. A newcomer undergoes an informal initiation, consisting most commonly of an exhaustive criticism of his appearance and manners.

The afternoon is devoted to hard work at the piano, broken only by a lesson at the Conservatory on four days of the week and by a short constitutional on the days of chorus practice. Two days, also, he must devote a little while to the preparation of supper for three. He has formed an alliance with two other fellows, each of whom also provides supper for three two days a week. Thus they can revel in beefsteaks and other delicacies unobtainable otherwise save at a great price, and still have money enough for an extra good supper at a first-class restaurant on Sunday.

After supper he may play chess for a while with one of his table companions, or read for an hour or two. But about three evenings a week he is attending some of those concerts and operas of which his letters are so full; and what a nervous strain they are to the student, who goes not to loll back and enjoy himself, but to analyze every device of composer and player, to build up the musical edifice most effectively, only those who have tried it know. By the end of March he will find two concerts a week quite enough, and in June it will take something especially good to get him out at all. When he spends the evening at home he spends an hour or two more at the piano, and in either case there is a nice quiet hour each side of midnight for theory and composition.

The first question asked your friend by the first acquaintance he made among his classmates was, "Where do you bum?" Now the verb "to bum" as used in Leipsic is a transliteration

of the German "bummeln," and is not a bit of slang. Your friend has now acquired the habit of bumming regularly every Saturday night that nothing presses at the Café Römisches Haus. There, from ten until half-past two, there are never less than a dozen, often twenty or more, British and American students present. Your friend, being a good Canadian, leaves at twelve. They drink a good deal of lemonade and some beer, discuss everything imaginable and a few things you would never imagine, arrange dates for ensemble practices, excursions and what not, and play cards, chess, checkers and billiards. A curious feature, especially to those who have been trained to look upon billiards as questionable and cards as the devil's books, is that there is a good deal of betting on checkers and some on chess—I knew a violinist whose winnings at checkers during the winter of 1906-7 paid his room rent—but a bet on cards is a rarity; even the American national game is played with matches; and at billiards it is unusual for the loser even to pay for the table.

Morning service at the British-American Evangelical Church is held at no earlier hour than half-past eleven. Wisely: for it is felt that even that arrangement brings a fellow out of bed at an unearthly hour on Sunday morning. The consensus of opinion among music students is certainly not in favor of early rising. A few are forced to it by the accidents of the time-table, but the general feeling is that to rise before ten in winter makes it open to question whether one possesses the true artistic temperament.

Yet it must not be inferred that Conservatory students are a lazy lot. True, I once lived for three months in the next room to that occupied by a violin student without ever suspecting that there was one on the premises. But on the average they work much harder than college men. The number of nervous breakdowns is startling, and they do not occur among those who are inclined to dissipate, but among the honest, hard workers. The reason usually is that the people do not realize what a strain three or four concerts a week are to a music student, and they try to attend the concerts and besides do as much work as they did at home. Even the most reckless—the kind who will on

occasion sleep through half the afternoon—manage to get in a couple of hours of honest hard work on their worst days—and I have often been amazed by the amount that men who appeared to me to be regular loafers would get through in a week.

This is done, too, altogether without the stimulus of examinations. The truth is, there is no other study which so fascinates its votaries and of itself stirs them up to such great efforts as that of music. And since only through intense effort can that mental development come which is the aim of a college course, for this reason, if for no other, I believe that music should have an honored place on every college curriculum.

ERNEST J. FARMER, '03.

LOVE AND A SWORD.

Second Prize—Graduate Competition.

E is the handsomest lad in the kingdom, and I wonder thou art not in love with him!" said Mistress Jane Armitage to her companion.

"Ay, pretty indeed!" replied the other, "but withal an arrant coward, and were he as handsome as Apollo, yet would I not be wife to one who is so anxious to preserve a whole skin that he is in mortal terror of the prick of a rapier, and pales every time he sees a 'prentice boy with a staff in his hand coming towards him.

"Pity on't that such a gallant gentleman as was his father should bequeath to posterity one who, while so like him in outward form and graces, hath not the courage of a mouse." Lady Ellen Tremont sighed as she laid down her embroidery: then lightly laughing, she lilted a merry song.

The subject of their conversation, Sir John Croyden, had just entered the fencing school of Monsieur Francois Beauchamp, a master swordsman recently come from Paris to London. "A fine afternoon for exercise, Sir John," he said; then, when they had gone upstairs to the fencing room, he took two foils from their place on the wall and handed one to him.

The young nobleman threw off his doublet and stood before the master, his fine ruddy face and tall, splendidly developed body in contrast with the dark countenance and slight, wiry figure of the Frenchman.

"A good thrust," said the latter, "but carried too far, for before you could recover I could have run you through," and as he spoke he touched him lightly on the breast with the foil. "But, monsieur, you have the gift, you have the skill. Where did you so well learn the grand art?"

"My father taught me," replied Sir John: "he was a gentleman and a soldier; I would I were like him. Yet, though his son, the very thought of a battle unnerves me."

So saying, he resumed his doublet and passed out into the darkening street. To-morrow would be his twenty-first birthday, and he had declined an invitation to the Lord Mayor's ball that he might spend the evening with his widowed mother.

He was proceeding homeward when a loud shout arrested his attention, and he saw a number of 'prentice lads just coming from "The Bell and Cat" alehouse. Having freely imbibed, they were in a mood for mischief, and liked nothing better than to make sport of a young cavalier.

"Have at thee, Master Swashbuckler!" said one, plucking off his cap and throwing it at Sir John's head. As they crowded round, Sir John placed his back against a wall, and, drawing his rapier, stood on guard.

"Put away your toothpick!" taunted another, as, flourishing his stick, he struck Sir John on the shoulder, who with a quick movement wounded him in the arm. He felt the point of his blade come into contact with the yielding flesh, and, seeing the blood that followed, a shudder shook him; he turned deathly sick, and as the man dropped his staff and fell a sudden fear and an uncontrollable desire to flee possessed him. Breaking through the crowd, he ran swiftly down the street. Faster he sped, his pursuers hard after him, until, turning a dark corner, he noticed an open doorway, and, darting inside, he closed the door. He heard the shouting men go past, their cries sounding fainter and fainter. Then all was quiet.

Bitterly he reproached himself for his weakness, yet not daring to move he lay there, his heart thumping hard against his ribs. Some minutes passed, and he was just about to go outside when he heard faint sounds issuing from the end of the hall. He strained his ears to listen. At last he caught the sound of a name that set every pulse throbbing. Noiselessly he crept nearer until he could hear every word.

"And how much do we get for the job, Sir Ralph?" he heard a man's voice say.

"Oh, never fear, but that you'll be well enough paid," was the answer; "the jewels that Lady Ellen wears will be an abundant reward for your pains. But, hark ye! see to it that you make every appearance of a struggle, else the lady may suspect. I fear that though she doth favor me with her smiles she loveth Sir John, and were he not a poltroon my chance of winning her hand would be small. But when to-night I appear on the scene and rescue her from the hands of two villainous thieves who, perchance, would kill as well as pilfer were it not that the brave Sir Ralph comes to her aid, the lady in gratitude will doubtless give to her deliverer her heart and hand. Remember, the jewels are yours and the fair one mine."

Waiting to hear no more, Sir John silently stole out of the door, his brain busy seeking a means to upset the scheme of Sir Ralph. Should he warn Lady Ellen? He feared the charge of cowardice that a statement of how he came by the knowledge might imply. Moreover, he had not learned the spot agreed upon for the robbery. So thinking, he arrived home without further adventure, where, going to his room and changing his dress, he went in to see his mother.

Lady Croyden was reclining on her couch. She smiled as he entered.

"You are late, my boy," she said; "I feared you were never coming."

Sir John drew up his chair beside her, listening as she recounted the brave deeds of his father; so the evening passed quickly by, and the great clock chimed the midnight hour. Then Lady Croyden took from under her cushion a letter which she

handed to her son. It was addressed "From his father to my son, to be opened on his twenty-first birthday," and ran thus:

"My Dear Son,—When you read this you will have reached a man's years, and, I doubt not, a man's stature. See to it that you have a man's spirit. I, your father, do urge it. Take my sword, wear it as a true gentleman, and forget not that it hath never known dishonor."

His father's sword! It was treasured as a precious possession. Rarely had he seen it, but now on a look from his mother he went to a closet and drew it forth. It was a beautiful rapier, of finest wrought steel, its hilt studded with gems. An exhilaration as of wine coursed through his veins. As he held it in his hand, it seemed as though the spirit of his father ran along its blade into his sword arm. His eye flashed, his cheeks glowed, he stood proudly erect, until his mother could almost imagine that time had sped backward and her soldier husband stood before her. Kissing her son good-night, the lady retired, and left him standing alone.

* * *

The social season of London was at its height, and the mansion of the Lord Mayor was brilliantly illuminated. Among the distinguished guests at the ball that night, Miss Jane Armitage and Lady Ellen Tremont were conspicuously radiant; the latter's fine jewels flashing and scintillating with every graceful movement, while attendant on her every wish was a circle of young noblemen, most constant of whom was Sir Ralph Everett.

The last strains of the orchestra had died away, and the guests prepared to depart. Lady Ellen's carriage was drawn up at the entrance, while the faithful coachman assisted her and Mistress Armitage inside; then, mounting the box, he drove away through the streets of the now silent city.

"How dark it is," said Mistress Jane; "I shall be glad when we reach home."

At that moment two masked men appeared. One sprang at the horses' heads; the other stood at the carriage door, and, with a mocking bow, said: "Prithee, ladies, it will oblige me exceedingly if you will place your jewels in my safekeeping."

"Indeed we shall not!" replied Lady Ellen, with a brave show of courage, though her heart was wildly beating.

"Then, lady, I shall be under the painful necessity of myself relieving you," he said, and was about to do so, when the clash of steel was heard and he saw his companion trying to hold the plunging horses and at the same time guard himself from the attacks of the coachman, who had leaped from his seat and was pressing him hard, until with panting breath he cried, "Come quickly or this beggarly varlet will surely pink me."

Leaving the carriage door, the highwayman, with naked blade, sprang to the other's assistance, thrusting at the coachman, who skilfully parried the thrust. Steel clashed on steel, breaking the silence of the night. Seeing his opponent's guard apparently open, the robber made a desperate lunge, which the coachman met, and with a dexterous movement of the wrist sent the other's sword clattering on the stones. The robber with a bound picked it up and disappeared in the darkness. His companion, seeing him run, waited no longer, but, letting go the horses, quickly fled.

The coachman thereupon turned to quiet the horses, when, to his surprise, he saw that Lady Ellen had mounted the driving seat and was gradually getting the frightened horses under control. He was about to speak, when a warning cry from her caused him to look around, and in the light of the carriage lamps he saw the face of Sir Ralph Everett, white as death, his eyes blazing with fury. Almost at the same instant Lady Ellen also recognized it. To her astonishment Sir Ralph, with a muttered imprecation, advanced with drawn rapier upon the coachman, whose hat falling off revealed the face of Sir John Croyden.

"What means this, sirs!" she cried, but, heeding her not, the two crossed swords. Back and forth they retreated and advanced. Sir Ralph was a skilled fencer. He realized that his scheme had been discovered; he must leave England, but before he did he would settle his account with this young meddler; so he exercised all his art and sought to reach a vital spot. But to his every onset Sir John met him with a counter-attack. His heart was light, the courage of his fighting ancestors rose in him.

The sword of his father was in his hand, and now was the opportunity to show to the woman he loved that he was no unworthy son of a brave race.

After his mother had retired, he had sought the scene of the ball. A gold piece slipped into the hand of the coachman, an exchange of clothes in the carriage, and the rest had been easy. All sense of fear and weakness gone, he was fighting valiantly with his dangerous opponent. Every trick of the foils taught him by Monsieur Francois was brought into play, and he felt himself master of the situation. Though slightly wounded, he was pressing the attack vigorously, and had just pierced Sir Ralph in the shoulder when a noise at the other end of the street caused them to stop. A squad of troopers was approaching. To be caught thus meant imprisonment. Sir Ralph quickly sprang away, while Sir John, mounting the box, sat beside Lady Ellen and drove to her home. On the way he told her the story of his adventures and obtained the promise he desired.

Sir Ralph Everett left the next day for the Continent. That morning Mistress Jane said to Lady Ellen, "Did you ever see a handsome young nobleman that had not the courage of a mouse?"

"Handsome is as handsome does," quoted Lady Ellen, with a smile.

Whenever she praises the bravery of her quondam coachman in the presence of her husband Sir John takes her in his arms and points to the sword of his father.

W. E. Bowyer, '02.

OUR RETURN TRIP.

"And homeless far from homes we stood
And far from tables pined and wanted food."

E had grown weary after four months of life in the little shack office, poring over the camp's books, listening to the foreigners' woes and continually harassing the contractors by our incessant calls for food; so we had taken a trip, Murray and I, back into Night Hawk Lake. For four days we had enjoyed our outing. Our food supply was supposed to last a week, but somehow our appetites had increased and, despite the extensive use of fried fish and partridge bouillon, we knew by the remaining stock we must soon hurry home. It was fifty miles to camp, and we decided to make the trip the following day.

The sun rose from a deep crimson horizon, shone brightly for an hour or two, then hid itself behind a mass of dark grey clouds. It was late when we started. We wound down South River and were just entering the open lake when we felt a few scattered rain-drops and noticed that slight gusty breezes had begun to ruffle the water's smooth surface. At first we thought little of it, but as the rain and wind increased we considered it wise to change our course to the leeward side of a small island, and so quickened our strokes. Fast as our canoe cut its way through the little choppy waves, we could not keep ahead of the oncoming storm. The wind had now risen, and seemed to blow on us with terrific force from all directions. The waves, rapidly following one another, and already crested with foam, from time to time broke over our sides as we ran their troughs too squarely or as the gusty wind twirled our bow.

We had little thought now of making the point five miles distant. It was toward the island we held our course. Our teeth were chattering from the wet and cold, the heavy drops were

now beating hard against our stinging faces, while the raging wind at times seemed to take our breath. Murray, in the bow, was working like a madman, and I did my best to stroke with him in the stern. Our sixteen-foot bark was tossed like a chip upon the surface of the waves. We seemed to have no control over it. Although the island was only about three hundred yards distant, it was a terrible pull, and more than once we wondered if we should be able to make it. At last, entering the little crescent of less-agitated water, we began to feel somewhat relieved, when suddenly there was a sharp grinding, the canoe instantly stopped, shaking and trembling. We had struck a projecting reef. For an instant the boat rocked and creaked, then, caught by a blast of wind stronger than any before, swinging twice round as if on a pivot, broke loose. We both leaped into the water—luckily it was only waist-deep—and, seizing the canoe, which was fast filling, we dragged it ashore.

It would be impossible to describe the state of its contents, of the half-baked bannock or the remaining flour. Fortunately our match-box was waterproof. We quickly lit a fire, pitched our tent, and prepared a warm stew from our last piece of pork, the two remaining potatoes and half an onion. It proved an excellent meal and the best we were to taste for some time. The equinoctial showers had come upon us, and for five days we were forced to enjoy each other's company upon that little island. Luckily we had a few beans left, and these we served up in the varied ways of hot and cold, without salt or pepper. There was no game, no fish. Our bean supply grew less and less, and on the fifth day we dined on bean soup—the water strained from the beans the two previous days.

About noon of the fifth day, however, the wind swung to the south, blowing hard but steadily. This at least was favorable and as our food supply was completely exhausted we were glad to venture out, having beforehand stopped the canoe's leaks with canvas and pitch. The water was still rough, but with the wind behind and the aid of Murray's sail, constructed from his smock and paddle, our little craft fairly flew. We speedily crossed Night Hawk, passed through the connecting link into Frederick

House Lake, then on down Frederick House River, and had high hopes of reaching camp that night. Yet again we were to be disappointed. In the thick mist and the heavy smoke from the marsh fires we missed our turning and went several miles farther down before discovering our mistake. We were forced to camp that night on a low, wet bog. Here, tired and hungry, we tried to sleep, but no, the river, swollen by the recent rains, rose, and overflowing its low banks, forced us to seek our canoe, and in it await the coming dawn. But all that, together with the great difficulty we had in finding the mouth of Slim Creek, is of itself another story.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when we passed Slim Creek's last bend and started to cross Wilson Lake. The wind had dropped. It was much colder. The sun was just beginning to show itself low down in the eastern sky. The snow which had begun in the night was still falling. One saw the large white flakes, slowly descending, meet their rising mirrored selves at the lake's calm surface, then, melting, disappear. All round, from the white-clad boughs of the pines and spruce, gleamed a thousand different hues, but we had no time or thought for nature's beauties. Our eyes were fixed on the little pole landing at the foot of the farthest bay, and then beyond to that lofty summit beneath which we knew the blue smoke must be curling from the cookhouse fire.

E. D. Gray, '11.

OMAR KHAYYAM, *ALIAS* EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

THOSE who know Omar Khayyám and Edward Fitzgerald only through the Rubáiyát which bear the former's name are little troubled by the question as to which of the two poets may really be called the author of the famous quatrains. If the thought and feeling of two lives were needed in the making of that marvellous poem, it is little wonder; the space of two lives seems almost too short a time in which so much could have been enjoyed and suffered, so much hoped and despaired, as is expressed in the Rubáiyát. If the genius of two minds has been focused in the brilliance of this poem, the result is no less perfect than when the combined light of two planets shines sometimes as one morning star of surpassing brightness. We can no more distinguish the separate sources of light in the one case than in the other, and are content to leave the search to the astronomer and scholar and to enjoy unquestioningly the matchless result.

The poem breathes such strange Oriental fragrance that we cannot help but feel that the writer was indeed the poet of Naisháput, and that any later voice was his as truly as his first utterance eight hundred years ago. What wonder if the heart that spoke such living words could not sleep quietly when they were forgotten. Such words have too much human life in them to sink into forgetfulness, and such thoughts un-thought must return to trouble their creator until he should again give them utterance, and quiet his own unrest by placing it in the minds of others. And whom could we picture as more fitted to speak for the Persian poet than the quiet, kindly, eccentric Irish gentleman, with that warmth and sympathy and eloquence which the people of Ireland give to the cause they love, and with that capacity for pleasure and pain which is pre-eminently theirs?

*Edward Fitzgerald was born of Irish parentage, at Bredfield, County of Suffolk, England, on the last day of the present month one hundred years ago. He died at his own home of Little Grange, near Woodbridge, in 1883, at the age of seventy-five.

The Rubáiyát is remarkable for its profound thought and wonderful beauty of expression. There never were philosophers like the poets, and never a poet like Omar, who was scientist, philosopher, poet, all three. He does not hide the result of his thought in interminable forests of words, and hedge them in with thickets of abstruse argument only to be painfully traversed by devious paths of reasoning. His philosophy flashes blinding bright from the clear-cut facets of his verse, and is the more convincing for its simplicity and directness of utterance. What profoundest philosophers in profoundest treatises seek with difficulty to convince us of as to the nature of the ideal ends man sets for himself, Omar gives us in a single verse:

> "Heav'n but the vision of fulfilled Desire,
> And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire
> Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
> So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire."

The whole poem is a series of these thought-pictures, whose very beauty of expression and rhythm at first blinds us to their meaning, but whose revealed meaning serves to intensify their beauty.

The poem opens with the clear call of the winds of dawn to the life and light of man's one short day: a spring day, riotous with the odors of strange-named flowers whose very sound is fragrant, and whose beauty sets the key for the brighter notes of the poem. And yet in the very midst of this gladness sounds the minor note which is recurrent so persistently throughout.

> "Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
> That Youth's sweet scented manuscript should close!"

The sweetness of life is enhanced by the sadness that it surely and swiftly must end in darkness, and that man must return to eternal nothingness after "a momentary taste of Being from the Well amid the Waste." To all his search as to what may lie beyond this life he could find only one answer:

> "Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
> Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
> And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
> I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

For all his striving to know the meaning of his own existence he found both earth and heaven as dumb; some Power there was working blindly in him, whose seeming manifestation in nature eluded all search, and the secret of whose nature it was hopeless to seek. He turned then to the beauty and pleasure of life with two-fold reason, both to quench the pain of thought which could not find satisfaction, and because it was his creed that he should enjoy his brief day of existence as unquestioningly as the rest of God's creation. He believed that in the free joy of life man might approach nearer the Truth than by the devotion to a creed, and to the orthodox Deity of his religious opponents he flings a defiance as magnificent in its freedom as ever Promethus offered to an unjust Jove. Yet he is by no mean content with the result of his search for Truth. There breathes throughout the poem that very sadness of mortality which casts over all earthly beauty the shadow of coming nothingness, and hushes the very stars when they feel their destiny of eternal darkness.

He faced his defeat with a heart unembittered and steady, with a kindly, humorous despair, a jest at his very weakness, and, above all, with a love of nature's warmth and beauty the more passionate for the pain he felt. His creed is materialistic if you will, but it is a materialism as profound in its mystery as the material universe in which we live; in expression as beautiful as the petals of his own beloved roses; and as subtly intoxicating as the fragrant cup poured by the "Cypress-slender Minister of Wine." It is the cry of a soul for life—life that was not found when sought for through the power of thought, and life that the soul now seeks blindly but no less fervently through feeling. But the divine unrest that will not be satisfied persists to the end, and the poet's eyes never cease to question the problem that he would still declare unanswerable. For all the enjoyment of the delights of the senses, for all the dauntless courage with which he faces the Unknown, for all the despair of Light, the longing remains:

> "Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
> One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
> To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
> As springs the trampled herbage of the field!"

The poem is a living thing; its beautiful form, stirred with a rhythm as smooth and regular as a quiet, even breath, glowing in every line with some beauty of word or phrase, and graceful in every perfect expression of thought, is the embodiment of the very spirit of the poet. We feel that we know him more truly through this later revelation than even we might through that other expression which his life found centuries ago in Persia. And yet—to have walked with the Poet in his garden some night when the scent of roses was in the air; to have drowned thought and care with the delightful sinner in "the Cup that clears To-day of past Regret and future Fears;" to have talked with the philosopher of those problems of destiny and desire that persist to thrust themselves upon men,—that might teach new beauty and meaning to the poem in which we find still fresh beauties and depths of thought with the growth of our own life and knowledge.

Elsie R. McLaurin, '09.

TWILIGHT.

'Tis twilight, and across the water still,
From out the dull light of the western sky,
We catch the sound of music far away,
As through a vista of the days gone by.
For time, like distance, muffles jarring chords,
And hides the imperfections from our ear.
Sometimes a strain we catch, an old sad strain,
A chorus long forgot, yet quaintly clear;
And as we listen mem'ries crowd about,—
Forsaken mem'ries cob-webbed in the brain,
So sweetly sad, yet tanged with bitterness,
So restful and yet fraught with pleasant pain;
The music dies away; the spell is past;
So let it vanish with past things to rest.
We turn away, the twilight hour is done:
The last dim glow has faded from the west.

Lee Wilson Smith, '12.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON '11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
MAIME DENNESS, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, '11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. MARCH, 1909. No. 6

Editorial Notes.

THE Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is to be held in the city of Seattle, Washington, this approaching summer. This event, by the way, is very significant as touching the prospects of the State University located in Seattle. An appropriation of over one million dollars has been made by the State for the Exposition. As the buildings for exhibits will be situated on the University campus, an arrangement is agreed upon whereby property costing at least six hundred thousand dollars will revert to the University authorities. The students of Seattle have every reason to feel hopeful in the face of this happy enlargement of their educational facilities.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"Whatever good is done, whatever ill
By human kind shall this collection fill."

TOO much cannot be said in favor of a strong class spirit, but there is a danger which is all the time becoming more evident, viz., the fostering of class spirit at the expense of the interests of the school as a whole. This tendency is usually most marked in the junior years. All are agreed that the freshmen should have a party at least once a week, at which time they may hire cabs, pleasure sleighs and chaperons, but we are all agreed as well upon the necessity of not allowing these to interfere with the regular functions of the University. Those functions which are dependent upon the students for financial support are not very numerous, and there is absolutely no reason why every man in the school should not loyally support the literary banquet and all similar College functions. The societies have no regulations to force the students to be present at these gatherings. This is perfectly optional; but every man should at least buy two tickets, and then consider himself free to come or remain at home. It may be argued that the places will be filled by outsiders, but if the executives who have these functions in their charge make elaborate preparations, ought they not to have the assurance that the students are behind them in their undertaking?

It is significant to notice that the greatest delinquency exists among the "day students." This is no doubt because they have not come in touch with the College life. It is unquestionably true that the man who does not spend part of his time in residence in the College is missing one of the greatest advantages which the school has to offer. Indeed, the day may come in the not distant future when at least a year's residence will be required for the obtaining of the arts degree.

THOSE who invariably use the threefold division of the sermon, and who place the climax at the close, may find a helpful suggestion from a thesis recently written for the degree B.D. on

"What Constitutes a Call to the Ministry." The following are the divisions: "The Lower Call," "The Medium Call," and "The Higher Call."

The Student Volunteer Union of Toronto held a missionary conference Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 26-28. The meetings were all well attended, the addresses were most inspiring, and the programme of speakers was most excellent. Much credit must be given to H. L. Troyer, McMaster representative on the Union, who was Secretary of the conference, and who was most energetic in both the preparation and in the carrying out of the conference. Dr. J. L. Gilmour preached the conference sermon on Sunday morning in University of Toronto Convocation Hall. At the different meetings were presented the "calls" of the Laymen, the Fields, the Boards, the University, and the Call to Service, an appeal to the individual, was the subject of the final meeting. Mr. J. M. Menzies, B.A.Sc., of Knox College, is the President of the Union. A splendid standard was set for future years, and if held earlier in the session would possibly be of even greater advantage.

It has been suggested that if a man introduces three "B's" into his subject for an oratorical contest, he may expect to get stung.

The chapel service was largely attended on Monday morning, March 1st, to see Chancellor McKay, who has been absent for two months. The Chancellor is so much younger in appearance that the freshmen could scarcely distinguish him from some of the younger members of the faculty. They recognized his voice, however, when he commenced to speak. The speech was characteristic of the man. He said that, from the time he crossed the line until he returned, there were but three topics of conversation, and they centred around the following dates, 1776, 1861, 1896. "One learns to live over there," said the Chancellor, "for it is not an uncommon thing to make the nightly rest extend over a period of fourteen hours." Good sleepers, however, are not confined to the Southern States. During his visit to the South, he was privileged to attend the Mid-Winter Convocation of the George Washington College, and while he enjoyed it very much, he missed the "Rah! Rah! Rah!" from the gallery. He was able to say, without flattery, that no audience equal to the one before him had greeted him since he left home in December, 1908.

The Lit Banquet.

Of the various annual functions of the Literary Society, there is one which is anticipated with unusual interest and keenness, and upon which those in charge lavish every possible effort to make it successful. On Friday evening, Feb. 19th, the Society held its Sixth Annual Dinner in Castle Memorial Hall. The large number present, and the favorable comments to be heard from all quarters, testify to the success of the event, and to the appreciation which is felt toward the President and those who assisted him in managing the affair.

It was indeed a pleasing sight to view the prettily decorated tables arranged in the hall, and the company of two hundred and fifty people, mostly young folks, sitting, chatting merrily together, and enjoying themselves to the full. To the pleasant social atmosphere which prevailed additional attraction was rendered by the music contributed by the orchestra in attendance.

The hum of voices suddenly came to an end, and all turned toward the guests' table, when the President, W. A. Scott, acting as toastmaster, rose to propose the toast to "His Majesty the King." After drinking to his health, the company joined in the National Anthem. Mr. N. Ware, B.A., in an eloquent and picturesque style, proposed the toast to "Canada." This was responded to by Professor J. Adam Shortt, M.A. After a few opening remarks, Professor Shortt proceeded to a discussion of some of the problems with which our country is face to face to-day. Canada, he said, is a typical democracy. This means that the affairs of the people are governed by the people. As the social, economic, and intellectual life of the people becomes more and more complex, there is the danger that democracy will not keep pace, will become inadequate, and "make a mess of things." All will go well if Canadians devote themselves honestly, definitely and seriously to the question. But there is the difficulty. Each one is so anxious about his own destiny that there are very few who feel much concern about the destiny of the country, and even these are handicapped and interfered with by the individual interests which are urged upon them in opposition to the general interests. The situation is one which requires profound study, and its solution remains for those who have the training. Hence the necessity for men to enter the field and carefully prepare themselves for the work. The majority rules, but the minority must determine the kind of rule the country is to have.

Mr. E. Anderson, '10, proposed the toast to "Canadian Industries," emphasizing the rapid development in this depart-

ment of our national life. Rev. J. A. Macdonald replied, and in a very humorous way told how he had, during the evening, answered for himself the question that had pressed upon him, as to why the students of McMaster should be so concerned about "Canadian Industries." He spoke of the three main branches of industry, as suggested by Mr. Anderson, namely, those concerned with food, with clothing and with building, and contrasted the methods of a hundred years back and those employed now. He foretold the danger, however, that in harnessing the forces of nature to bring about production, formerly accomplished by hard, individual labor, we would miss the training, moral and physical, which was the reward of our forefathers, and so slip into a state of degeneracy. It is not the resources and inventions that make a country, but its men and women, and it is our duty to use the powers to which we fall heir to uplift our manhood and womanhood, so that we may prove ourselves worthy of those who have gone before, and enlarge the way for those who follow.

The toast to "The Ladies" was proposed by Mr. C. Harris, '09, and very befittingly responded to by Miss Muriel Farmer, '09, Vice-President of the Society.

"Alma Mater" was proposed by Mr. J. H. Cranston, B.A., and responded to by Professor W. S. McLay, who spoke in the place of the Chancellor. Prof. McLay, in regretting the absence of Chancellor McKay, told of the high esteem and love in which he was held by the faculty and students, and of the joy that all entertained that he should soon be back again. He also read a telegram from Chancellor McKay, wishing the Society every success in their banquet. Prof. McLay expressed the Society's welcome to the guests present, and thanked Professor Shortt for his kindness in coming and speaking. He promised Professor Shortt the support of the University as he continued his work on the Civil Service Commission. The last toast was that to "Sister Institutions," presented by Mr. E. P. Lewis, '09, and replied to by the Queen's representative.

Pleasant variation to the evening of speaking was made by several vocal solos given by Mr. David Ross, and a piano selection by Miss Lewetta Cairns. Before dispersing, the company sang the National Anthem.

Professor in Bible History, discussing the word Sheol, said: "We will not go any further into this just now."

Thursday evening, Feb. 4th, the senior year were very kindly entertained at the home of Mrs. Weston. The gentlemen were

shown their apartments, and after a great deal of brushing and dusting and fixing, were graciously received by the hostess. The ladies were shown to a nice quiet room, and after much arranging and adjusting and admiring, were also received by the hostess. The next scene is one of excited, chattering commotion. In the corners and settees sweet fingers are deftly fashioning ties; and awkward fellows, that prick their fingers even sewing a button on their waistcoats, are gleefully manipulating feathers and ribbons and yards of the most gorgeously colored print in the confident expectation of making a girl's hat. Well—those hats were fearfully and wonderfully made. Such odd and unheard-of styles could only show to best advantage on the boys themselves, and by common consent each wore his own. Such a sight! Our Grecian god became a buxom lass; our pompous priest the merry, flippant country maid. The third scene revealed a somewhat startling fact. One would naturally think that after four years of residence life in McMaster one could tell the taste of butter or detect the flavor of turnips, but with the eyes closed one was taken for an onion and the other for fudge. The fourth scene was a procession eastward and a midnight serenade of the Bloor Street Frat. One or two apparitions appeared at the window, but the rest, mistaking the strains of "Hoe the Corn, Moses," for songs of the angelic host, slept quietly on. The fifth scene presents the seniors crawling into bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, and mumbling some unintelligible words to the tune of the Japanese anthem, "O-wah-ta-fu-li-yam."

Professor in pastoral theology, warning the students against the too prevalent practice of plagiarism, received this answer from a thoughtful theologue: "If I buy a book down town, and pay for it, isn't it my own, and can't I use it as I wish?"

The Old, Old Story.—On Wednesday, February 10th, McMaster and University College met once more in debate on McMaster ground. The subject was, Resolved, "That the recent Old Age Pension Bill passed by the British Parliament was an unwise measure." The affirmative was upheld by the McMaster stalwarts, Mr. Archibald Ward and Mr. N. St. Clair McKechnie, B.A., while Mr. J. L. Duncan and Mr. J. W. Lunny took the negative for University College. After the students in the gallery had relieved themselves of the usual number of hereditary witticisms, the meeting was opened, Dr. Farmer presiding. The first number was a vocal solo by Mr. E. Newton, '11. This was well received, and an encore demanded. The doughty warriors

then got busy. As the Varsity supporters were conspicuous by their absence, the McMaster students rendered their yell for them in a very creditable manner. While the judges, Professor Kilpatrick, J. A. Paterson, K.C., and J. S. Willison, Esq., were coming to a decision, Miss Moulton gave a reading which was much appreciated. The judges entered immediately after, and Professor Kilpatrick gave the decision in favor of McMaster. We can praise our men in no better way than to say, simply, they won.

The difficulties of the preacher's life are not a few. One divinity student, on going into the pulpit, was unable to find the chapter which contained his text for the evening. He displayed unwonted originality, however, and preached a good sermon from the first text he could find.

The Literary Society met on Friday evening, February 12th, in Castle Memorial Hall. After the reading of the minutes, Miss Ashworth, of the Toronto College of Music, gave a vocal solo, which was well received and heartily encored. Miss Mary Firstbrook, '12, recited a bright story in a delightful manner, and gave as an encore a very clever and witty medley. Mr. J. Wearing, '10, followed with an address dealing with his experiences in the lumber camps of Northern Ontario. His enthusiastic words, full of the glamor of the forest, pictured the joys and trials of camp life, and recalled to many of the audience the delights of past vacations. After a series of limelight views, the supplement of Mr. Wearing's reminiscences, the meeting was brought to an end by the singing of the National Anthem.

Professor McLay and Mr. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., were among the speakers at the Oxford Old Boys' banquet, held in Woodstock, Friday, Feb. 26th.

Debating Club.—On Feb. 6th the Debating Society met as usual. The subject for discussion, Resolved, "That the Athletic Association of McMaster University should pay the expenses of injured players during the intercollegiate rugby and hockey games," was led in the affirmative by Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, and on the negative by Mr. A. F. Smith, '09. Dr. Farmer, as critic, offered many helpful suggestions. The judges, Messrs. Telford, B.A., and Chave, B.A., gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. Feb. 13th the resolution, "That Athletic Literary and Monthly fees should be compulsory, and added to general

fees,'' supported by Mr. C. N. Curtis, '10, and opposed by Mr. E. Grey, '11. Dr. Findlay gave most profitable criticism. The judges, Messrs. Strachan, Theol., and Ronson, '10, awarded the decision to the negative. The subject for debate on Feb. 26th was, Resolved, ''That the boycott is a legitimate method of securing concessions from employers.'' Mr. A. Bisset, '09, upheld the affirmative, and Mr. Digby, Theol., the negative. Mr. J. Wearing acted as critic, and his suggestions were much appreciated. The judges, Messrs. McLaurin and McNaughton, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

Feb. 27th, the question for discussion was, Resolved, ''That the partition of the Turkish Empire would be in the best interest of mankind.'' Mr. Tilly, 10, led the affirmative, and Mr. V. Price, '11, the negative. Mr. McNaughton, B.A., acted as critic. Messrs. Veals, '10, and Gould, '11, acted as judges, and gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

Oratorical Contest.—A very interesting event in connection with the Debating Union took place in Castle Memorial Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 26. Mr. Harry Ryrie, of Ryrie Bros., offered as a prize a gold medal in the form of a watch fob to be given to the student delivering the best address upon a subject of his own choice. A representative from each of the years in Arts and one from Theology was appointed, and these, upon the occasion of this open meeting of the Debating Union, competed for first place. The meeting being open to the public, a large number of friends assembled and formed a splendid audience, before which the different speakers displayed their oratorical powers. Mr. Anderson, President of the Union, occupied the chair. The orations were as follows: ''Tolstoy, the Prophet of Russia,'' by Mr. F. A. McGregor, '12; ''Canadian Politics,'' by Mr. V. E. Gray, '11; ''The Earl of Shaftesbury,'' by Mr. N. McCausland (Theol.); ''Canada: Big, Beautiful, Bounteous,'' by Mr. W. E. Ronson, '10: ''The Poet and the Nation,'' by Mr. Thomas Wearing, '09. Musical selections were given by Miss Lola Hamilton, piano; Miss Erminie Hurst, vocal, and Mr. B. Farmer, violin. While the judges, Mr. E. A. Hardy, B.A., Prof. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B., and Prof. Gilmour, B.A., D.D., were coming to an agreement, Mr. Lawrence Lugsdin most successfully entertained the gathering with several excellent readings. The decision, based upon delivery, literary excellence and subject matter, was given in favor of Mr. Wearing. The prize was presented by Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., Honorary President of the Union.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter,
That Bird is on the wing."

SO, INDEED, it seems to most of us, as nowadays the rink is usually converted into a swimming bath or else it is an icy field of miniature hills and dales. And the end of the skating season means the coming of exams. once more, with no more time to study than we had before. What though the rink can no longer tempt, there are other delights equally living. And the delicious feeling of *ennui* which reigns supreme over all thoughts of energetic study submerges our whole being when everything in nature whispers of "dreamful ease."

Y. W. C. A.—The first meeting of the month was in the hands of the Y. W. C. A. of Victoria College. The subject was "Missions." Two very interesting papers were read on "Christ's Conception of Missions" and on "The Need of Prayer in Mission Work." A solo by one of the members was very much enjoyed by all. We are glad to have a sister Association with us, and hope that some time next year we may be able to welcome them again to McMaster Hall.

The second meeting was devoted to the discussion of Baptist doctrines. These were dealt with in three papers by Miss Muriel Farmer, Miss Hope Simpson, and Miss Olive Cross. The subjects of baptism, church membership, the Lord's Supper, and the general depravity of the human race were very clearly presented. Most of us know better what Baptist doctrines are than we did before the meeting, for the ideas of some of us had been rather hazy.

On the seventeenth the meeting was held in the sitting room instead of the Chapel Hall, and, being much more informal than usual, was enjoyed greatly by all. Never before had we realized so strongly what a freezing influence vacant seats and a lofty, bare ceiling have on a girl's tongue. The topic for the day was the "Character of Christ," and each girl spoke of the particular phase of Christ's life on earth which had impressed her most deeply. It was decidedly one of the most helpful meetings we have had this year.

According to our regular programme, the last meeting in the month was missionary in character. Mrs. Woodburne, from India, gave a very interesting talk. She told of one Indian girl in particular and also of a caste girls' school with which she had been connected. Miss Olive Cross favored us with a solo.

What really interests a girl is often a matter of deep conjecture on the part of some. For the benefit of such we shall tell of one subject. When Mrs. Woodburne came to tell us something about India she was asked by a curious member of the Association what she was going to talk about. "I'm going to tell you about a girl," she replied. "Oh!" was the quick rejoinder, "why don't you tell us about a boy?" "Yes," said another member, "we're much more interested in a boy."

W. L. S.—The February meeting was one of special interest to the freshettes and sophettes, as they debated on the puzzling question of which was a greater queen, Elizabeth or Victoria. The wearers of the yellow, represented by Miss Bessie Arkell and Miss Gertrude Steinhoff, upheld Elizabeth, while those who claim the green, represented by Miss Marjorie Fairbairn and Miss Gladys McKay, supported Victoria. The debate was exceedingly good throughout. Prof. Matthews and Prof. Clark acted as judges. While the judges were deciding, Miss Etta Pugsley gave a very entertaining reading. The exuberance of the sophettes was quite irrepressible when it was announced that the lot of the victors was theirs.

It is rather noticeable during the rehearsals of "As You Like It" that the love-making scenes are the most difficult for the uninitiated actors. One would-be lover declared that "she didn't know how," and admitted that her sweetheart could "do it better," because "she was more used to it." And, indeed, it is a trifle puzzling for a girl to know how a man would act when first he fell in love.

A compliment to the superiority of woman was unconsciously given by a professor, who emphatically stated that for generations the English kings were no good—not in the least, until the king was a *woman*.

The attendance of the girls at chapel service on Monday was probably the largest which we have had for many days. And, though the girls did not take any part in the enthusiastic applause which greeted the Chancellor, yet every girl felt as if she would like to join in the college yell, to show how glad she was to see the Chancellor once more. Every girl in the college extends the heartiest welcome to Chancellor McKay.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. A. DETLOR, '09.

Yet a little talk, yet a little gossip,
A little easing of the heart in talk.

RULY, 'tis a big task we have before us this issue; news as varied and weighty as ever emanated from the Ladies' Room awaits our consideration. Would that we had the natural qualifications for its just treatment. Would that, with a woman's infallible perception, we might clinch the salient points, and with a shrewdness born of constant application, construct fabric from such stuff as dreams are made of. Would that with the quickness of feminine minds we might grasp the whole when only a part appears, and with that artfulness of grace produce a part when nought but burning fancy prevails. Would that from the wanderings of our imagination there might proceed the racy and palpable, the novel and startling, as sprang Minerva from the brain of Zeus. Then, O Muse of the Ladies' Room, would we have the warm interest of thy votaries, and our pages, too, would be the subject of their innocent and refreshing talks! Yet bear with us a little; it's the best that in the weakness of our masculine nature and the insipidity of our tastes we are able to produce.

While speaking of ladies, we thing it only just that, here and now, public recognition should be made of the noble athletic spirit displayed by our McMaster co-eds. We believe we are expressing the opinion of the school, and of the players especially, when we say that their presence at the games is always noticed and appreciated. The same can be said of the faculty. If the boys are playing a winning game they're glad the professors are there; if they are up against it, they know they have at any rate the sympathy of those sober faces.

Perhaps now we had better say a word about hockey. But, mark you, we'll say nothing about championships. That's a word that is in very bad taste at McMaster; a word that in the gradual trend of events has become obsolete around here. Therefore, we use it not. What we have to say will concern hockey, and not that "horrible word."

McMaster II. v. St. Andrew's.—Excelsior Rink, Jan. 26th. As for this return game with St. Andrew's, we simply wish to have it chronicled, and then pass on. The game was played, and McMaster lost. Score, 1—5.

McMaster I. vs. Varsity II.—The first game of the intermediate intercollegiate series was played on Mutual Street Rink between McMaster I. and Varsity II. The game was fairly well contested throughout the first half, but the second half McMaster went punk, and Varsity had a walkover. The shots rained hard and thick, and "Hamish" found that his ability to guard the nets varied inversely with the "mean disposition" of the shooter. The only feature of note was a little altercation over a goal in the last half. In this somewhat heated dispute, Jimmie's life was at stake. But in the moment of danger Ware sprang to the rescue. Through the mediating influence of the referee, the disturbing elements were removed from the ice; the goal was awarded to Varsity, and the game proceeded without any further eruptions.

McMaster I. vs. Varsity II.—The above series was terminated, as far as McMaster was concerned, at the return game on the Excelsior Rink, Tuesday, Feb. 2. The ice was keen, and the game started keen and swift; with a rush, McMaster was reaching for the Varsity nets, and for about ten minutes warmly worked their defence. Then Varsity scored, and McMaster lost ground. Varsity scored again, and again, and yet again. The McMaster line-up became as blue as the Varsity emblem; the rooters were as quiet as Varsity debating supporters, and the little things in the gallery made a pretty pout. "Poor McMaster," says Hanley to the goaltender, with a smile, "they're not even hanging out the first half this game." Varsity scored again. The venerable Dean of Arts left the rink. Twice again they found the nets. Our Dean of Theology quit the rink, but left his blessing. Who now will deny that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much? Immediately McMaster spruced up. They got the scratch, they worked the pass, and before Varsity knew where they were the puck was in the nets. At this juncture Fuzzie saw a red feather in the gallery, and with the most intricate flourish of stick-handling, passed Hanley and found the Varsity nets. Jack now looked up and saw a smile. "Gee, fellows, we've got to buck up now." As a result of the smile, the fellows did buck up, and scored again. Iveson, passing under the gallery, heard "such sweet, soft notes as yet musician's cunning

never gave the enraptured ear''—and he scored a goal. Pat played a level-headed game right through, but, spurred by the sound of ''little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,'' he, too scored, and notched his stick twice for the honor of McMaster. This ended the game, and although McMaster lost, we feel sure the victors will respect our finishing powers.

McMaster line-up: Goal, McLaurin; point, Dales; cover point, Ware; rover, Firstbrook; centre, Robinson; left wing, Iveson; right wing, Haydon.

The inter-year games this season have been of high character and intense interest.

Ten vs. Nine.—The game between '10 and '09, Feb. 15th, was the one game in the inter-year hockey series. Nothing mediocre about this, and those who saw it were well compensated for missing a night of skating at Little Vic. The ice was good, and every man was spurred on by the old feeling of good-will and love and amity that has always existed between these two years. Quite edifying, too, this game, for every man did unto the other fellow what the other fellow would like to do unto him—only he did it first. The magnanimity of spirit and self-control displayed in this game is worthy of comment, and would, we are sure, call forth the praise and commendation of even our good Dean of Arts. The Juniors were ''piquant yet not biting, practical yet not ploddive, lofty yet not airy, hopeful yet not dreamy.'' While the Seniors evinced ''dignity without stiffness, chivalry without rashness, aggressiveness without pugnacity, modesty without self-depreciation, self-consciousness without self-conceit.'' Good hockey was put up by both teams, the whole ice was used throughout the game, and at the end both nets were equal. It was agreed to play a ten-minute half, and this was the signal for the final test of supremacy. Which would win? Was old '09 to fall in ignominy and defeat and forever wear the shame of subjection at the hands of the gloating adversary? Would '10 at last realize the joy of her heart, and strike a blow at the old combination ere it disintegrated into the cold, cold world? No. 'Twas not to be. Old Nine asserted her pristine strength, and with system and regularity worked her full line abreast, and twice broke the Junior nets. The Juniors did not score, and the Seniors were therefore left masters of the ice. Final score, 7—5.

Ten line-up: Goal, McGregor; point, Robertson; cover, McKay; rover, Firstbrook; centre, Iveson; left, Newell; right, Donald.

Nine line-up: Goal, McLaurin; point, Layng; cover, Jury; rover, Jackson; centre, Robinson; left, Detlor; right, Haydon.

Twelve vs. Eleven.—On Tuesday, Feb. 16, the freshmen and sophs. lined up for the second game of the inter-year series. The scrubs were pretty well represented, and did much of their characteristic work in the numerous slashing, scrapping mix-ups along the boards, in which both sophs. and freshmen pushed and poked with wild and frantic zeal. Not much speed some of them, not very handy at the stick either; yet the muffs in the gallery became much enthused, and fairly danced with excitement. The goaltenders did a little; in fact, I'm told that one goaltender scored on the other—a most unprecedented occurrence. Great excitement prevailed when big Dwight Grey repeatedly went laboring down the boards, like a wound-up automaton, knocking or stepping over all before him, and hotly seeking the freshmen net. McGregor did strenuous work, thanks to the wise training of E. P. Lewis. At one time in the game things were looking pretty bad for the freshmen, but they were egged on to victory by the enthusiastic words of Captain Sinclair, "Boys, we can't have this. Why, look at all the girls that are here!" Well, the freshmen won. The real hockey playing was done by Morrison and Silcox; Dales, however, always began figuring at the proper time, and unquestionably was the bulwark of the sophomore team. Final score, 4—3.

Twelve line-up: Goal, Wilkins; point, Sinclair; cover, Pearson; rover, Silcox; centre, Morrison; right, Ronson; left, McGregor.

Eleven line-up: Goal, McCrimmon; point, Dales; cover, D. Grey; rover, McLaughlin; centre, Price; right, E. Grey; left, Waters.

Twelve vs. Nine.—Wednesday, Feb. 17, the young freshmen played with the Seniors for first place. This is the only time in years that the freshmen have come up for first place in hockey. The game was quite interesting, for the freshettes were out in full array, and the juniors kept up a continual hubbub along the boards. With this rousing incentive the Seniors always managed to keep a slight lead in the score, "not very much, but yet a little." Soon it was evident that the freshmen were fagged: McGregor heaved his sides, and Ronson sat down "like a tired child." But the seniors "kept the great pace, neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing their place," and when the

whistle blew the score stood 8—2. 'Naught-Nine the undisputed champions in hockey!

Twelve vs. Ten.—This game was about as miserable a specimen of hockey as we have yet seen. The sloth of hibernation seemed to be upon all; their limbs were stiff, and their sticks given to slugging. Some excitement, however, was worked up, till the freshman goaltender let three goals in, which he declares he never saw, and then the interest subsided both for players and spectators. When the monotony became unbearable, McGregor left the nets, and came sweeping and whirling down the ice with his giant shin-pads. And didn't Wilkins make some flourishes round the goal-post when McGregor bore down upon him! "However, anyway," the freshmen scored, and great was the joy thereof. But their rejoicing was suddenly cut off. Time was up, and '10 had won second place in hockey. Final score, 7—1.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: L. D. Jackson, '09.

EDDINGS seem to be the order of the day. This month we have no less than four to report, three of the number being of members of the year Naught-Five. On the 29th of December, Cyrus Eaton, '05, was married to Miss Margaret House, daughter of Dr. House, one of the leading surgeons of Cleveland, Ohio. They are making their home on Euclid Avenue of the above city. Mr. Eaton is connected with some of the most promising industrial concerns of the States, and we feel safe in stating that he is already on the high road to success in the business world.

Mr. Thos. Hindle, '08, was married on Jan. 27th at Shallow Lake to Miss L. Siegrist, of the Nurses' Home, Hayter Street, Toronto. On Thursday, Feb. 2nd, they left for China to engage in missionary work, going by the Pacific route to Yokohama, Japan, then to Tientsin, China, and thence to Mongolia, which province will be the scene of their labors.

On Feb. 10th, E. R. Fitch, '05, pastor of the Kenilworth Avenue Baptist Church of this city, was married to Miss Pearl Lamont, of London, Ont.

We must apologize for being so late in reporting the wedding of another member of Naught-Five. Mr. George W. Gorman of that year was married to Miss Belle Carmichael, of Petrolea, in September of last year. The ceremony took place in Regina in presence of a number of McMaster graduates. Mr. Gorman is attending Normal School at Calgary, with the intention of entering the teaching profession in the West.

D. J. Welsh, '03, and Daniel Buchanan, '06, are two of the ten young men who compose the Evangelistic Band of Chicago University. It is gratifying to hear that the services which they have been holding with the churches near Chicago have been attended with great success.

Morden H. Long, '08, has resigned his position as teacher in Revelstoke High School, and is attending the Normal School at Calgary.

. . . "I have been a subscriber since I was a blooming freshman, thirteen years ago. The Monthly always comes to me, bringing that same feeling as a letter from home." Yours sincerely, E. E. Wood.

It is gratifying and encouraging for The Monthly Board to receive such letters from its subscribers. Mr. Wood graduated with the Century Class, and is now principal and mathematical master in Fort William High School.

We are pleased to hear of the success of Mr. C. A. Curtis, '08. He is principal of the schools in Raymond, Alberta. He has under him nine teachers, while he himself teaches mathematics and science in the three high school grades.

A card has been received, with a legend to this effect, which tells its own story:

Miss Mildred Sayles Meader
Reverend George Maurice Wells
Betrothed.
327 *Beacon Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.*

Mr. Wells, '06, is pastor of the church at South Chelmsford, Mass. We congratulate him on his betrothal, and hope soon to hear of his nuptials.

D. B. Harkness, '99, editor of *The Western Outlook*, has been appointed General Secretary of Western Missions.

D. C. McIntosh, '03, who for the past two years has been teaching in the theological department of Brandon College, has resigned to accept the position of assistant professor of systematic theology in the Divinity School of Yale University. He is following in the footsteps of such men as the late Dr. Stevens, a theologian and author of international fame. He is still a very young man for so distinguished a position, yet in his short career he has accomplished what is a life's work to an ordinary man. After graduating from here in 1903, he taught philosophy as a Fellow for a year during Dr. Ten Broeke's absence abroad. In the fall of 1904, he went to Chicago University, where he took up residence in Divinity Hall, and specialized in the departments of philosophy and systematic theology. He will receive the degree of Ph. D. at the August convocation of Chicago University this year. He is an exceptionally brilliant student, and his record here and at Chicago has few equals. For two years he has been giving assistance in reorganizing and developing the department of theology at Brandon College. The chair to which he has been called at Yale is one of historic interest, having been filled by men of international reputation for generations. It is the opportunity for authorship that is drawing Mr. McIntosh to Yale, where he has access to the extensive libraries of an old university. McMaster University, as well as the denomination, feels highly honored in having so great a tribute paid to one of her students. Prof. McIntosh is looked upon as one of those constructive theologians, who are to lead the Christian Church out of the uncertainty of the past and present generation.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MAIME DENNESS, '09.

ON the evening of February the 18th a most enjoyable time was spent by the students of Moulton. About half-past seven three large sleighs drove up to the College. Soon crowds of eager, laughing girls poured down into the street, all rushing to find seats in the sleighs with their special group of friends. Amid all the disorder and confusion, suddenly a manly voice, with a strong, vigorous accent, was heard to say, "Gently, girls; there's no rush. This way," and several late individuals were quietly grasped and sent in the opposite direction to that in which their faces and feet were set. At last, by some means or other, all the girls were packed into the sleighs, and after a lusty cry in the aforesaid manly voice of "All right!" the sleighs with their precious burdens moved gently on their way, to the swing of the College song, sweetly piped from fifty nightingale throats.

The route followed by the sleighs seemed to the girls to cover almost every street in the city, and when they had been out for about two hours, and some of the students began to see familiar streets, great sorrow reigned, expressed every now and then by a series of groans.

On the return to the College an oyster supper was served (minus the oysters) and the whole evening was declared, by vigorous cheering, to have proved a decided success.

MOULTON wishes to express her thanks to the Debating Union of McMaster University for the kind invitation sent to them to attend the oratorical contest held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Friday, February 26th. The evening's entertainment was very much enjoyed, and the College heartily congratulates Mr. Wearing on his splendid success.

THE dread week of examinations is over at last, and once again we breathe the pure air of knowledge, unpolluted by the sordidness of cramming and plugging. Occasionally a heart-rending groan may be heard as results are read, but the white, seared faces have vanished, and the sighs are turned to giggles.

Enquiring young second-year student to a member of the faculty: "What is Confiscation Hall?" Teacher: "Do you mean Convocation Hall?"

St. Valentine's Day brought with it a good deal of extra work for the postman on behalf of the inmates of 34 Bloor East. Long packages, short packages, packages of every shape and size, beautiful cards with endless numbers of broken hearts, all found their way into some girl's hands. Oh, what a chance for the doctors and the medical students!

We are very much indebted to Mr. Kochaly for his interesting talk on Persia, his native land, and hope that some time again in the near future he will honor us with another visit.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: C. S. Edwards, B.A.

HERE we are again, after two months' silence. No, it wasn't a case of smallpox quarantine, neither was our non-appearance due to a dearth of events. Like Cæsar, we have been so strenuously engaged in making history that we have found no leisure for writing despatches.

The Societies. — The Philomathic, the Excelsior and the Debating Society have each treated themselves to a brand-new set of officers. A. A. Trembert, E. J. Adams and W. Ashmore are wearing the honors as presidents. The editor of the *Oracle* is D. A. Clarke, and of the *Maple Leaf*, P. Zieman.

The Rink.—There was no skating on the tennis lawn this winter. The Athletic Association did their utmost to provide a rink. They appointed W. Spencer chief engineer of the job. He and his corps of volunteers were most indefatigable in their efforts to make ice. But the elements funked. Nature was "agin" it. Blame Boreas or whatever deity is responsible for the zero weather. Jack Frost wouldn't be conciliated. And so we played Rugby in January, and beheld our rink sail aloft in the form of a billowy cloud of vapor.

The Crest.—At last, after long years of waiting, we are to have an athletic crest. The design was drawn by J. G. Ryrie, who won the prize of five dollars offered for the best design submitted. The crest is awarded on the following literary standing, combined with the standard of the Athletic Association:

1.—40 per cent. on each subject, with average of 60 per cent. on total for the year's work in First, Second and Third years.

2.—In Fourth year. 40 per cent. on each subject, and 60 per cent. on the average for the first half-year, or pass standing in the matriculation exam.

Note.—Those not taking regular courses are to be decided on their merits.

For the present scholastic year, the Third year will be allowed the same privilege as the Fourth year, namely, 60 per cent. on total, with 40 per cent. on each subject for the first half-year.

The Bugaboo.—Imagine our dismay to find the following regulation attached to the above statement: "To play on first or second team. 40 per cent. is required each month in each subject." Gee whiz! Talk about tyranny! That's the limit. How did it strike us? Well, to use a very classical term of speech, we were flabbergasted. Forty per cent. in each subject! Any sane, reasonable being ought to recognize that such a requirement is absolutely preposterous. We burned with indignation over it. We exhausted rhetoric and logic in denunciation of it. We prognosticated blue ruin for athletics on account of it. But there it stands.

Hockey.—And herewith we present our exploits in hockey. The first game was played by the Seniors on Feb. 1st against the Cardinals, of the City League. The result of the game was a tie—one to one. But general confidence prevailed that if it were not for the restriction of the 40 per cent. the College stood a fair chance of winning the city championship, and with it the silver trophy donated by Mr. Martin. We have better material in the school this year than we ever had—such stuff, in fact, as champions are made of. But, unfortunately, some of our best players rendered themselves ineligible for playing on the team by neglecting to qualify on the 40 per cent. basis. The line-up which held the Cardinals in check was: J. Malone, goal; W. Whyte, point; Mac. Clarke, cover; J. G. Ryrie, rover; R. D. Campbell, centre; G. Dunbar, right wing; E. W. Knight, left wing. Whyte was the star of the play, and Ryrie played a good strong game.

Our second Senior game in the City League was played on Feb. 9th, with the Millionaire II. We got a walloping that wasn't altogether unexpected (7—0). Of course we anathematized 40 per cent., which we unquestionably hold responsible for the licking. We have no criticism to offer concerning the line-up. They were: G. Malone, Mac. Clarke, W. L. McKenzie, J. Ryrie, G. Dunbar, I. L. Matthews, B. McCrimmon.

The fortunes of the Juniors in the City League were even worse than the Seniors. They played two matches, one on Feb. 6th with the Y.M.C.A., and another on the 9th with the Collegiate boys. The results in both matches were inglorious for the College, being 5—0 and 7—0, respectively. Again, we do not blame the line-ups. The boys on the teams played well. But our opinion of the 40 per cent. restriction is unprintable as well as unedifying. The players in the first match were: H. Sykes, A. G. Lees, R. D. Campbell, Mac. Clarke, D. A. Clarke, H. Fairchild and P. Binns, of whom Sykes and Fairchild deserve honorable mention. In the second match the line-up was: R. Pipher, D. A. Clarke, H. Fairchild, E. Harris, A. Judd, A. G. Lees and P. Binns.

And so the inevitable happened. On Feb. 15th the Executive of the Athletic Association met and decided to withdraw both the Senior and Junior teams from the City League.

Inter-Year Hockey.—On Feb. 3rd, the first of the inter-year hockey games drew a considerable crowd to the Canterbury St. Rink. It was Third year versus Second. Needless to say, the universe was at stake, and both sides played accordingly. Perspiration flowed, some gore, too. Third year won, 6—3.

On the 10th, the Fourth and First years clashed in the second inter-year game. The Seniors had no conscience at all, and fairly showered pucks into the freshmen goal. Their victory was a score of 19—3. Gould and McLean, of First year, did yeoman service for their team.

On the 17th, Fourth and Third years played off for the College inter-year hockey championship. The game was fast and slightly inclined to be rough at times. Fourth year was always in the lead. They rushed repeatedly, and were only prevented from piling up a big score by the magnificent play of Sykes, the Third year goaltender. The score resulted 7—1, in favor of the Seniors.

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. F. SMITH, '09.

"Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business. We are not so sure of this."—*Carlyle.*

AS ONE writer has said, "The year 1909 celebrates the centenary of the birth of a number of men justly renowned in history, science and literature." It is not surprising, therefore, to find in nearly every college magazine some memorial reference, either in prose or verse, to such statesmen as Lincoln and Gladstone, to such a scientist as Darwin, to such literati as Tennyson, Holmes and Poe, or to such great musicians as Mendelssohn and Chopin. It is with no little satisfaction that the Canadian reader finds that " at Chicago, the editor of a Canadian newspaper delivered the birthday speech " upon the occasion of Lincoln's centenary, and that this speech " took the house by storm." He is also stirred when he learns that, during the Civil War, " forty-five thousand Canadians fought for the Union." Lincoln, assuredly, is more than a national hero. " His tenderness, his courage, his steadfastness in the right—these are universal features." Both Canadians and Americans must agree that in Lincoln we behold one of the fathers of this continent.

THE MCMASTER MONTHLY takes pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges: University Monthly; Varsity; Brunonian; Baylor Literary; Trinity Archive; Colgate Madisonensis; Vox Collegii; Manhattan Quarterly; Martlet; Western Outlook; World Wide; Notre Dame Scholastic; Collegian; Dalhousie Gazette; Acadia Athenæum; Aeta; Mercerian; University of Virginia Monthly; Hya Yaka; Queen's University Journal; Aeta Victoriana; Starkey Seminary Monthly; O. A. C. Review; Harvard Monthly; Athenæum, West Virginia; College Index; East and West; Ottawa Campus; Manitoba College Journal; Okanagan Lyceum; Vox Wesleyana.

SAFE ENOUGH.—(Little boy, smoking on the street, is accosted by a little girl.) She: " You'll eateh it, you dwefful boy! " He: " That's all you know, Miss Clever. Ma's out with the suffragettes; and Pa's hiding in the House of Commons."—*Punch.*

To fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of President Eliot, which takes effect next May 19, Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell has been appointed to the presidency of Harvard University. Professor Lowell, who is fifty-three years of age, possesses no mean executive ability. He is well known as a scholar, lawyer, and author. His chief work, "The Government of England," is said to rank with Bryce's "American Commonwealth." This new president is in close sympathy with the students. He is a relative of the poet, James Russell Lowell, and his father, Augustus Lowell, is revered as the founder of Lowell Institute, Massachusetts.

One bright, breezy periodical which comes to us from the West is *The Manitoba College Journal.* Its lively columns are generally attractive and interesting, being dashed throughout by flecks of humor, and illumined occasionally by some very fair cartoons. Its departments are well maintained. We have, however, one unfavorable criticism to make. The leaves of the *Journal* come to us uncut. No gentle reader, surely, can derive any great satisfaction or enjoyment from having, literally, to cut his way through.

Scene.—A knock at the door. Student (from within): "Who's in?" Professor: "It's me, Professor Blank." Student: "You're a liar. If it was Professor Blank he would have said 'It is I.'" Professor tiptoes away.—*Manitoba College Journal.*

THE WRECK.

Two railroad trains approached a bridge
  Which spanned a river wide,
The tracks here met and verged in one,
  Which erst ran side by side.

One train was late, when suddenly
  The other loomed up ahead
They met, and with one fearful crash,
  I tumbled out of bed.

—R. A. R., in *Colgate Madisonensis.*

He Laughed Alone.—Stranger: "Why are you crying, sonny?" Boy: "Paw hit his fumb wiv a hammer an' I laughed."—*The Mercerian.*

THE
McMaster University Monthly

APRIL, 1909.

WILLIAM J. COPP.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Copp began about thirty years ago. Two years later, in the summer of 1881, I became pastor of the Park Street, now the James Street church in Hamilton. Mr. Copp was one of the deacons of the church, and had a good deal to do in taking me to Hamilton. Our acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy and friendship, and the friendship lasted to the end. After my removal to Rochester I was often a guest in his home, and occasional letters of purest friendship were interchanged. During his last visit to England I received a delightful letter from him. During my own visit to England, while pastor in Hamilton, several beautiful English homes extended to me the most generous hospitality because I was his friend and pastor. Last June, on my way to Brandon, Manitoba, I spent a whole afternoon with him at the home of his son, Mr. Harold Copp, in Fort William. At that time his physical strength was remarkable for one of his years, and his mind was as alert as ever, and our conversation never more interesting.

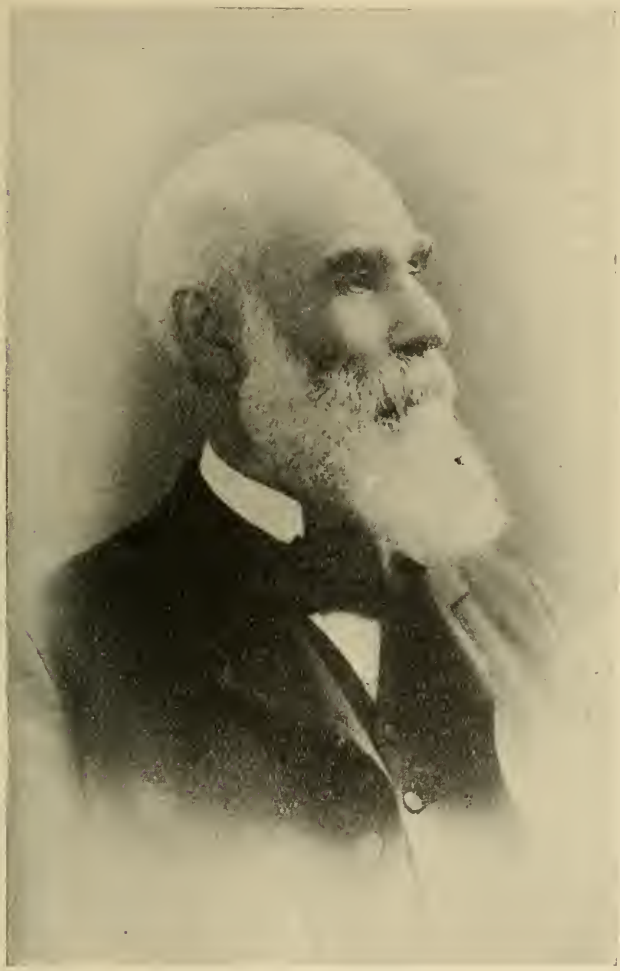
During my pastorate in Hamilton he was much alone, owing to bereavement, to the marriage of his daughter, and to the absence of his sons at school. I spent hours and hours with him, very often an entire evening, in friendly converse. He was one of the best conversers I ever knew; one never tired of his conversation, nor was his fund of ideas ever exhausted. Politics, religion, travel, art, music, architecture, business, education,

family life, social conditions, the world's progress—he had much to say upon them all. The countries that interested him most were England, Canada, the United States, and he knew these countries well. It is easy to see that this man entered into my life as a significant factor and became to me a most valued friend.

Now that my friend is gone, how does he come back to me in memory? What characteristics of his impressed me? For one thing, I recall his unusual strength and his powers of endurance. There was nothing weak in him, either in mind or body. Physically he was a noble specimen of manhood. There was something commanding in his presence, and in any company he was sure to receive consideration. He was a hard worker, and when in his prime it was not easy to tire him. Beginning with practically nothing, he and his brother by their own energy built up the large foundry business for which they were known from one end of the Dominion to the other. He would go on business trips of two or three weeks, during which he would spend most of the nights on the railway and the days in ceaseless activity. Possessed of great will power, he held himself unflinchingly to the tasks and duties of life. He belonged to the class of men who are real nation-builders.

Another characteristic was Mr. Copp's somewhat unusual aesthetic taste, unusual, I mean, in so devoted a business man. His early opportunities were limited, but he supplied the lack by experience and observation. He traveled a good deal, and wherever he went eyes and ears were open, and he was always on the lookout for whatever was worth seeing and hearing. He was a genuine lover of noble architecture, of beautiful pictures, of fine, inspiring music. In matters of this sort, though not possessed of technical knowledge, he became a real expert. In this way his own life was much enriched and a peculiar charm was added to his friendship. He always knew a beautiful church when he saw it, or a noble anthem when he heard it, or a really fine hymn and tune. The house he built in Hamilton had an ideal location; it was itself exceedingly beautiful, and the grounds around it he laid out with rare good taste. Altogether it was a noble and lovely house.

To these things must be added Mr. Copp's wisdom and sound judgment. He was a very thoughtful man. He never uttered hasty or snap judgments. He had a great gift of looking at a



question on all sides. More than once have I known him to say, "I will take that question home and think over it, and give you my opinion to-morrow." When his opinion was given you did

well to heed it, for you might be pretty sure that it was both wise and just. He had great power of self-control, and no matter how strong the appeal to feeling he always listened for the voice of wisdom.

The thing that impressed me most in this strong, wise man I have left to the last, and that was his deep, sincere piety. All the well-known externals of piety were there—family worship, love of the Bible, unfailing regularity at the house of God Sunday morning and evening and mid-week service, testimony and prayer in the fellowship meetings, fidelity as a deacon, life-long devotion to the Church, interest in any Christian movement, service on denominational councils, giving of money, and so on. But not only were the externals there: I came close enough to him to know that his was a sincere faith in God our Saviour, and a sincere endeavor to walk with God. Reverence, trust, contrition, obedience, fellowship, looking for the guiding hand, belief in prayer, love of the communion of the saints, hope of eternal life—these were his, and religion constituted the great undertone and foundation and strength of his life. More and more as the years went on, those who knew him, knew that he walked with God. In the later years he passed through great trial, and it was wonderful and beautiful the way he endured. There came to him a rich mellowing as the years went on, and many of his brethren in the Church and of his circle of friends would speak of him with profound respect and warmest affection. In Hamilton he was for many years a leading citizen. He rendered valuable service in public affairs, and all came to know that he was a man of genuine integrity and of unswerving loyalty to principle and convictions. To his own children he was not only their revered and greatly loved father, but he was also their hero, their dear companion, their best councillor, their most sympathetic friend. I could easily write more, but I will close by saying that, like the great apostle, "he fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith." Probably every one out of all his acquaintances and friends can count a small number of those who really enter into his life, and whose friendship is a part of his best possessions. For myself, of this small number I count Mr. Copp among the first.

J. W. A. Stewart.

ENGLAND DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

[The celebration of the centenary of the birth of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, has revived interest throughout the world in the devastating struggle between the Northern and Southern States. Canadians have special reason to remember the heart-rending conflict, for, as the editor of the Toronto *Globe* said at the Lincoln celebration in Chicago, no less than 48,000 Canadians fought in the armies of the North. The following brief sketch of the economic conditions brought about in England by the war will, therefore, appear timely and interesting to readers of THE MONTHLY. It is from the pen of the respected Treasurer of our University, Mr. J. Short McMaster, who was an eye-witness of the ruin wrought and the suffering borne in the cotton districts of the North of England. A perusal of his narrative will help us to realize the temptation Englishmen must have felt to interfere in favor of the South. It will enhance admiration for the self-control of the hunger-stricken men and women who, resisting the dictates of self-interest, endured so much hardship in the cause of liberty.—ED.]

HEN the war broke out, with the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, in Charlestown Harbor, the civilized world received a shock. Speculation was rife regarding the results. Would the Southern States win a separation from the North? In view of the vital interests involved in Lancashire, what would England do? Would she be compelled to take sides with the Confederate States and recognize them as a nation? Would she use her predominant navy to break the weak blockade of the Southern coast line and thus enable the South to turn her cotton into money and thereby obtain war materials of every kind? These and similar questions were the common talk in England.

In order to understand the situation as it appeared to Englishmen, it is necessary to consider the dependence of English industries upon American cotton. Lancashire, with the portions of Yorkshire, Cheshire and Derbyshire adjoining her borders, was the centre of those industries. What was to be

their fate? was the question that excited the profound concern of not only the Government, but also of the statesmen of both political parties. Could the millions of spindles and looms be kept employed by using an increased supply of East Indian short-stapled cotton, and would that country rise to her opportunity and produce sufficient cotton to partially make up for the lessening quantity of the American supply? As time went on and the stock of American cotton held in Liverpool got reduced, it was found that very little of the East Indian cotton could be used as a substitute, owing principally to the fact that spinning mills running from seventy to a hundred revolutions per minute could not spin the very short-stapled cotton. Consequently the darkness of Egypt began to spread throughout the cotton-using districts. Mills by the hundred were closed down, and their operatives began to feel the pinch of hunger. Their scant savings gradually disappeared, and starvation stared them and their children in the face. The situation was dark indeed, not only to the ruined mill owners looking in despair on their idle mills, but to their famishing employees, to whom they could give but partial help.

Living at Didsbury, five miles from Manchester and Salford, three and a half miles from Stockport and Ashton, and eight miles from Oldham, I was in the very heart-centre of the cotton industry. Taking a radius of thirty miles from Manchester, the population was greater than that of London with a similar radius; it is, therefore, safe to say that fully two and a half million people were suffering through the lack of cotton. It is perhaps little wonder, then, that the upper classes generally, seeing all this terrible suffering the operatives and their families were enduring, turned their thoughts to the large amount of cotton stored in all the ports of the South awaiting shipment. Ought not England to interfere and recognize the South, break the blockade and release the much-needed cotton? I may here say that before the war closed "Middling Orleans" sold for 2/6 or 62c. per lb.

The villages throughout all the districts affected started soup kitchens, giving meals on two days each week; neighboring vil-

lages took up alternate days, and so in some measure tried to give relief to the starving people and their children. At Didsbury we had crowds of men, women and children coming to be fed. No question was necessary regarding their occupation, for white hands with the black oil stains under their finger nails proclaimed their mode of earning a living. It was truly very pathetic to look into the pinched faces of all. Yet never a murmur escaped them: Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had done its work effectually. They knew all about slavery, and therefore sympathized with the North. The Government, nobility and gentry looked in vain for expressions of impatience or a demand for Government interference to get them the much-needed cotton. Had there been a meeting of the operatives in any of the large centres of the manufacturing districts, demanding such interference, the Government would have been compelled to take prompt action, as such a demand would have had a tendency to spread rapidly, but not a single meeting was ever held that I heard of. They continued to endure want and privation doggedly throughout those dark and weary days.

The people of the Northern States cannot estimate what they owe to the cotton operatives of England. Neither, on the other hand, can they blame the Government and nobility and upper classes, seeing the suffering thus endured and the strain brought upon mill owners and their families by the long, weary years through which at times victory for the North appeared to hang in the balance.

On an omnibus running between Cheadle and Manchester every week day, out of the 20 or 24 passengers, all of whom were interested in the cotton business in some way, I was the only one who maintained the ultimate success of the North. I purchased for a lady friend for investment at that time U. S. gold 6% bonds at 52, which was a fair criterion of the average opinion then held of the uncertainty as to the final result of the war.

J. Short McMaster.

FOREST PRESERVATION.

HO has not felt the lure of the forest as a "cry from out the loneliness," appealing to his love of freedom and innate longing for primeval nature? Have we not often pictured in our imaginations the woodsman braving the wilds of the north, through the long, lonely winter and felling the "spiring pines fast rooted in the crags" till the Ides of March herald the "break up"; then in the spring "driving" the resinous logs through the swift-flowing waters and flooded lakes to the busy mill, where they are manufactured into saleable lumber? In our imagination the forests of the boundless north seem vast and without end. Exhaustible? Impossible! The thought is inconceivable. Nevertheless, we who live in Canada at the beginning of the twentieth century must face the alarming fact that, at the present rate of consumption, without any scientific attempts made at reforestration, it will be only a matter of a few years when we shall look upon a state where:

> "The logger and the lumberman are dead;
> The axe has rusted out for lack of use,
> But all the endless evil they have done
> Is manifested in the desert waste."

Primarily, the forests are "great reservoirs to hold the snow and rain, from which the moisture through the teeming year flows equably but freely"; but where the land has been stripped of its forest growth we have in the place of even-flowing streams lasting the whole year round, rushing torrents, which exhaust themselves in a few months of each year. Now where we have great possibilities of electrical development along certain waterways it is absolutely essential to preserve the forests in order to ensure a continuous supply of water. As this country grows from year to year and villages, growing into towns and flourishing cities, spring up at different places, electrical energy will be

required for lighting and transportation purposes; but the clearing of the forests, coincident with habitation, brings about the inevitable destruction of these water courses which could be utilized for the production of this energy.

The forest also serves other purposes. Wood figures in nearly all constructive work from the "cradle to the coffin." Iron and steel, it is true, are used to a large extent in construction, but iron ore deposits are limited, even in a country of such vast mineral resources as Canada, whereas with the careful husbanding of our forest resources we can have a perpetual reproduction of this unsurpassed wealth.

There is still another important use of the forest, namely, the satisfaction it may afford to the aesthetic nature of man. Who has not felt the charm of the forest and realized its incomparable beauty, with its great, mighty "pines, mother of legends," and "of form and aspect too magnificent to be destroyed," standing as "sentinels of the stillness." In the undisturbed depths of these forests both the birds of the air and the beasts of the field find shelter and protection, and ofttimes the weary city toiler seeks "pleasure in the pathless woods." Then what a marked contrast to these "pines and pines and shadow of pines as far as the eye can see" to picture a "vast desert, the land lying bare and lifeless under sun and storm, treeless and shelterless."

There are three great elements in the destruction of our forest wealth. The deadliest enemy of all is fire, which generally arises as a result of a natural cause, such as lightning, or from sparks emitted from an engine passing through wooded districts, or through the carelessness of men either working in the bush or passing through it. Fires from natural causes cannot be helped, of course, but as a matter of fact these are not nearly so numerous as those arising from the two other sources mentioned. Sparks from engines are responsible for great destruction, although screens are now being used on the smoke-stacks, thus eliminating the danger to a great extent. Settlers, drivers, campers, etc., through carelessness with their fires, often bring about disastrous results. Even the smudges set out by them, especially the drivers, are a prolific source of fire.

Another element of destruction has been the too rapid utilization of these forests; a large and ever-increasing market has led to the exploitation of this wealth. At the present time only a small fraction of the white pine which stood in the country a century ago still remains, while the paper industry has made terrific inroads upon our pulpwood. The settler who fixes his habitation upon unproductive land is another menace to the forests. He locates far in the backwoods; there he makes a small clearing, hardly sufficient to support himself and family, and thus ekes out a meagre existence. The fires which arise through his seeming desire to clear land are often far-reaching and devastating. Bona-fide settlers should be welcomed into a district where agriculture is both possible and productive, but in these forest lands, where there are often no schools, the children growing up in total ignorance, and especially where a little carelessness will lead to such disastrous results, it would seem advisable to prohibit the settler from inhabiting them. Nothing short of total segregation of forest land unfit for agricultural purposes will guarantee absolute safety in this respect.

When our people are brought to realize that their forests are being exploited and devastated they will demand that the Government do even more for protection and especially reforestration. Many millions of dollars flow into the treasury which are paid nominally by the lumbermen in royalty on timber and annual ground rental, but in reality by the consumer in the high price he pays for lumber, etc. This surely is capital which ought not to be dissipated, but should be used to a large extent in protecting the forests which remain and reproducing others to take the place of those already gone.

However, we must not overlook the tremendous cost of carrying on this reforestation: it is this phase of the problem the "man in the street" is liable to ignore. Let us suppose that a fire should occur, burning only six miles square. With a large and well-equipped nursery for the growing of forest tree seedlings, the cost to reforest that section, it has been computed, would approximate $115,000. Therefore, when we think of the thousands of square miles devastated through fires and exploita-

tion, the fact forcibly asserts itself that we should protect and preserve our remaining timber, "developing it wisely rather than rapidly." To say the least, the amount of money which should be spent in protection would be cheap fire insurance.

Providence has not bestowed upon us any immunity from the laws of nature; if we transgress those laws with regard to our forests we must be prepared to suffer the inevitable consequences. Not only will the forests themselves suffer total annihilation, but along with this annihilation will be gone forever those unlimited possibilities of energy and power to which we have already referred. Surely every Canadian should take an active interest in this beneficent birthright, that it may not only be enjoyed judiciously by those who live in our own time, but that it may be of service to future generations. The Government have already a policy in regard to these forests. Fire-rangers are sent out each summer to guard the forests from their greatest enemy, the fire; the people who go into that country are carefully watched and shown how a little carelessness with fire may lead to disastrous results; the lumberman is allowed to cut logs only over a certain size; timber reserves also have been created. We have in the School of Forestry a great and ever-increasing influence for good; the conditions and growth of forests are investigated and students are instructed in the methods of scientific reboisement.

It is easily within the bounds of possibility that in the years to come Canada, like Egypt of the Pharaohs, may be truly designated as the "granary of the world"; it is even possible, too, that within her ample bosom may be found "fountains of gold and silver to abound" such as Midas never dreamed of. Thus, far, however, the fame of Canada has been mainly due to her matchless forests of pine, spruce, maple, cedar, and, indeed, almost every species of wood found in temperate and northern latitudes. Older countries than ours have made many mistakes by which we would do well to profit, and none greater than those in connection with forests. The opportunity now presents itself for us to take a unique position among nations by entering upon a far-sighted policy of forest preservation. "If this be done,"

says Dr. Fernow, "Canada can soon become the controller of the wood markets of the world and of the paper trade in special." Is it not fitting that we as descendants of the Teutonic race which for centuries dwelt and prospered in the unmolested deeps of the German forests should protect and preserve these "lords of the lone land"? Let us as loyal Canadians echo the words of Robert W. Service:

"Wind of the East, wind of the West, wandering to and fro,
Chant your songs in our topmost boughs, that the sons of men may know
The peerless pine was the first to come, and the pine will be last to go."

W. H. Firstbrook, '10.

TO THE WHITE SYRINGA.

Sweet haunt of butterfly and bee,
O fair syringa bush!
You stood, my love, beside the tree
And saw the sunset flush.
The glory lingered on its breast,
And kissed its snowy crown,
And clung and dallied till the west
To grey had sobered down.
The snowy petals steeped the air
With fragrance from its heart;
The scented breezes lingered there,
Uncoaxed from it to part.
The stars came out above the trees
Like altar lights aglow;
But all forgetful plunged the bees
Within its banks of snow.
The gloaming darkened o'er the lea,
The birds and bees went home;
You stood beside the bonny tree
And watched for me to come.
The light is dead, the bees asleep,
The zephyr roams this hour,
But close beside thee, love, I'll keep,
My pure syringa flower.

Charles Sherwood Edwards, '06.

MORDEN HEATON LONG, RHODES SCHOLAR.

Among the many people who read in the daily press of March — that McMaster University had selected Morden H. Long as its first representative at Oxford was an especially interested and curious group. This group was composed of alumni of McMaster, who had left their *alma mater* before Mr. Long became a student there. Many of these, while familiar with the name Long through his achievements in the class room and in debate, did not know him personally. Hence their curiosity. Was Mr. Long an individual who would fittingly represent McMaster at the Empire's ancient seat of learning, they asked; what sort of fellow was he anyway? This and more of the same kind.

I purpose to answer these questions by outlining Mr. Long's career up to the present time. Mr. Long has come directly in touch with those at McMaster between the school years 1904-5 and 1907-8. To students of that period he needs no introduction; many are his warm friends and admirers; all respect him highly.

Morden Heaton Long was born in Brantford, Ontario, twenty-two years ago. He received his first education in the schools of Woodstock, and from thence passed into Woodstock College. There he was a general favorite. He combined the power of mixing with the student body with that of putting steady, painstaking work upon his studies. The natural results followed. He won many prizes, and knew in winning them that his mates thought them justly won. Mr. Long won in Woodstock the D. W. Karn General Proficiency Scholarships in his second and third years, and the Governor-General's Medal at matriculation.

In the fall of 1904 Mr. Long entered McMaster. According

to college ethics, that freshman is best who says least and studies most. Mr. Long was a model freshman. While he made many new friends and impressed his classmates and teachers by his intellectual power, yet he did not attempt to suggest to the school at large that he was the latest-born addition to the seven of Thebes. However, in the spring his standings ranked among the best in his class.

At the end of his second year Mr. Long won the Governor-General's Silver Medal for highest general proficiency in the first two years in Arts. Earlier in the term McMaster students received a hint of Mr. Long's rare powers as a debater when he represented his class in an inter-year debate. While the debate, for various reasons, was lost, it was generally felt that in Mr. Long, McMaster had "found" another debater to uphold the McMaster record.

Naught-eight made him class president in his third year. The selection came from a genuine perception of his good fellowship, worth and gentlemanliness. In this busy year he handled the junior collation with fine executive ability, spoke at the Lit. banquet and at the Oxford Old Boys' banquet, and secured the Zenas Freeman Scholarship in Latin.

His fourth and final year was equally successful. The fine promise of the first years was completely fulfilled. No man in the year could show a more consistently brilliant record. Mr. Long's interests extended beyond the class room and embraced every sphere of college activity. In athletics, while he did not play on the college teams, he was an enthusiastic supporter. He particularly distinguished himself in debate when, with his colleague, W. A. Scott, '09, he successfully represented McMaster against Osgoode Hall in the finals.

Mr. Long throughout his course has thus been an active sharer in all that is good in college life. If he freely received of that which McMaster had to give him, and he did, he freely gave of his time and talents when they would be of service to the institution or to his fellow-students. He will fittingly represent his *alma mater* at Oxford.

It is difficult to bring out the individual in a sketch of this

nature. I fear I might extend it to an undesirable length were I to relate characteristic incidents with that end in view. I might tell how Mr. Long would spend a whole evening in the busiest part of the term disputing some abstract principle; I might show by illustration how indignant he would become over the wrongs of another; I might detail how sedulously he would forswear the skating rink when threatened with an introduction to a co-ed; I might descant upon the regularity with which he would attend Sunday morning church or the unseemly hours of the morning at which he would rise to study; this and much more I shall not rehearse further but shall leave for McMaster tradition to perpetuate along with Chester New's Toryism and Charlie Jones' Smile.

Need I say further? Mr. Long leaves for the Old Land with the very best wishes of all with whom he came in contact while at McMaster. All are confident that they will "hear from him still and never of him aught but what was like him formerly."

D. A. MacGibbon, '08.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

N the Midlands of England, in the quaint old town of Stratford-on-Avon, there stands a house which has probably attracted more tourists than any other in the world. Its architecture is of Elizabethan type, and, although revealing distinct marks of time and weather, the structure has been renewed in such a way as to preserve its distinct mediæval appearance. The street in which it is situated is a very ordinary one, to be sure; some of the houses and shops are rather ancient in appearance, but these hobnob with villas of the most modern twentieth century workmanship. To-day this quiet street is full of life and bustle: townspeople, country squires, village maidens, school children and representatives of nearly every civilized nation carrying bouquets and wreaths of flowers may be found in the throng. Presently a procession is formed and begins to wind its way slowly down the street.

This is the first scene in the inauguration of a festival celebrating the birthday of William Shakespeare. Every year about the first of May Stratford-on-Avon goes *en fête* for three weeks to do honor to its famous townsman. This celebration is also enjoyed by tourists from every country, Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Canadians gladly taking their part in perpetuating the name of a poet who has won a pre-eminent place in the literature of the world.

The gaily-decorated line slowly proceeds towards Holy Trinity Church, where the poet is buried. From Henley Street it goes along High Street, which is decorated with shields displaying the arms of the lords of the manor and prominent familes of the poet's day. Banners may also be seen bearing figures depicting many of the well-known characters of the plays. Festoons of evergreens reach from side to side of the street and have small red and white pennons suspended from them, upon which are the paintings of the flowers, fruits and plants mentioned by Shakespeare in his plays and verse. On the walls of

the Town Hall are seven large cartoons representing The Seven Ages of Man ("As You Like It," Act II., Scene VII.). Each picture is framed in laurel, and beneath are the lines from which the characters are drawn.

On the way to the church the procession passes the Guild Chapel, with the Guild Hall and Grammar School adjacent. Shakespeare must have been familiar with these buildings, for here as a boy he attended school. It was without doubt in this hall, an ancient half-timbered structure, that he first made his acquaintance with the drama, for it was here that companies of itinerant players who then visited the town always gave their first performances. Above is the Grammar School, with its vast tie-beams and old timbered roofs, suggestive of the days of Good Queen Bess. New Place Gardens, near by, is the site of the house in which Shakespeare spent the later years of his life.

Turning to the left, the procession arrives at the church on the banks of the peaceful Avon. Flowers are placed in the chancel, in the floor of which is a large stone marking the spot where William Shakespeare is buried. On the stone the following quaint inscription can with difficulty be deciphered:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare,
> To Digg the dust encloased heare;
> Blest be ye man yt spares these stones
> And curst be he yt moves my bones."

After a short song service the crowd disperses, but many linger to admire the noble proportions of the interior and other tombs and memorials of interest.

The greatest interest of the festival is centred in the Memorial Theatre. This picturesque edifice is intended to be a national temple of the dramatic art as exemplified in the plays of Shakespeare. It is a recent structure, beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon in close proximity to the Parish Church. Here Mr. F. R. Benson, a Shakespearean actor of note, supported by his company of players, presents in a period of three weeks about twenty-six performances of the plays. On several occasions the leading parts are taken by noted actors and actresses who come down from London to assist in honoring the one to

whom they owe so much in their art. Mr. Arthur Bourchier's Shylock, Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Portia and Mr. Lewis Waller's impersonation of the terrible Othello are characters that leave a vivid and lasting impression on the mind. Another feature adding interest to this part of the festival is the presentation of plays which are very seldom staged, such as "Coriolanus" and "Love's Labour's Lost." Thus the festival offers rare opportunities for the student of the Shakespearian drama.

It is indeed little short of thrilling to come out between the

acts of a play and find oneself not in the glare and noise of a modern thoroughfare, but on the banks of a river whose glassy surface mirrors the peaceful moonlight. Against the northern sky may be discerned the dim outline of Holy Trinity Church. On the opposite side of the stream one can scarcely distinguish in the moonlight the brow of a hill to which the poet refers when he says:

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows."

But there are other features of the festival which, although

not so important as the plays, are none the less attractive. One day is set apart for a programme of old English games and sports. Prizes are offered for skipping, tilting, morris-dancing, fencing, wrestling and other forms of mediæval revels. One of the accompanying illustrations is of village school children in Elizabethan costume of doublet and hose competing for a prize in Maypole dancing. The other is one of maidens from a neighboring parish giving an exhibition of morris-dancing. The old scenes re-enacted bring back the time

"When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks."

A fancy dress ball is held, to which only those are admitted who represent Shakespearian characters or are in the costume of the period covering the life of the poet. One is reminded of:

"A fancy ball, a strange affair,
Made up of silks and leathers,
False heads, false heels, false hearts, false hair,
Pins, paint, and ostrich feathers."

And again, as to some of the characters—

"Puck halts and Ariel swaggers,
And Caesar's murdered o'er again,
But not by Roman daggers."

Thus for three weeks the word Shakespeare is on every lip. The townspeople seem to vie with one another in extolling to their guests the virtues of their famous citizen. The accommodation of the town is taxed to the utmost in providing for all the visitors. But this is not the only time that people visit Stratford-on-Avon, for as many as forty thousand tourists register annually at the birthplace on Henley Street; the fact that the number is increasing is sufficient evidence that the sun of England's greatest poet is yet far from setting.

Many of these travelers spend less than one hour at Stratford-on-Avon. At the station they hire a cab, pay a flying visit to the house on Henley Street and the other historic attractions of the town. If they have a few minutes to spare they race over to Shottery, and after taking a hasty glance at Ann Hathaway's cottage they rush back and are soon "doing" Oxford or Warwick. On their return home they relate to their friends the wonders of the Shakespeare-country. How much more pleasant to wander among the country lanes at leisure—classic ground where the playwright as a boy must have rambled, and which will never cease to be connected with his name. Here are the surroundings amid which his thoughts and imaginations had their birth. The woods that were haunted by Titania are there; recesses that might have sheltered a Caliban; the roads upon which Falstaff might have ranged his ragged crew. Among the Warwickshire peasantry are still the types of such as may first have given him his keen zest for boisterous revelry.

The Shakespeare-country is a beautiful land, a truly "English" region of hedges, fields and glorious woods, winding streams, lovely vales and rustic villages. These villages have changed little since the time of Elizabeth. Everything about them conspires to put the clock back three or four centuries and to bring before every visitor "ye olden days of Merrie England."

"From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine."

L. D. Jackson, '09.

The McMaster University Monthly.

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON 11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.
MAIME DENNESS, Moulton College.
C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, 11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department

VOL. XVIII. APRIL, 1909. NO. 7

Editorial Notes.

A COMMITTEE from the graduating years in Arts and Theology will assume the responsibility of preparing and publishing the May number of this magazine. In taking a retrospect of the past year THE MONTHLY finds ample cause for rejoicing in the able support afforded by both graduate and undergraduate contributors. A response to the appeal for more verse is evidenced in almost every issue. The "Prize Story Competitions" were this year productive of excellent material for our columns. In the various departments is found abundant proof of the ability, thoroughness and efficiency displayed by the Associate Editors. The Consulting Editors, Professors McLay and Matthews, have spared neither time nor pains in giving the not infrequently much-needed assistance. We hereby give token of our gratitude for the hearty and sympathetic co-operation which has rendered the task of the Managing Editor a comparatively light and truly enjoyable one.

In facing the future the Editor craves the indulgence of THE MONTHLY'S reading constituency for yet another college year, and forthwith presents as his coadjutors the following: Consulting Editors, Professors McLay and Matthews; Associate Editors, Around the Hall, L. D. Jackson, '09; Woman's Department, Miss Gladys D. Jackson, '11; Athletics, F. W. Waters, '11; Our Graduates, Karl A. Clark, '10; Here and There, Caleb Harris, '09; Reporters, Clifford Ronson, '10; V. E. Gray, '11; F. H. Jeffery, '11; I. Fitch, '12; Lee Wilson Smith, '12; Jas. Strachan, Theol., and Miss A. M. Menhennick, '11, Woman's Department. The editors for the departments of Moulton and Woodstock Colleges will in all likelihood be chosen next autumn.

WE are glad to draw the attention of our readers to the news that for Canadian achievement in the field of scientific research, invention and discovery, an award similar to the European Nobel Prizes is now furnished by the bequest of the late Aeneas McCharles. It is called the McCharles Prize, amounts to the sum of one thousand dollars, is under the control of the University of Toronto, and comes into operation in June of this year.

Correspondence.

"Ten thousand good ideas filled his mind,
And with the clouds they fled and left no trace behind."—*Thomson.*

It is deplorable, indeed, that our worthy athletic editor has, at this stage of his career, come to such a lamentable recognition of his weakness as a scribe and at the feet of some feminine form kneels in terror and supplication, begging for her judgment and calling upon her gods. Not in vain, indeed, for it is sad to say that with all "the quickening of a feminine mind" he has grasped "such stuff as dreams are made of" and transformed the athletic column into a toast to the ladies.

As we read the report of athletics we are forced to stop and ask ourselves the question, Have we a hockey team? Is it such a hopeless excuse that we are forced to apologize to those who pay the admission fee for the poor sample of adulterated hockey retailed at such exorbitant prices? Is this why our editor has so skilfully and insidiously reduced all to the bewitching power of woman?

"Nothing was done which was done" but through their inspiration. Has the day come when "the men of McMaster" are so deplorably in love that in the heated conflict of the hockey arena they must needs have the divine inspiration of their lady fair before their feeble hearts can be tempted to engage in the conflict, a conflict upon which depends the honor of a championship? How much better to "give honor to whom honor is due" than to reduce all to this common denominator. At last the key to the championship silverware has been found. Never before have feats worthy of praise been traced to such love—ly causes. We hope that the athletic executive so lately vested with the insignia of office will have the gallery of the rink decked with "red feathers" and "fascinating smiles" in the glorious days that are to be; and to soothe the awful turmoil of the game the gentle zephyrs will waft the "sweet, soft notes" "of little hands clapping and little tongues chattering." Must we ever depend upon such phantoms? Just so long will "the word championship be in very bad taste at McMaster."

NEMO.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"Yes! I must go—it is a part
That cruel Fortune has assigned me."

THE College year draws on to the close, and the examinations are in sight. Exams. present not too pleasing a picture even when in the distance one sees only their dark outline, but, as one approaches, the myriads of detail which come into view serve to accentuate the feeling of dismay, while if one looks back he sees memories of evenings wasted like horrid shapes stalking "wan under wolcnum." The senior, as he passes along the corridor, is inspired by the photos hanging on the wall, and one may catch his faltering accents:

"I, too, must work,
And pay to see my name
Hung in these dusty avenues of fame."

Any further review of the college news for the year will appear in the graduation number, which is in charge of a special committee. Consequently, with this issue this column dissolves into thin air. Before doing so it seems fitting to express our appreciation of the liberal contributions to the department, both by members of the reportorial staff and those who have no official connection with the Publication Board. The editor has had to do but a small part of the work owing to generous support of the students. This is as it should be and as we hope it will be in the future. To those who have been constant readers of this column we ask but one question:

"Say, did you not all pleasures find,
Of which you left so few behind?
I think you did: for well I know,
My parting wish would make it so."

PROFESSOR IN BIBLICAL THEOLOGY—"Gentlemen, this matter of the resurrection is a grave subject."

The Literary Society presented their last programme for the year on Friday evening, March 26, in Castle Memorial Hall. President W. A. Scott occupied the chair. Before proceeding with the entertainment the following resolution was passed: "That a record of the excellent work done by our inter-collegiate debaters, Messrs. McKechnie, Ward, Scott and Jury, in winning not only the Kerr Shield but a permanent trophy as well, be placed upon the minute book of this Society." Mr. E. J. Farmer, B.A., gave a piano solo, which was heartily applauded. This was followed by the final inter-year debate, which was to decide whether Year '10 or Naughty-nine were to be the first winners of the '09 Cup donated by the seniors to the Literary Society.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That for Canada national independence would be preferable to the present condition." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. J. E. Anderson, '10, and Mr. S. R. Weaver, '10, while Mr. J. L. Sloat, '09, and Mr. A. Bisset, '09, contended for the negative of this resolution. Dr. Farmer, Professor McLay and Dr. Smith acted as judges. Dr. Farmer, in giving the judges' report, commended very highly the character of the debate, placing it in the inter-collegiate class. He said that the judges were a unit in the opinion that the representatives of Year '10 had vanquished their opponents both in style and matter, and should, therefore, be awarded the trophy.

TRUNCATED TRIOLET.

I went to see my lady fair,
The fellows said good-bye in glee,
And forthwith plotted merrily
To make the maiden wroth at me.
This lady fair I went to see,
When came my trunk right after me.
Said soothingly, "Love, I don't care,"
I went to see ———.

Y. M. C. A.—The last public session of the Y. M. C. A. for this year was held on Thursday, March 18th. After devotional exercises, reports from the different religious organizations of the University were given. The election of officers then took place. The following is the result: Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, O. E. Rutledge, '09; Vice-President, E. J. Chave, B.A.; Recording Secretary, G. Chadwick, '10; Corresponding Secretary, F. W. Waters, '11; Treasurer, Prof. Matthews.

O. E. Rutledge took the chair and called on W. Raithby to

give a report of the Y. M. C. A. conference held at Kingston in February. Dr. Gilmour presented the privileges and claims of the student summer conferences. The address of the afternoon was given by Rev. J. Kolesnikoff, Russian missionary in Toronto. He spoke on Baptist work in Russia, comparing the difficulties and smallness of the work in former years with the liberty and rapid progress that is now being enjoyed. Mr. Kolesnikoff has two more years of his sentence to exile for twenty years to serve. He then hopes to return as an evangelist to his people. The session was one of variety, interest and helpfulness.

A PORTRAIT PAINTER is usually accused of flattering his model. One glance, however, at the silhouettes of the freshettes drawn by the freshmen when they were entertained on Monday evening, March the 1st, at the home of Miss Olive Cross, would convince the most skeptical of the falsity of the assertion. Despite the lack of artistic ability, Year '12 seemed bubbling over with a jollity that each successive game increased, and after the serving of refreshments and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" the gathering dispersed, not before expressing their indebtedness to their hostess for the merriest of Twelve's weekly meetings.

PROFESSOR in Greek, speaking of the relative strength of adjectives—"For example, Milton's unblest feet are stronger than his cursed feet."

DEBATING CLUB.—The Debating Society met on March 6th. The subject, "Resolved, That the franchise should be extended to the women of Canada on the same basis as to men," was upheld on the affirmative by Mr. C. Ronson, '10. Mr. Bracken, '11, led the negative. Professor Hogg, as critic, offered many helpful suggestions. The judges, Messrs. Bingham and Sayles, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

March 13—The resolution, "That the 'three-fifths' clause of the Local Option Bill should be sustained," was supported by Mr. Richards and opposed by Mr. Veal. Professor Matthews gave a most profitable criticism. The judges, Messrs. Lewis and Smith, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

On March 20th the debate was preceded by nominations for the ensuing year. The question for discussion, "Resolved, That municipalities during times of depression should provide work for unemployed," was led on the affirmative and negative by Messrs. Gould and Wilson respectively. Mr. Telford acted as

critic. The judges, Messrs. T. Wearing and Hutchinson, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

March 27—The last meeting of the year was devoted to the election of officers. The following are the results: Honorary President, Dr. Oliver; President, Mr. E. Newton, '11; Vice-President, Mr. W. Tilley, '10; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. Sinclair, '12.

In this, as the last report for this year, we wish to express our appreciation for the very excellent work done by Mr. E. J. Anderson' '10, as President of the Society during the past year.

OUR SPRING EXAMINATION.

There are signs of agitation,
Men with set determination,
Heads bent in concentration,
Work on assimilation
For our spring examination.

Some are deep in legislations,
Philosophic dissertations,
Others love not calculations,
But are working out equations,
Manifesting dire vexations.

Some are lost in aggregations,
Matrimonial relations,
Others studying Creation,
With verbal inspiration,
Shunning future condemnation.

May professors' commendations
Rest on our compilations,
For with anxious expectations
We'll await the publications
Of the Senate's approbations.

And then the Convocation
Cheers and acclamation,
With warm congratulation,
Are our parting salutation
To the class in graduation.

When in this generation
We have found our own vocation,
In times of meditation
We'll smile in contemplation
Of our Spring examination.

Senior, drowsily, to freshman stirring at 7 a.m.—"Say, if you're going to cut off the night at both ends like this, you'll soon leave nothing to lie down on."

The Baptist Theological Faculties' Union of America met at McMaster on Thursday and Friday, March 25th and 26th. The faculties of the following theological schools were represented: Chicago, Colgate, Crozier, Newton, Rochester and the Southern Baptists. The convention discussed topics of general interest, especially those relating to practical theology. On Thursday night a dinner was held in Castle Memorial Hall, at which all the theological faculties of the city were represented.

Unlike those braggadocios who record the slightest and most insignificant victories in the morning papers, the seniors failed to report through the college paper their victory over Theology in the inter-year debate. The subject of debate, "Resolved, That it would be inexpedient at the present time to adopt a cloture measure into the rules of debate of the Canadian House of Commons," was upheld on the affirmative by Mr. R. C. English, B.A., and Mr. E. J. Chave, B.A., while Mr. C. T. Holman, '09, and Mr. S. McMullen contended successfully for the negative. The judges were Dr. Smith and Dr. Hogg.

On March 31 the student body elected its Executive Committee for the year '09-'10. The officers elected were: Kakiak, G. S. Jury; 1st Vice-Kakiak, L. D. Blackadar; 2nd Vice-Kakiak, E. E. Sayles; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Tilley.

For the third year in succession McMaster University last night won the championship in the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union. They accomplished this by a signal victory over the Wycliffe debaters, against whom they were pitted, and in winning out this time they become once more holders of the Kerr Trophy and winners of a permanent trophy presented by Mr. Kerr in recognition of their triple victory.

The result, of course, caused great excitement among a large audience of undergraduates and their friends, who attended at the University Convocation Hall to hear the final debate.

The subject under discussion was a timely one, "Resolved, That the franchise be extended to women in Canada on the same basis as to men." Wycliffe upheld the affirmative. Her team was O. J. Nurse, B.A., and F. E. Bell. McMaster had the negative, and her stalwarts were W. A. Scott and G. S. Jury.

During the retirement of the judges, Prof. Alfred Baker, M.A., Mr. W. E. Raney, K.C., and Mr. John Ewan, Mr. E. T. Newton of McMaster rendered a vocal solo and got a well-deserved encore. Professor Baker, in rendering the judges'

decision, stated that while all the speakers had debated in a creditable manner, Messrs. Jury and Scott for McMaster had excelled in "matter, manner and voice." Hence, it was the unanimous decision of the judges that McMaster had won the championship.

In the audience were Mrs. Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen and others of the Toronto Suffragettes. The decision, of course, did not meet with their approval, but, as one of them said consolingly to Mrs. Stowe-Gullen, "Never mind, it's only in the University; we'll win yet."

The McMaster students, with the assurance that came from past triumphs, actually sang their victory song while the judges were out consulting as to their decision. After the programme was over they formed in line outside the hall and, led by a cornet player and the bearers of the Kerr Shield, paraded to McMaster, cheering and singing.

This makes the eighth consecutive debate that McMaster has won, and since the formation of the Union she has been victorious in 24 out of 29 debates that she has contested.—*Star*, March 20.

Lit. Elections.—The election of officers for the Literary Society for the coming year took place in the chapel Friday evening, April 2nd. The following are the officers elected: Hon. President, Chancellor A. C. McKay; President, R. C. Crowe, '10; 1st Vice-President, Dwight Gray, '11; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Dengate, '10; Recording Secretary, H. F. Veals, '10; Secretary of Committees, E. J. Whan, '11; Corresponding Secretary, H. R. Silcox, '12; Treasurer, V. W. Price, '11.

Open Lit.—The open Literary meetings are outstanding features of the college year, but especially so is the one given by the ladies. This was amply proved Friday evening, March 12th, when the University's friends filled Castle Memorial Hall to its utmost capacity, many choosing to stand rather than miss the treat. While the people were gathering the audience was, as usual, amused by the boisterous levity of those occupying the first two rows in the gallery, and these, in turn, by the embarrassment which their pungent remarks and comments produced. The programme for the evening consisted in the rendering of Shakespeare's play "As You Like It." The platform was prettily and artistically decorated with evergreens and palms. From one end, which was screened off, came the notes of a piano, which fitted in most effectively at appropriate times during the acting and between scenes. The interest during the performance never

once lagged; the audience followed with the keenest attention, showing their appreciation as the plot was developed and as the humorous parts were cleverly brought out. The final scene was indeed inspiring when all the beauty and talent of the evening came out and formed one grand *tout ensemble*. With these leading, the assembly rose and sang the National Anthem. The people soon dispersed, but with the feeling that they had spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

"Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up."

HUS do the three editors of this department, the "weird sisters hand in hand," welcome to the editorship Miss Gladys Jackson. Your predecessors have brought their best to the task, and now when it has been tried, "for a charm of powerful trouble," is it delivered to you. The duty devolves on you next year, "thus to go about, about," to seek out the news, if there be any, and, if there be none, 'twill only be "double, double toil and trouble" to create a something from a nothing, for so do we "show the glory of our art." Thus do I give over to you the charmed task, and myself enter the ranks of those who once practised this mystic art, for

"Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me."

When the present editor mentioned to a friend that she was the third in the line of succession she was forcibly reminded of the following couplet:

"First the best, second the same,
Third the worst of all the game."

We wish the new editor every success and are sure that she will attain to the golden mean.

Y. W. C. A.—At the first meeting of the month Dr. Cross spoke on the subject of the Lordship of Christ in our lives. At the next meeting four of the members gave sketches of the life and character of Saul, Joshua, Asa and David. Miss Elsie McLaurin gave an account of an entertainment provided by McMaster students under the auspices of the Association at the Jewish Mission on Centre Avenue. The third meeting was held in the Ladies' Room, and was devotional in character. The subject was "Consecration," and was freely discussed by those present. The last meeting was addressed by Miss Addison of Annesley Hall, who spoke of the advisability and advantage of remaining in the Inter-Collegiate Association. Upon motion it was unanimously decided that we continue our support to the Union. Nominations for next year were received, to be voted on at the next meeting.

A NEW work entered upon by the members of the Y. W. C. A. is that of practical mission work in St. John's Ward. Each Sunday afternoon several of the girls have gone down to teach in the Jewish Mission or to conduct classes in the homes of the people.

AT a recent year nomination meeting the effects of co-education were clearly visible in the hazy ideas of which kind of co-ed. ought to fill certain offices, for, when nominations for musician were open, Mr. Blank was named and immediately himself moved that nominations close, and it was asked if the captain of the Rugby team could be chosen from among the ladies.

W. L. S.—On Friday evening, March 12th, was held the annual open meeting of the Society, when a reading from Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was given by the members, under the supervision of Mrs. Fenton-Arnton. The President, Miss Florence Edy, '10, welcomed the large audience. The following represented the Shakespearian characters: Rosalind, Maude MacLaurin; Celia, Etta Pugsley; Orlando, Winnifred Dengate; Oliver, Laura Craig; Duke Frederick, Sadie Iveson; Duke Senior, Ada Menhennick; Touchstone, Emma Kennedy; Jaques, Lottie Tapscott; Amiens and Second Page, Gladys Jackson; First Page, Evelyn Kellock; Corin, Freda Wells; Silvius, Jean Eede; Phebe, Beatrice Van Sickle; William, Edith Chidley; Audrey, Munroe Tucker; Charles, Grace Saunders; Le Beau,

Barbara Duncan; Adam, Madeline Young; Jaques de Boys, Florence Edy; First Lord, Josephine Edy; Second Lord and Denis, Marjorie Fairbairn; and attendants, Kathryn Farmer and Violet Bettle. Instrumental music was furnished by Isobel Kellock.

A regular meeting was held on the 26th, when nominations for officers for the ensuing year were received. The programme was given by outside friends, and consisted of piano solos by Miss Bessie Kerr and Miss Isobel Kellock; a violin solo by Miss Gladys McKay, and readings by Miss Elsie Dixon Craig.

Owing to lack of time, the final debate between '09 and '11 has been cancelled. It is left with the two years to decide how they shall prove which is victorious, whether by a tug-of-war, a race, or a ball game.

Elections.—The elections of the W. L. S. resulted in the choice of Mrs. Keirstead as honorary president; Etta Pugsley, '10, as president; Evelyn Kellock, '11, as vice-president, and Freda Wells, '12, as secretary. By the elections of Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Gilmour was declared honorary president; Laura Craig, '10, president, and Bessie Arkell, '11, vice-president.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: C. A. DETLOR, '09.

"Stern Hades, ruthless Hades, take me hence."

THE following is a part of a speech delivered at the annual banquet of the Athletic Association, March 5th, by Harold A. Firstbrook, '10:

Mr. Chairman, Chancellor and Gentlemen,— In proposing this toast to "Field Sports" I frankly admit there is not much "sport," although a great "field." In thinking of "field sports" I wondered just what sports would come in that category. I naturally first thought of hockey, but did not know whether to class that as a "field sport" or as an "aquatic sport," it being sometimes the former and sometimes the latter—and when we play on "Little Vic." rink it is generally a combination of the two. However, that doesn't cut much ice. I next thought of Rugby. You know that game is looked upon by some people as being rather dangerous, but a fellow who gets out and takes his knocks with the rest soon learns to become a "knocker" himself. In these days of enlightenment, the reason we hear a great deal about the life of the college, with its societies, clubs and "frats," as being a wonderful institution is the fact that the students are brought in personal touch with each other. But, gentlemen, I do not know of any organization that will bring the students in a more direct personal contact than a game of Rugby. Association football is also a field sport. It has two full-backs, three half-backs, and a number of draw-backs. Lacrosse, cricket and baseball all have their devotees. Indeed, baseball must be a very ancient game. We read of the Prodigal Son first "striking out" and then later making a "home run." Golf is also a field sport, but I do not think any of us have been affected with that disease as yet, because, I suppose, in that game one is always trying to get into a hole, and students are generally there as it is. Field sports of some description in the past have been enjoyed by us, and in the future days we expect to look back with pleasure "Through the long vista of the years, to when we drunk delight of battle with our peers, far on the ringing plains of old McMaster." What they have meant to us and to others in the past, and what, I trust, they will mean in the days to be.

One would wonder what McMaster holds her athletic banquets for—it's not the records she breaks or the cups she wins. One would wonder, too, why Naught-Nine is so quiet after her defeat by Ten in the exhibition game March 4th.

Junior, in heated discussion after Naught-Nine's defeat—"No, nor you haven't convinced me yet that '09's team is much superior to '10's." Senior—"Darn it all! I don't expect to do it in one night."

"I would note for a good deale of monie have been this nighte absent from supper." So said we all of us as our sparkling eyes beamed upon the fragrant, steaming oysters that '09 put up in honor of the valiant Juniors, who so nobly worsted Nine in the exhibition game of hockey. But the best of it was that "Jack" was on hand *this* time.

Mr. Stanley Robertson, we are pleased to note, entertained a number of his friends and supporters the other night. The "blowout" was in celebration of Mr. Robertson's election to the office of athletic business manager, and consisted of buns, coffee and cocoa, lemonade and good spirits.

And now we come to the fence that all radicals and ultra-enthusiasts must jump sooner or later. Perhaps we should have jumped sooner, but the rails are down now and we needn't hurt our shins. Behind us are the upturned sods with their balmy odor. Occasionally, though, we've scraped a stump and knocked the bark off, and once we struck a veritable boulder and stubbed the plough-share; yet many little stones have been turned to the rays of another sun. The lands are not particularly even and the furrows are very crooked; still the field is *ploughed*. Beside the lowered rails we build a mound of apologies for the hats knocked off and the hair ruffled, and lay down the reins, wishing our successor, Mr. Waters, the blessing of the muses.

The annual elections of the Athletic Association were held March 16th. The officers-elect: Hon. President, Prof. I. G. Matthews; President, W. H. Firstbrook; Vice-President, G. P. McKay; Secretary-Treasurer, H. McGregor; Business Manager, C. S. Robertson.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: L. D. JACKSON, '09.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day."

ND now comes the time when we ourselves, with the remainder of the editorial staff, must join the ranks of "has-beens." Looking backward over the year's work we can see where we might have made many improvements, but we leave these in the hands of our successor, Mr. Karl Clark. He has already done efficient work on the reportorial staff, and we feel sure that he will justify his appointment.

In delving into the annals of McMaster history we have become more or less intimately acquainted with what McMaster graduates have done and are doing in the world of to-day. We have sent some of the choicest of our men to Africa, China and India. Many are holding positions of trust and scholarship in Canada and the United States as high school principals, teachers, business managers, lawyers and doctors. From this we can assuredly draw the conclusion that the McMaster man is making good. On account of size we may lack the prestige of other universities; nevertheless the development and training received here, and especially in the residential life, is such as will produce certain qualifications and equipments that are bound to make for success.

But we even dare to make a criticism of the Canadian Baptists. Can some effort not be made to keep our men in Canada? When an important pastorate becomes vacant, the church usually takes steps to secure a man from across the border, while many McMaster graduates just as well equipped for the work are compelled to look for opportunities across the line. Give the McMaster man a chance! If he makes good the Americans will want him: then raise his salary and hang on to him!

It is to a large extent upon the spirit shown by graduates to their *alma mater* that the success of the work of the University depends. We have reason to believe that the well-known but much-belittled McMaster spirit exists outside of these halls. A graduate who is the donor of a scholarship in this University

recently found himself in financial straits. So severe was his plight that he had to do without his breakfast on more than one occasion. Yet he stated to a friend that he would deprive himself of this meal for the remainder of his days rather than withdraw the scholarship. Moreover, he even said he was ready to double the value of the prize as soon as his financial condition would permit. We let the incident speak for itself, but hazard the enquiry: Are there many more who would do the same thing?

W. J. Grigg, '05, has gone up another notch out West. He has been made news editor of the *Calgary News*.

Walter McKinnon, '06, has resigned from the *Financial Post* and is now buying and selling municipal debentures for the William C. Brent Company of this city.

E. G. Blackadar, '04, has left this city, where he has been in the actuarial department of the Canada Life Insurance Company. He has gone to Ottawa, having secured an important position as accountant for the Annuities Department of the Canadian Government.

A. H. Fairchild, '01, has removed from Glencoe to Parkhill, where he has been appointed to the principalship of the high school.

We regret to state that we were in error when we reported Mr. Leonard Harkness, '08, was attending Brandon College. He has taken up journalistic work, having secured a position on the editorial staff of the Winnipeg branch of the McLean Publishing Company. We wish Mr. Harkness every success in his new line of work.

S. E. Grigg, '00, of Brockville, has accepted a call to the Western Baptist Church, Parkdale. Mr. Grigg recently paid us a visit at the Hall and put himself on very friendly terms with the boys in the dining room in an extremely witty speech.

And still another graduate has taken up foreign work. This week J. A. Wallace, '03, with his wife and child, leaves his home at Simcoe for Fou Chou, China, where he has been appointed by the Chinese Government to the position of teacher of electrical engineering and telegraphic construction in one of the government schools.

J. H. Cranston, '05, of the *Toronto Daily Star* has been elected assistant secretary of the Canadian Press Association, which recently met in the city.

Robert Rutledge, '95, of Huntington, Indiana, has been appointed President of the International College of El Cristo, Cuba, an institution under the direction of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and said to be one of the leading educational institutions of the Island of Cuba.

H. C. Newcomb, '00, lately of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, has begun his work as pastor of the church at St. George. After graduation Mr. Newcomb was for a time pastor at Niagara Falls South and also at Sawyerville, Quebec. We are pleased to welcome Mr. Newcomb into Ontario again.

We heartily endorse all that has been written in another part of this journal regarding the appointment of Mr. Morden H. Long, '08, as the first McMaster Rhodes Scholar. Mr. Long during his course here took an active interest in the work of The Monthly, and our best wishes follow him to historic Oxford. We publish the following from one of the Calgary papers: "Before a large and keenly interested audience, the Normal School Literary Society on Tuesday defeated the Young Men's Club in debate. The result was due in a very large measure, in the expressed estimation of the judges, to the carefully worked out and splendidly presented arguments of Morden H. Long, B.A., the third speaker for the Normal School. Mr. Long is a young but gifted speaker, with a faculty for very thorough preparation. He is establishing an enviable reputation for himself. Last year he was selected by that prince of debating colleges, McMaster University, as one of the team for the final debate with Osgoode Hall in the University League. His club won out, for the fifth time in the ten years' history of the league. The Normal School supported the Western route as a developer of the country against the Hudson Bay route." Mr. George Gorman, '05, assisted Mr. Long in the debate.

The *Globe* of April 1st contained the following item: "W. G. Carpenter, '05, Science Master of Hamilton Collegiate, and J. Stapleton, '08, have been appointed Science and Mathematical Masters of the Calgary High School. Both are McMaster graduates and Ontario men."

E. J. Bingham, '07, who has pursued theological studies and led the Evangelistic Band at McMaster this year, was compelled

recently to undergo an operation for appendicitis. He is convalescing at his brother's home in Paris, Ont.

The broad course of studies at McMaster appears to receive considerable enlarging in some of life's exigencies which our men are called upon to face. A recent letter from J. F. Ingram, '99, resident in Burma, has this sentence, which we trust he will pardon our quoting: "I am the doctor while they are sick, the undertaker and clergyman when they die. Civil engineer, architect, practical carpenter, day laborer, doctor, nurse, undertaker, grave-digger, preacher, teacher, lawmaker, draftsman, bookkeeper, and what not, are among my occupations from week to week."

With distinct pleasure we welcome news from R. C. Bensen, '06, and Mrs. Bensen (Anita Waters, '07), who are happily situated at Cocanada, India. L. H. Werden, '07, also informs us of his prosperity in the Allahabad Christian College. We extend our warmest interest to our graduates across the seas.

The secretary-treasurer of the Alumni Association desires to make the following financial statement: The number of members of the various years of Arts who have to date paid the Alumni membership fee of one dollar are: '94, nine; '95, ten; '96, ten; '97, thirteen; '98, ten; '99, eight; '00, sixteen; '01, ten; '02, seventeen; '03, thirteen; '04, nine; '05, fifteen; '06, eleven; '07, four; '08, two. Of these twenty-four are also graduates in theology. Ad eundem graduates, twenty-four; graduates in theology, eight. During the year closing April 1, '09, the following have paid the regular fee of one dollar: Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06; Mr. Morden H. Long, '07; Mr. S. S. Bates, '06; Mr. D. J. Welsh, '05; Mr. Wm. Raithby, '08; Mr. J. M. Telford, '08.—I. G. Matthews, Sec.-Treas.

Alumni Library Fund.—The following contributions to the Alumni Library Fund have been paid in since April 1st, 1908, the date of the last report:

Second Series (1906-1908)—$3, J. L. Cornwell; $2, H. E. Allen, B. Davies, C. S. Eaton*, O. C. Elliott, J. E. Miles, H. P. Whidden; $1, J. F. Calvert, W. G. Carpenter, J. H. Cranston, F. R. Crosby, P. K. Dayfoot, A. C. Newcombe, H. A. Porter*, H. C. Speller, John Stuart; total, $23.

Third Series (1908-1910)—$15, C. W. New; $5, Mrs. A. G. Thompson (Bertha E. Gile); $3, J. A. Ferguson, R. D. George,

A. P. McDonald, L. H. Werden, Miss E. R. Whiteside; $2, W. P. Reekie; $1, E. J. Bengough, C. E. Burke, J. F. Calvert, Geo. Cross, W. Daniel, C. S. Edwards, J. G. Ferguson, Wm. Findlay, J. L. Gilmour, O. C. Gray, J. B. Grimshaw, A. Imrie, G. W. Johnstone, C. D. Jones, E. M. Keirstead, Mrs. C. B. Lewis (Olive Harton), R. R. McKay, W. S. W. McLay, B. W. Merrill, E. A. Miller, D. G. Munroe, G. N. Simmons, B. R. Simpson, R. W. Smith, H. L. Stark, Miss G. L. Stone, E. J. Tarr*, S. R. Tarr, J. Ten Broeke, G. E. Tomkinson, D. J. Welsh, Mrs. E. J. Zavitz (Jessie E. Dryden); total, $69.

*Paid the amount given less exchange.

The McMaster Alumni of Calgary, Alta., met on the 26th March and organized. Officers elected were: Hon. President, Chancellor McKay; President, A. G. Baker, '96; Secretary, W. J. Grigg, '05. The following were present: Rev. A. G. Baker, '96; J. A. Paterson, '96; A. C. Newcombe, '00; G. W. Gorman, '05; W. J. Grigg, '05; Morden H. Long, '08; J. Stapleton, '08. The wives of the first five named were present and were created honorary members of the society It is the hope of the members that the organization may be useful in concentrating the McMaster spirit in this city; that it may be a means of welcoming graduates who come here temporarily or otherwise; that it may help to keep McMaster University prominently before the people of Alberta, and that it may be the means of showing our appreciation of and our desire to do what we can to further the interests of our *alma mater*.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MAIME DENNESS.

ON the evening of Friday, March the 5th, a most delightful social event took place at Moulton College. Soon after 8 o'clock the old college rooms were filled with groups of gay, chattering young people. Very few dull, discontented faces were seen; very few girls or boys stood alone among the happy throng. By about a quarter to nine all programmes had been filled and all had gone out on the ice to enjoy a good hour and a half's skate. The rink was not in as good a condition as might have been wished, but still the ten "bands" and several extras were enjoyed to the full, a few tumbles adding greatly to the evening's fun.

After the skating was over and the removal of wraps, etc., had taken place, refreshments were served in the large old drawing rooms. About a quarter to twelve the guests took their leave of the kind hostesses, Miss Thrall and Mrs. Hardy.

The fact that the Moulton bell rang at half-past eight instead of half-past seven on the following morning greatly added to some of the girls' appreciation of the skating party.

MOULTON wishes to thank Dr. Gilmour for his interesting and helpful talk given on Wednesday evening, March 24th, the subject being "The Crucifixion."

THE Moulton girls had a real masquerade on Friday, March 19th. Seldom has the old college been as gay as it was that evening. All colors of the rainbow seemed present, some of them many times repeated, reds and blues being especially prominent. Most of the costumes were original and pretty, showing great imagination on the part of the wearers, who had only a few short days in which to prepare them.

It was predicted that the Moulton girls would make splendid McMaster students, as quite a number of them appeared on that night as such, looking very charming in caps and gowns. The most splendid costume was that of a court lady of days gone by. The dress had been used during the Tercentenary at Quebec, and was certainly a lovely royal attire of pink and green satin.

Amongst other costumes were those of gypsies, Indians, Italians, queens of hearts, angels, nuns, peasants, Dutch girls, George Washingtons and yellow butterflies. A most original design was carried out by one of the girls, who made herself a most artistic dress of pink crepe paper, wore a large hat tied with long black velvet streamers, and carried a white feather fan, thus representing Dolly Varden to perfection.

Altogether the students made a very pretty picture in their quaint dresses. About 10 o'clock refreshments were served, and everyone was sorry when the pleasant evening was over.

A MOST interesting programme was rendered by a number of the Moulton students at the musical recital held on the evening of Friday, March the 26th. The successful efforts of two outsiders largely added to the appreciation of the evening's entertainment.

"Lives of seniors all remind us,
We should make our lives like theirs,
And, departing, leaves behind us,
Footprints on the Moulton stairs."

—(With apologies to Longfellow.)

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS C. S. EDWARDS, B.A.

HONOR ROLL! Herewith we present the leaders in the spring exam.: Fourth Year, A. A. Haddow, 85 per cent.; Third Year, D. A. Clark, 93 per cent.: Second Year, A. J. Lester, 92 per cent.; First Year, C. M. G. Purchas, 88 per cent.; Preparatory, H. Hendry, 74 per cent.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—The sermon to the graduates will be preached by Rev. J. J. MacNeill, B.A., and the educational address will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Milligan of Toronto.

MISSIONARY ADDRESS.—The school was delighted on April 1st by the brilliant and inspiring address which Mr. W. A. Cameron, B.A., delivered before the Judson Missionary Society. Only a few years ago W. A. was a young harum-scarum like ourselves, skylarking around these sacred precincts. Now he is the ornament of one of Toronto's leading pulpits. Thus you see it is possible that many a little-unsuspected angel is developing wings and halo cutting capers around these corridors.

ON March 31st our Junior team played the Collegiate Juniors and sent them home dejected. The baskets scored were 28—14 in favor of the College. The line-up: Forwards, H. Fairchild, P. Binns; Centre, D. A. Clarke; defence, R. Pipher, T. Beasley.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—The school have decided not to join the City League in Association football. Instead we have formed a league in the College. It is composed of the Capitals, the Rough Riders, the High Kickers and the Pirates.

INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL.—This is the story of the inter-year games in basketball, with the picturesque features omitted. March 17th—Fourth Year defeated First Year, 27 baskets to 13. March 22nd—Third Year trimmed Second Year, outrageously, scoring 67 baskets to the latter's 2. March 24th—Third and Fourth Years contested for the championship. It was the greatest game ever seen in the gym. Fourth Year battled man-

fully for supremacy, but the doughty Thirds prevailed, with a score of 24 to 18. And now, gentle reader, behold the champions: Chapman, Ashmore, D. A. Clarke, C. White and Decker. Three cheers and a tiger!

Graduating Year.—In a few weeks Naught-Nine will be singing their swan song. It is our deep regret to be called upon to say farewell. Our Fourth Year has been a delight and honor to our college. No better class ever presented itself for graduation honors. They number thirty-nine, each of whom (health and weather permitting) will be granted his diploma. They go forth well organized and united in heart and purpose to be loyal to their school. Their honorary president is Mr. C. L. Brown, B.A. E. W. Quinn is president and B. V. McCrimmon vice-president. To J. G. Ryrie has been assigned the duties of secretary. He will follow the wanderings of his classmates, and W. E. Morrow is bard and A. A. Haddow is valedictorian. We'll miss you, good old sports and theologs, but "Farewell, a word has been and must be."

College At Home.—On the night of March 5th the College was *en fete*. The halls and corridors presented a gala appearance, being brightly illuminated and artistically decorated with bunting and colors. Over seven hundred guests, some from Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London and Winnipeg, were entertained by the faculty and students. The musical programme was under the direction of the London Harpers, who proved themselves equal to such an occasion. The whole event is looked upon as the social function of the year in Woodstock.

Evangelistic Work.—Not the least important element in Woodstock College life is the evangelistic spirit. No one who is living within these walls and experiencing the play of forces upon his life can fail to perceive that here in our school there is a strong spiritual power exerting a potent influence upon the lives of the students. This spiritual influence prevails everywhere, in the class room, in the dining room, in the corridors and on the athletic field. It is felt intensely in the weekly prayer meetings led by the students. The leaders always bring a warm, strong spiritual message to their fellows, and this is supplemented by a stream of testimony and prayer, spontaneous and fervent. Results are not only numerous but remarkable. Many a timid boy has been led to make Tom Brown at Rugby's noble confession of a trust in Him "who heareth the cry, and heareth the sorrows, of the tender child and the strong man in

agony.'' The Spirit's presence has come into lives unsuspected of being receptive, and these are lending themselves to the work of winning their mates. It is a noble thing to see the quiet way in which certain boys, who never dream they are doing missionary work, are advising their particular friends to take the stand in the Christian life. And the deepening of interest in prayer has shown how God's spirit is moving upon the hearts of the boys. It is all quiet and undemonstrative, but, we trust, genuine and abiding.

Another manifestation of the spiritual power in the school is the work of our Evangelistic Band. Since the holidays the Band have taken a service in the Congregational Church, Woodstock, holding a strong, impressive meeting. Twenty young men, led by Mr. McDonald, were present. During the last week of January six members of the Band conducted evangelistic services in Palmerston. They were: O. U. Chapman, W. Wright, A. A. Trembert, G. A. Clarke, W. Ashmore and T. Pink. Their reception was most enthusiastic. The men's meeting on Sunday afternoon was especially gratifying, every available seat in the church being filled. On Sunday night the church could not contain the crowds. A packed congregation listened amidst a breathless hush to the singing and speaking. Mr. Chapman's leadership was strong and efficient. Not the least interesting feature of the work was the services held in the hotels. The Band visited every barroom in this railroad town and were kindly treated. While men drank their beer at the bar the Band sang the Gospel to them. And it was a touching sight to see their faces betraying the secret emotions of their hearts as the sweet and tender message of the hymn ''Jesus, Lover of My Soul,'' sung by Wilfred Wright, filled the room so unused to hearing the name of Christ exalted. In addition the Band have conducted services in Simcoe and Wyoming.

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. F. SMITH, '09.

APRIL.

"A soft caress of opening flowers,
A little burst of rain,
Song of birds from leafy bowers,
And then she weeps again."—Ex.

S the May issue of THE MONTHLY will appear as the annual graduation number, our incumbency of the editorship of "Here and There" ends with the present month. With a peculiar thrill both of pleasure and pain, we relinquish our grasp of the editorial pen and surrender it to a successor. The work in this department throughout the year has afforded us no mean intellectual recreation. We have felt at times, upon reading through the various exchanges, as if we had been wading throuygh a veritable meadow-land of thought, where we had felt ourselves at liberty to pluck from every side the fairest blooms. Contemporary college journals acquaint one fairly well with the manifold student activities in other universities. It is a pleasure and a privilege to feel the throbbings of student life in other places, to review and to criticize as justly as possible student literary expression. It is, then, with some slight regret that we feel it our duty to forego these "proud pleasures of the mind." Gladly, however, do we introduce to the reader, with all due courtesy, Mr. Caleb Harris, '09, editor-elect, who will take charge of this department in the fall. We venture to predict for Mr. Harris a very pleasant year as he becomes acquainted with our college contemporaries; while from a knowledge of Mr. Harris' witty disposition and literary taste and ability, we make bold to prophesy for the reader of next year's department a column readable in every respect, brilliant with gems of thought and flashes of wit.

THE *Trinity Archive*, with artistic cover, clear-printed page, and well-written departments, is, without doubt, one of the most readable exchanges of the month. Of the poems which appear in this magazine, one, which is very prettily written, seems especially deserving of a reprint. It is entitled:

SORROW-LIKE FOAM.

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
Here for a moment and then away.
The grief of the child is the foam of the rill
That gurgles and chuckles adown the hill,
Hurrying and scurrying along the way,
With never a grief till you stop its play.
But who can tell of the childish woe,
Or the whirl where you stopped the brooklet's flow?

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
Here for a moment and then away.
The grief of the youth is the foam of the fall
Of the meadow-stream by the old stone wall,
With never a grief till it steals away
From the land where the barefoot urchins play;
But the sorrows of lost youth who can tell?
Or the crush of the waters where they fell?

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
Here for a moment and then away.
The grief of the man is the torrent's leap
Through the rugged rocks to the mighty deep,
As rushing and roaring his hopes all go
To the jagged rocks of despair below;
And nobody knows the grief and care
Of the life crushed out on the rock Despair.

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
Here for a moment and then away.
The grief of the old is the ocean's foam
As the wild waves yearn for their mountain home,
And the tides set shoreward to 'rd the hill
Where the river began in a tiny rill.
Who knows the grief of the ocean foam,
Or the heart that yearns for its childhood home?

—H. E. Spence, in *The Trinity Archive.*

Sam Sparking Sally.—Sunday Sam set sail, steering southward, soon sighting Sally's sitting-room. Sam stopped, seeming surprised Sally shouldn't suppose some society should seem suitable Sunday. Sam stood still singing softly some sweet serenades. Sally sat silently sewing samplers. Soon she saluted Sam, saying, "Sam, stop singing so sadly, sing something suitable."

Sam sang some silly songs, sounding sweet, so Sally said. Soon Sally said, "Stay sometime, Sam." Sam said, "Sure, Sally."

Sally's spaniel seemed sure she should stop Sam. Sally soon spied Sam standing silently, seeming sure something should stop Spot, so she said, "Spot, stop seeming so spiteful." Spot shammed sociability.

Sam sat staring sidewise some time. Soon Sally said, " Sister sometimes secretly sees some scenes scarcely seeming suitable." Sam said, " S'pose so? " Sam sat still. Sally sat still.

Sally soon said, " Sam, stop spooning."

Sam seemed solicitous. "Spooning?" said Sam.

Sally snickered.

Sam sat still. Sally sat still.

Soon Sally said, " Sam, stop seeming so sincere."

" Sincere? " said Sam.

Sam sat still. Sally sat still.

Sam seemed shy. Sally seemed solicitous. Sally soliloquized, " Sam seems so slow."

Sam soliloquized, " Sally seems sweetly sociable sometimes," so Sam slipped side Sally, sitting spooning shyly.

Sally's sire soon sauntered in. Sam sailed swiftly skyward, seeing stars, soon setting solidly.

Sam skeedaddled. —*William Jewell Student.*

TO THE HEPATICA.

Thou fairest flower of early Spring,
Through mosses first to peep,
The red-breast robins of thee sing,
While lily buds yet sleep.

Thou dwellest by the rippling rills,
That wend their mazy course
Through sylvan vales, down moss-clad hills,
To join the river's source.

Thy coy, half-hidden, simple bloom,
Of petals blue and white,
Diffuseth delicate perfume,
That doth mankind delight.

And thus thou playest thy sweet part,
Fair first-born of our flowers,
Bring joy unto the restless heart,
Through long and lonely hours.

—M. Louise Thomas, in the *University Monthly.*

Several new exchanges have been received during the past month. One which we gladly welcome, and which we recommend to all McMaster men for careful perusal, is *The Oxford* magazine, a periodical issued weekly from that ancient and honorable institution of learning, the University of Oxford. We have been favored by repeated visits of this magazine, and shall, with no little satisfaction, accord it a respectable place among our exchanges.

The postman in his daily rounds has also brought to us *The Sphinx*, the magazine published by "the Guild of Undergraduates in the University of Liverpool." This bright little journal we cordially welcome, and hope that in future it will enter our sanctum as a regular visitor.

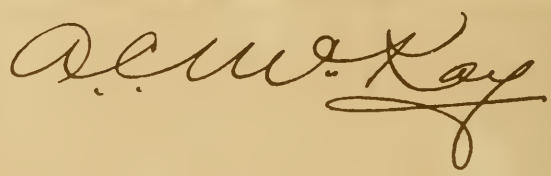
Another new exchange is the *"T. C. D.,"* a college miscellany, published weekly by Trinity College, Dublin. This magazine, as might be expected, contains no dull reading. We extend a royal Canadian greeting to the publishers of the *"T. C. D.,"* and would encourage them to send us, frequently, copies of their magazine, believing that a regular exchange might perhaps be of mutual benefit.

PROFESSOR (in second year English class)—"What are the important passages in 'As You Like It'?" Several Gentlemen—"A fool! A fool! I met a fool!" Professor—"Which one do you mean? There are several here."—*Manitoba College Journal.*

THE students of Okanagan College are to be greatly admired for their courageous attempt to found a college journal, *The Okanagan Lyceum.* It is to be hoped that, with the hearty endorsation of the student body, and of all friends of the College, their efforts will be ably and permanently sustained. *The Okanagan Lyceum* is the literary representative of "the youngest of the sisterhood of Canadian Baptist educational institutions." The first number of this bright college paper is very creditable; the choice of type, the quality of paper, the illustrations, in fact, the general make-up of the magazine is good. Some of the articles exhibit a certain crudeness of style, but with experience a maturity of style will doubtless come. "The Legend of Sinikielt," an Indian legend of the Okanagan Valley, is well written. Upon the whole, a rearrangement of contents might be preferable, the various departments being grouped together in the latter half of the magazine and the space at the beginning being reserved for the various contributed articles in prose and verse. A brighter color chosen for the cover might also be an improvement.

SOME people are born miserable, some have misery thrust upon them, and some are students in the spring time.—*Viatorian.*

A silence slinks about the halls,
A door not even slams,
The reason is the fellows are
All cramming for Exams.
—*St. John's College Magazine.*



The Chancellor

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

THE FACULTY

PETER S. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Professor of Greek.

MALCOLM S. CLARK, M.A.
Professor of German.

JAMES TENBROEKE, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology.
Logic and Ethics.

R. WILSON SMITH, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Biology and Geology.
and Curator of Museum.

THE FACULTY

WALLACE P. COHOE, M.A.
Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.
1900-1906

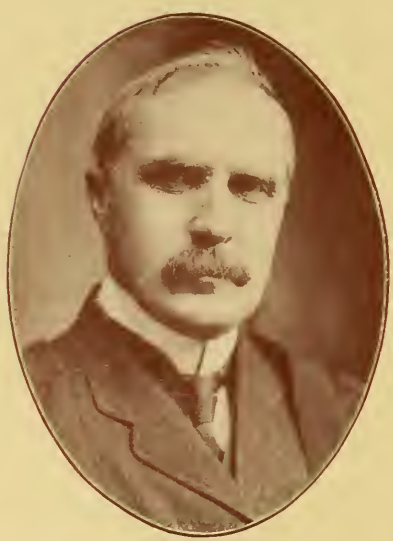
GEORGE CROSS, M.A., PH.D., D.D.
Professor of History.

ELIAS M. KEIRSTEAD, M.A., D.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology
and Apologetics.

WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Mathematics.

JOHN N. DALES, M.A.
Professor of French.

A. LINCOLN McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.
Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.



J. L. GILMOUR, B.A., D.D.
Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology.

J. BISHOP TINGLE, PH.D.
Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.

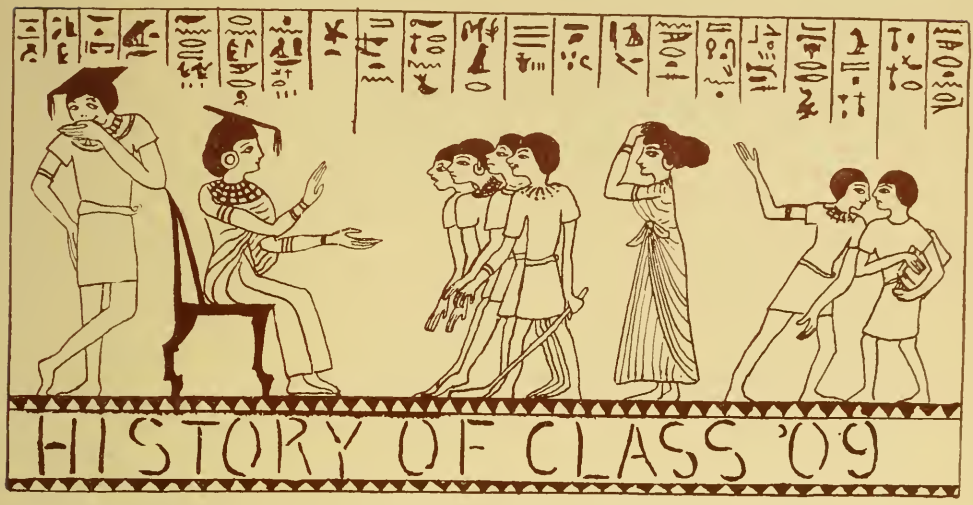
I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.
Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Theology.

John L. Hogg, M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of Physics.

Glenn H. Campbell, M.A.
Lecturer in Latin.

Edmund H. Oliver, M.A., Ph.D.
Lecturer in History.

The
McMaster University Monthly
GRADUATION NUMBER, 1909
VOL. XVIII. TORONTO, MAY, 1909 No. 8



Written and Illustrated by Elsie Read McLaurin.

PROLOGUE.

(To the Under-grads.)

"Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,
And drop them books, and first pot-hooks, and listen unto me.
I cannot sling a fairy-tale of Jinnys fierce and wild,
For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child,"
But here's a yarn that's just as gay, and more along my line,
The true and thrilling history of the Class of Naughty-Nine.

THE Class of '09 began life with an auspicious horoscope. In the university heavens a new chancellation was in the ascendant—that of Alexander Charles McKay—and a most fortunate one it has proved to '09, and to all on whom it has shone! Later '09 was to learn that as well as being born under stars she might achieve stars, a few of which brighten the pages of this history, and would also, alas! have stars thrust upon her, especially in

the chilly month of January, or the merry (?) month of May.

The first conscious state of the infant Class '09, as that of every infant must be, was, as Professor James so aptly describes it, "one big, blooming, puzzling confusion." We were fairly dazed with the new facts that thrust themselves upon us in the first few weeks of our college life. In the first place, we had come with the glad sense that now at last our ambition was achieved, and we were university students. This sad misapprehension was soon corrected by the other years, and we learned we were merely freshmen. The bitterness of our lot was, however, tempered by the second and even greater discovery that dawned on us—that we were Class '09. Unlike the first, this wonder grew and grew (and by latest report is still growing).

With true academic spirit '09 sought to impress this new-found fact on the rest of the School. The first step was to hold a class-meeting, and on the 28th of September we met, and after warming hearts and hands in an informal season of hand-shaking, the following executive was appointed: Honorary President, Professor Matthews; President, D. R. Van Sickle; Vice-President, Miss E. McLaurin; Secretary, A. F. Smith. Representatives were also appointed to the university societies, the captains of our future athletic teams were elected, and the numerous other offices of the class duly filled.

We were now prepared to be "up and doing with a heart for any fate." Fortunately for us, since Fate had it in for '09 that very night. It is well known that a healthy soph. dotes on green freshman as a cat on catnip. He prefers him "roasted"; "hot-cross" freshman is a treat. At that orgy of which I speak, the initiation of '09, each was well shaken before taken, and then washed down with plenty of cold water. Let these veiled terms tell the tale of all the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" we endured in our first year. We dared be fresh for a' that.

Field Day was the next event of importance on '09's calendar. Then she appeared for the first time as a class before the public eye in the full regalia of banner, yell, and

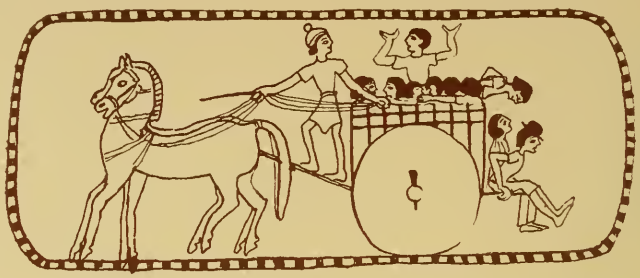
colors. Our athletes succeeded in winning the team race and second place in the high jump, giving us the modest total of eight points, which same eight points, by the way, made our modest total in athletics at the end of the year. The real interest of the occasion was, of course, the scrap. Our banner was so admired that '08 had enviously copied it—in paint and canvas—and dared to carry the odious counterfeit with their own. The freshmen must avenge the insult or die in the attempt. The grand-stand pronounced the result uncertain. Some said '09 was avenged to the full, others thought it looked more as though they had dyed in the attempt.

That this was a slander we showed by our unabated activity during the rest of the year. On Founder's Night we established a reputation for originality in class-room decorations by rejecting the traditional bunting, and banking the walls with fragrant cedar instead, establishing a worthy, if laborious, precedent for future generations of freshmen. Not even the "slaughter of the innocents" in January, when scores fell under the dread power of Latin and algebra exams., could daunt our spirits. We aspired to a class pin, and succeeded in producing one whose distinctiveness and self-respecting simplicity have preserved its popularity during four years of use, and won for it an honored place on the cover of this magazine.

Having proved her proper respect for the upper classmen by offering no opposition to '08's claims to the Matthews Cup, '09 felt that she owed a duty to herself, and looked about for what laurels remained. She was especially attracted by that field in which weighty sense flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence—the Inter-year Debates. Here the coveted championship was won for her by four of her number —Wearing, Sloat, Mullowney and Scott, the two latter debating twice. We could now raise our heads and expand our chests a bit, having proved, to our own satisfaction at least, that even if we were in our "salad days," we were ripe in reason.

Greater things, too, than these we did. We had a sleigh-ride, we did. Long months we waited and watched for the

indispensable snow, but finally our committee succeeded in arranging for a supply, and after the usual gay drive, and



some unusual adventures, the class gathered at Miss Edy's home and spent there the short last hours of a jolly evening. So pleasantly does the memory of this sleigh-ride linger in the minds of the class that each year when the snow flies someone is sure to "move" a sleigh-ride in class-meeting, and we sigh, "Oh to be a freshman, now the snow is here," even as we vote it down.

If I had courage I would tell how we had our photograph taken by a brave and patient man on Yonge Street. If I had space I would tell how the year took its place on the Lit. programmes and on the College rugby and hockey teams. Mention should be made of the class prayer meetings, which had probably a greater influence on our class life than we realized, and in which we gained a respect for each other and a feeling of unity deeper than could ever have grown out of our other meetings.

But it all came to an end, as even first years at university will. We went again through the ordeal of examinations, watched with awe and admiration the final glories of '06, paid a few tentative visits to the Humber, and scattered for the summer.

This history does not concern itself with the next four months, since however interesting the deeds then done by the members of '09, it was not "as such" they acted, and to the best of my metaphysical belief the tale of them has no place here. With autumn we were again on the field of action, ready for the untried joys of our sophomore year. The first joy that we experienced was the freshman class, and henceforth we were thankful, not alone because we were Naught-Nine, but still more because we were not Ten!

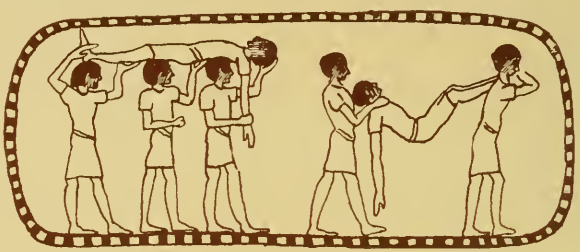
Our first sorrow was to find that some were missing from our number. Eight of our members had failed to return. There was a large reinforcement, however, to fill the gaps in the ranks, no less than thirteen, ten of whom have been with us ever since, while Messrs. Trotter, Mercer and Newman shared our fortunes for the one year alone. Professor Ten Broeke was chosen to fill the place of Honorary President; T. Wearing was elected to the arduous duties of the Presidency; with Miss Florence Edy to warn, to comfort and command; and a strong executive of specialists to attend to the particular details.

As sophomores, our chief duty to our fellow men was to domesticate the freshmen, to adjust them to the civilization of the race as represented by McMaster life. Alas! "It is not the things that we do, dears, but the things that we leave undone, that give us a bit of a heart-ache when our college course is done." The one time for us to do our duty before the world was on Field Day, and we knew it. What preparations were made! We organized a brass band which led us to the sports field and enlivened the proceedings of the afternoon, the experiment proving so successful that it has since been adopted by the School. We composed a new class yell for the occasion, which has often since cheered us on to victory with its rousing shout:

"Naughty-nine, Rah! Rah!
Naughty-nine, Biff! Bah!
Boomerah! Hachamah!
A—pen—ta—ka—be—i
One, nine, naught, nine
Anno Domini!"

We carried off twenty-nine points in the sports, W. J. Haydon winning nineteen points for the year and the first association medal for himself, A. Newell winning nine points, and the team racers of the year before repeating

their success. We even had our pictures taken by the well-known "Camera J.," and all was well. For the rest, let THE MONTHLY of November, '06, tell the tale from which my loyal pen shrinks: "The sophomores came on the field with a wedge-shaped banner. The design was beautifully chaste and simple—two black stripes on a field jaundice. Speaking of black reminds us of the scrap; another point of resemblance was that the sophomores were chased as well as the banner. Hence '09's banner was exceedingly typical of the fortunes of the year on that memorable day." Ah, well! There are depths to which we did not fall. They were left for others to fathom. 'Tis better to have scrapped and lost than never to have scrapped at all.



It is small wonder that '09 now turned to the cup that cheers, and sought to drown her sorrows in the Matthews Cup. With the points gained on Field Day, the inter-year championship in association and hockey gave us this. The games played by our "all-star" hockey team, our athletic joy and pride, were especially brilliant.

Not content with less than a clean sweep in the school honors, '09 sent Trotter, Newell, Rutledge, Scott and Brown (who debated twice) to fetch the debating championship, which they did with all dispatch. Then were we comforted; as a sign of which we went down and had our pictures taken again, a degree of recklessness which shows the height to which our spirits must have ascended.

In recording these strenuous activities, the milder joys and successes of Founder's Night must not be forgotten, when we showed how sophomore colors could be used effectively in mellow lights and masses of chrysanthemums, and incidentally started the "fire-place" craze which has since

swept the School. Then there was the night of our rally at Miss Gertrude Murray's, when the jollity ran so high that not even the falling rain could afterward dampen our spirits. Again, before the term closed we spent a pleasant evening together at the home of our Honorary President, Professor Ten Broeke. Naughty-Nine has always had a happy faculty of enjoying herself, not only figuratively, but literally.

Not that we lay claims to four years of placid brotherly love without a single scrap of our own to enliven things. We have had a few tempests in our little tea-pot, and none more edifying than those of our second year. But, "blessings on the falling out, which all the more endears." For, as the poet would say:

> "Nor was it all for naught,
> Henceforth not strangers we, but friends,
> Who once have met—and fought."

When we gathered as juniors in the fall of '07 we found ourselves thirty-five strong. Nine were missing from our number, it is true, but '09 found her new member, Lloyd Jackson (*i.e.*, "Slugger") to be a host in himself. We started in our year as juniors with a new sense of our responsibilities, a new and elaborate constitution, and, as a matter of course, a new executive. Professor Smith headed the latter as our Honorary President, E. P. Lewis held the position of President, and Miss Farmer that of Vice-President, while the other positions of responsibility were ably filled by other worthies.

Having established a comfortable place for herself in the school records in her strenuous sophomoric days, '09 now indulged in the cultivation of her individual talents, in preparation for the demands that would be made on her numbers in her senior year. In sports she did not again aspire to the Matthews Cup, but won enough honors to maintain her athletic self-respect—the association and hockey championships and some twenty points on Field Day.

In debating, too, she yielded her laurels to the freshmen, but had the greater satisfaction of being the first junior year to provide an inter-collegiate debater for McMaster, when W. A. Scott with M. H. Long, '08, debated victoriously

against Osgoode. She showed, too, that her interest in the Inter-year Debates was not measured by her own success by presenting to the Literary Society the "Naught-Nine Cup," to be held by the future champions of the inter-year series.

Founder's Night was again an occasion for the display of originality, when an open courtyard, with the starry skies above and the mild light of a clouded moon providing the only light, proved just the very place for "cosy-corner confidences."

The Class Rally was held this year on St. Valentine's Night at the home of Professor Smith, and a most jolly occasion it was. Each year, as courses differ and we meet less often in the class-rooms, our class meetings and rallies are the more appreciated.

Those dark days were next when all from lordliest senior to humblest freshman must "cram," and

> "Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
> They rave, recite, and madden round the land."

Then came the last duty of our junior year, the pleasant one of giving the annual dinner to the graduating class. W. A. Scott had already distinguished himself by his brilliant toast to the ladies at the "Lit." dinner, but here was a test of '09's eloquence to the extent of a whole toast list! In the farewell words to the members of '08 we heard the reminder that in another year we too would be hearing, as a class, the farewell of our Alma Mater.

It was a different '09, then, that gathered after the summer to travel the last lap of the course we ran for the "B.A." from that which four years before, unheralded and unknown, drifted into "The Hall." Among her members, increased in number even at this late date, were now Presidents, Editors, Managers and Captains, and each name stood for something in the records of class and college.

In spite of this old Naughty-Nine commenced her senior year very frivolously. Three parties! The first an irregular class-meeting at the home of one of the members, Miss McLaurin; then a jolly evening spent with Professor and Mrs. Cross; and again by invitation of Miss Pugsley at the home of Mrs. Westman on Bloor Street. Though advanced in years, '09 was evidently still young at heart. She bade fair to rival even the freshmen.

This life of vanity was no sign, however, that her powers were waning. She proved her old supremacy in all the

activities of school life. Founder's Night once more showed that—

"Time cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

The Matthews Cup was carried off with greater *eclat* than ever (and 107 points) the long-coveted championship in rugby being at last added to these in hockey and association, her score on Field Day (47 points) being larger than ever before, Scott and Haydon especially distinguishing themselves by carrying off the McNaught Cup, Chancellor's Medal and the First Association Medal.

In W. A. Scott and G. S. Jury '09 provided brilliant debaters for two of the three debates that brought success to McMaster this year, and in these triumphs of the University through her members, '09 takes more pride than in those honors which are her's alone.

We have reached now the last stage that ends this most eventful career. One short, sharp struggle remains with the Exam. Dragon that guards the snowy fleece for which we have journeyed so far, and endured such hardships as even the Argonauts of old might have trembled at. With our success or failure the story of Naught-Nine will have been told. To the School we must make our bow. It is our turn to step aside. In the college life we are no more to be reckoned with, unless we have been so fortunate as to leave behind us some tradition worthy of remembrance and emulation. But to *us*, so long as there lives one member with breath and memory left him, the cry will be ever the old one—"Naughty-Nine Forever!"

EPILOGUE.

(To Naught-Nine.)

"I have told the tale of our lives
For other classes' mirth,
In jesting guise, but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."

McMaster! thy children the world's work calls,
When youth's a-bloom and year's at the spring,
And, leaving the shade of thine ivied walls,
To the fears of the future a gage we fling.

To the ancient East and the winsome West,
We go with throbbing, exultant hearts,
Eager to follow on Truth's long quest,
Quick to receive all that Life imparts.

Alma Mater, in days to be,
When the frail flesh faints and the heart beats low,
Sweep thou the harp-strings of memory
And croon us sweet songs of the long ago—

The long ago when the Lamp of our Youth
Received at thy hands the eternal flame,
When our feet were led to the fount of Truth
And the Legend bright with the Master's name.

τὰ πάντα ἐν χριστῷ shall banish our fears
And His triumph song shall our voices fill,
As on o'er the crest of the conquered years
We march at His bidding and work His will.

Thomas Wearing.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

CLASS '09 ARTS

Audrey Lauren Brown

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof."

Brown, of Brownsville, Ont., has been a regular Ulysses ever since the eighties—and he's very young yet. Leaving public school at sixteen, he attended Woodstock Collegiate for one year, afterwards taking up the Junior Leaving Course at Ingersoll Collegiate. After five years' charge of the Leamington Business College he tried business life, but soon decided to continue his pursuit of the "sinking star." ¶ Twice he has brought laurels to '09 in the Inter-year Debates. He cinched the J. W. Knott Prize in 1st Year Bible and tied with Bisset for the D. E. Thomson Scholarship in Special Political Economy of the third year. In 1907-08 he made a striking record as business manager of THE MONTHLY. ¶ He has taken almost all the special work in Arts and Theology, has taught in Moulton College, and has been a successful pastor of different churches in the denomination, being now settled at Beamsville. It is altogether likely that he will pursue post-graduate work in Political Economy with a view to preparation for wider usefulness. A. L. is a wonder.

Athelstan Bissett

"He was a shy man."

The first specific notice of Athel's doing is to be found in a newspaper on file in Goderich; the notice merely stated the fact that he arrived in the town about dawn, making no excuse for his presence and bringing neither bag or baggage. ¶ About the only thing he got in Goderich was the Western fever and in a few years he moved to South Dakota. Athel. found things a little hot over the line, and lynch law being in force, he quietly and expeditiously left for Strathcona, Alta. There he became a very respectable young man and after attending High School and Model, he turned again home and entered Naught-Nine. ¶ As a student he won enduring fame by compelling A. L. Brown to share the Scholarship in Economics, and as an athlete he is known as the able captain of this year's association team and a quarter-back in rugby who not only uses his hands and feet but, like Paderewski, his hair also. Finally, "Bissett" is the only student who has never been seen at the door of the Ladies' Room.

John Corry Doherty

"He himself would have been a soldier only for the vile guns.

Corry's appearance at Carleton Place, Monday, Feb. 15, 1886, was somewhat mysterious. The C.P.R. did not reach the town until the following summer, but the grocery-man, upon whose wagon was painted "Families Supplied," visited the house that day. ¶ In early years he displayed exceptional ability, and, commencing by winning the slate pencil for remaining head of the class until Friday, he never halted until he had taken his Senior Matriculation with Honors in Carleton Place High School. As a sophomore he joined the Class of Naughty-Nine and from his record in his Special Science Course it seems very probable that to him "Science will soon yield her last retreat." ¶ Loyal both to class and University, rain or shine, defeat or victory, John might be seen at every game, waving his black and green ribbon tied to a slender cane. In his fourth year he represented his class on the Y. M. C. A. Executive. Amongst all the students he is known as a "hail fellow, well met" and '09 is richer in humor because of his presence at her gatherings. He will return for Chemistry.

Calvin Arthur Detlor

"Conspicuous for mirth and laughter,
The ladies first, the fellows after."

The blood of U. E. Loyalists flows in the veins of this beau-gallant, and the evolution of a dozen generations of Pennsylvania Dutchmen finally resulted in the gay Lothario, familiarly known as "Cal." ¶ The world first heard of him along about '84, away down at Napanee, where he lived for some years a life of careless ease. A sudden change came over him, however, and, after breaking a few hearts at Napanee Collegiate, he joined the firm of Stalky & Co. preparatory to entering Naught-Nine. Ever an ardent swain, Cal. registered in the *star* course and has regularly contributed to the poor fund of the University. ¶ A literary enthusiast, he not only edited *Athletics* but was also intimately associated with the Woman's Department. His more serious pursuits have been association and hockey, and he has become famous as an after-dinner speaker. Cal. is also somewhat of a singer and daily at matins he can be heard in "Sleep, Gentle Sleep, Beloved from Pole to Pole."

Florence Agnes Edy

"Who can say more
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you."

'Twas in London City that Florence experienced the vicissitudes of earliest childhood. When her laughing eyes and saucy smile had wrought sufficient havoc there, she tripped down to Toronto, brightening Parkdale Collegiate on her way to join the original '09. ¶ Here she has passed through all the stages of evolution from a jolly freshette to a learned B.A. Florence has ever been energetic, whether waving the colors on the campus, impersonating Shakespeare's "Launcelot," skating, or rushing down for an 8.15 History lecture. In her sophomore year she loyally assisted the President in upholding the banner of yellow. ¶ Throughout her course she has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Women's Literary Society and as a senior was unanimously welcomed as President. She has made many staunch friends who predict for her a short but brilliant career as teacher in the Far West and a happy life ever after. ¶ Her name will brighten the annals of '09 and recall many pleasant memories to those with whom she has shared her college life.

Alexander Keayes Edmison

"For though a reckless youth in earlier days,
He now has turned of more religious ways."

In the year 1885 the Methodist parsonage at Rednersville, Ont., had occasion to boast of the appearance of a son of hope, Alexander K. Edmison. Under such circumstances he formed the habit of the methodical three-year move, and consequently gathered his public and high school education from various parts of the Province, finally determining on an Arts course in the University of Toronto. ¶ Whether from force of habit or because of natural attractions elsewhere it must remain unknown, but at the end of his third year in 'Varsity a move was again decided upon and Alec. entered McMaster to graduate with Class Naught-Nine. ¶ He intends to enter the ministry of the Methodist Church. His McMaster friends—and notwithstanding his short sojourn here they are many—will watch his career with interest and will rejoice with him in the success they expect him to achieve.

Abraham Granatstein

"Describe him who can, an abridgement of all that is pleasant in man."

"Granny," as he is popularly known among his fellow students, first beheld the light of day in a village in Poland not recorded on the map. This rare event occurred on September 17th, 1887. His infant mind soon turned to things educational and e'er long we find him a graduate of the Toronto public schools. ¶ Following the advice of the philosopher, John Locke, he learnt a trade—the art of diamond setting. But he was not content with this, for he has visions of becoming a great lawyer. What could be more natural, then, than for him to take a university course? During three years at the University of Toronto and one year at McMaster he has won a good name for himself. ¶ He enters Osgoode Hall in September, where his jovial disposition, good nature, and optimistic temperament will no doubt gain him many friends. We can unhesitatingly predict a prosperous future for "Granny," who carries away our best wishes. No doubt our country will be the better for the legislation that shall be a result of "Granny's" incessant and painstaking toil.

Muriel Estelle Farmer

"Courage was cast about her like a dress."

Muriel says she doesn't intend to be a missionary or marry a minister even though she was born on Epiphany Sunday. She would rather be a nurse and run a hospital. ¶ Before joining Naughty-Nine she spent her days in the schools of Arnprior or paddling on the Ottawa; that is, all except Saturdays and Sundays. On Saturdays she used to win tennis championships and on Sundays prepare the family dinners and play the organ in church. ¶ Always popular, during her course she has had her share of academic honors. Vice-President of the junior year; as a senior, Second Vice-President of the Lit. and sponsor to the "Ladies" toast at the annual banquet, she has also as an amorous "Gratanio" made successful love in the public dramatic readings. Her specials have been skating and tennis, canoeing, tobogganing and science.

Caleb Harris

"The wit, the polished man of letters."

In *puris naturalibus*, except for a quill-pen in his ear and a furtive look in his eye that would ruin the reputation of an archangel, Caleb blew into a certain farm-house in historic Bruce at 2.23 a.m., July 13, 1882. A country school still shows in curious places the hieroglyphics "C. H.," and tradition hath it that Caleb was ever full of wise saws and modern instances, quoting Chaucer freely at a most tender age. ¶ High school at Port Elgin, Model at Owen Sound, and three years of practical pedagogy, prepared him for the strenuous life of McMaster, where for four years he has been a star of the first magnitude in the blazing firmament of Naughty-Nine. Behold! Editor of "Around the Hall" and "Here and There," Vice-President of Debating Society, Secretary Student Body, Hockey Trainer. ¶ His Specials are English and History, his favorite toast "The Ladies," his chief interest "Cups," his ambition pulpit eloquence, his motto *Mulier est hominis confusio*. He will enter the Baptist Ministry and become famous for sound sermons, blameless living, and high courage like unto his Bible namesake.

Hope Aileen Gray

"Sae true her heart, sae smooth her speech,
Her breath like cauler air;
Her very foot hath music in't
As she comes up the stair."

The Garden of Eden has long enjoyed a mild renown among McMaster theologues as the place where things first began to happen, but it is only within the past few years that it has really become famous in the School. Four years ago the Angel of the Garden became convinced that the pen was mightier than the flaming sword, and resigned her position to join '09 at McMaster. ¶ Here she proved herself an ideal "college girl," being a good student, a jolly comrade, and a talented and energetic member of the school and class organizations. ¶ Besides pursuing with the most marked success her course of studies, specializing in English and Modern Languages, Hope has been an invaluable member of Y.W.C.A and class executives, has appeared as "Antonio" and "Corin" in the "Lit." readings, and in all has shown that rare spirit that makes her a favorite member of the year.

Charles Thomas Holman

"A merry old soul was he."

Charles T. Holman, minister, student, artist, and star rugby player, was, is, and always will be, a very genial chap. The conjugation of the aforesaid C. T. H. runs thus: exceedingly active voice, usually present tense, generally singular number, and always first person—except when *she* is around. ¶ Many years ago, in the Motherland, there was born an infant. What? You have guessed already? Yes, "IT" was C. T. H. Coming to Canada he settled in Hamilton, that town of mystery, mud, and mountains, paused there long enough to learn how to read, write and draw: next delved into litho-ing and drumming, and to wind up decently hiked to McMaster, where he nearly strangled on tough theological joints. ¶ He survived, however, took a year off, came back, captained the rugby team last fall, preached in the Bracebridge Church, of which he is ordained pastor, studied in between times, and now—lo, the finished man, a Bachelor of Arts. *Pax Vobiscum*, Charlie! ¶ The Baptist Ministry will be strengthened by the entrance of his well-trained philosophical mind and stout heart.

William James Haydon

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire."

"Pat.," like a new year resolution, came into existence about the first of January, 1886, and like many such resolutions he has been "broke" several times since. He is a "peeler," being born at the town of Brampton. His athletic instinct first manifested itself in "a vault from the high chair." He began in 1892 at "cat, rat, hat," and finished his senior matriculation in 1906. As a sophomore he joined '09 and he has ever since stood in the forefront of McMaster's best athletes. On the track he has won the First Association Medal three times, always first in the pole vault, a strength in association and rugby, and one of the stars on the senior hockey team in his final year. In his special, Science, his excellent record speaks for itself. His weekly visits to Brampton have been a cause of great alarm. After graduation he will *take* medicine.

Lloyd Douglas Jackson

"See, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall!"

"Slugger" was born. For the first five years his mother wished he never had been born—he was such a howler. The next five years his father cursed the day of his birth—he was always upsetting the milk, or feeling the hens' crops when they wanted to lay. The five years following he was the pest of both the Petrolea and Sarnia High Schools, and they wished he had stayed where he was born—he was such a knocker. The last five years of his life—not dead though, still kicking—he has been vitally initiative in all night-prowling mischief and class-meeting nonsense. He spent two years with '08, took a year to see his pretty cousins in England, and returned to complete his course with Naught-Nine and make the senior rugby team. In his first year he delivered a speech at the Athletic Banquet, edited "Our Graduates," and next year will take charge of "Around the Hall." He will pursue M.A. work with a view to Industrial Chemistry, and continue to brighten the life of his associates by his good natured conversation and real ability to accomplish things.

Andrew Henderson Hutchinson

"Amidst a grove the very tallest pine."

Born in the fall of 1888, "Hutchy" began to rise and has been rising ever since. Moreover, he was born at "Don," West York, which no doubt accounts for the fact that he is an early riser. Destined to be an immortal youth, he moved from "Don" to Aurora. ¶ His earlier years were spent on the farm and even yet on his return "The old cow lows at the gate to greet him." After graduating from the Aurora High School he entered the '09 class. As a student he "towering stands alone like Saul, a head and shoulders over all." ¶ He won the Shenstone Medal in Science in his second year. Besides playing on all the association and rugby teams of his year, he has played in intercollegiate matches as well. As Secretary-Treasurer he brought his class through their final year without a single levy. He will enter the Faculty of Education next fall.

Thomas Earnest Layng

"A man severe he was and stern to view."

On a calm October morning, 188—, Ernie floated down the Rideau River and anchored at Smith's Falls. He went up to the town, registered as a freshman and commenced to prepare to enter Naught-Nine as a sophomore. ¶ He ascended learning's tortuous pathway till he reached the height of Senior Leaving, from which dizzy peak he saw McMaster's sphere swim like a strange planet into his ken. Attracted by the vision, he joined '09. A Special Science student, he has given as much time to his studies as an honest man should, and attained as much success as an honest student wishes. ¶ Naught-Nine has never lined up in athletic contest without him. He captained their hockey team in his final year and played on the wing of the senior rugby team. Being a normal man, he intends to set sail again upon another sea, where he will float double, Layng and shadow. Everyone predicts a pleasant voyage and a fair haven for our adventurer, who is brave of heart to face whatever the skies may promise. He will return for Chemistry.

Gordon Sinclair Jury

"For him was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak and reed,
Or Aristotle and his philosophie."

Bowmanville takes its place in the forward march of progress because it is the birthplace of the Jury. The young movement was given a cool reception, it being February 2nd, 1886. Public and high school work was mere pastime for this giant intellect and after graduating from the high school he spent a year in an apothecary's hall, but it was too circumscribed there for "these thoughts that wander through eternity"; accordingly he decided to come to McMaster. ¶ His specials have been History and Philosophy. "Stot" and Kant are almost synonymous terms in the School. On two occasions he helped win the Intercollegiate Debating Championship, was President of the Athletic Association, played every game from tennis to rugby, and assisted in various other ways to advance the interests of the University. ¶ "None better skilled the noisy pack to guide," he will sit as a theologue in the High Kakiak's chair next year.

Bruce Leckie

"There seemed in him, a more than common life in every limb."

According to Greek philosophers there are three great events in every man's life. The first for Bruce took place when he opened his eyes in Moore Township, shut his fists, and started crying for a rugby ball; the second, when he went into a life partnership at Petrolia; the third will be when he receives his degree. ¶ He attended public school until the teacher threw him out, when he moved to the Sarnia High School, where he studied occasionally and played rugby a lot. After teaching for a time he bethought himself that higher education was the only fitting thing for a man of his football ability, and therefore came to McMaster. He has specialized in Science, captained the rugby team, and has refused to attend any class parties for fear of being arrested on a charge of false pretences. Bruce intends to teach the young Canadian how to break test tubes and wrestle. Success is certain to smile upon his patient industry and indomitable perseverance. Long live Leckie!

Edmund Percy Lewis

"And thus he bore, without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman."

This is the picture of Percy Lewis. He has fair hair, blue eyes and is not bad looking. About twenty-five years ago the village of New Sarum, in Elgin County, celebrated his advent. Eighteen later the same village installed him, worthy youth, as instructor of the rising generations. ¶ The next year the village of Sparta claimed him for similar service. Two years in this village of the Grecian name had its effect and in the fall of '05 he came to McMaster to study Special Classics. But in his third year he left his first love to take the Special Science course. ¶ He has always kept busy. He played on the rugby team and served on THE MONTHLY Board; he was Corresponding Secretary of the "Lit.," Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Association, and, as a junior, President of his year. His scholastic record, moreover, is good. He will study medicine.

James Lorne MacLaurin

"For he's bonie and braw, well-favor'd witha'
An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.

"Hamish" says one of his ancestors had a fecht with Roderick Dhu or Bobby Burns—maybe it was with Robert Bruce, he's not quite certain. This fighting blood has come down to our braw laddie and richt fairly has he won renown in all '09's battles. ¶ He stayed at Vankleek Hill the first few years of his life—for a wee bit Scotch, ye ken. From the Collegiate there his plaidie swung towards McMaster and during the four years of his Special Science course the merry e'en of Hamish have made glad hearts and sair. ¶ He has captained '09 hockey and association teams to victory, starred at the nets for the University team ever since his freshman year, and in the Literary Society for two terms has held important offices. Special Science has delights for Jamie that are unspeakable and his daily mental recreation has been found in the labyrinths of that fearful and wonderful field of research. He will seek out an M.A. in the "Lab." next year.

Elsie Read McLaurin

"With cheering presence, meaning air,
And calm simplicity of grace."

All the subtle humors of the philosophic East, all the lively wit and ready expression of the West, are in the presence of this winsome maid. The mountains of India, the shining seas and sunny skies have their claim upon her, but because Woodstock had a prior claim she has also a love for northern scenes and for Canadian nature. ¶ Sketches of description and literary reviews she has given us in THE MONTHLY, and many are the touches of wit that have delighted us in her utterances as editor of the Woman's Department of THE MONTHLY. She is versatile, too, in other ways. A charming "Phœbe" or "Jessica" in the public dramatic readings of the W.L.S., on the Lit. Executive she could give sage counsel, or as Y.W.C.A. President be as staid as any saint in the calendar. ¶ She has also stood well in her class-work, specializing in English and Philosophy, and winning the Gold Medal in Fourth Year Special English.

Samuel Maximilian Mehr

"For dignity composed and high exploit."

Samuel Maximilian Mehr was born in Rostov-on-the-Don, Russia, about a quarter of a century ago, and accompanied his parents to Canada at the age of seven. He obtained his public school education in Toronto and then spent some years in the commercial world. ¶ Although he had not the opportunity of attending high school, he did not abandon his intention of engaging in a professional career and finally grasped an opportunity of entering the University. Although the reverse of a "plug," Maxie is a hard worker, and never thinks twice of attending lectures on subjects which interest him, but which are not material for examinations. ¶ He is a pleasing speaker, and is noted for his unfailing good-humor, his inability to bear a grudge and his practical good sense. On the whole, his friends expect with confidence an honorable and successful career at the Bar of Ontario, with a pleasant domestic circle in which to cultivate the social side of his nature and to assist in procuring assured peace, prosperity, and advancement in Canadian national life.

Samuel McMullan

"Full of 'praties' and of whiskey, with a shamrock in his vest,
And a big blackthorn shillelah he'll harp Home-rule at his best."

Throwing blarney stones at other Sams and little Bridgets of old Belfast, picking shamrocks around historic Carrickfergus, disturbing the shipping by swimming in the emerald waters of the Lagan, and attending an Anglican school were the early occupations of the young spalpeen, and many were the damp-eyed mavourneens he left behind him when, at the age of twelve, he came to Toronto and became in turn a Scotch Presbyterian, an electrician and, like Tubal Cain, a worker among weapons of iron and brass. ¶ Joining '09 as a sophomore he has interested himself in all societies, especially the Debating Club, and, aside from 17th of March irregularities, has led a calm and orderly life. Always a good patron of sports and public amusements, as a senior Sam helped win a debate for his year. His specials are Philosophy, Home-rule and Economics.

Harry Strachan Mullowney

"I speak as my understanding instructs me and as my honesty puts it to utterance."

In 1644 A.D., the Royalist Rupert came through Everton Wood and rid Liverpool of the Roundheads. Harry the Celt (*vid. cognomen*) appeared 240 years later, successfully stormed the historic battleground and ever since has marched along a *via triumphalis*. ¶ This scion of Erin followed after Cabot—not immediately, of course—hobnobbed with the *habitant* awhile, heard Horace Greeley and went West, cleaned up the High School Course at Carman, won a gold medal for oratory at Brandon College, and by 1905 rapped loudly for admittance at McMaster. ¶ Here Harry has "played the dickens" with all rivals. Proof: First year, President of Debating Union and Representative to Student Body; second year, Representative to the Fyfe and President of Mission Study Class; third year, Recording Secretary of Y. M. C. A. He has twice helped win the inter-year debating championship for '09 and is a rattling right wing at soccer. Next year he will graduate with Theology and—*post hoc*—be married. Some famed pulpit of our land will doubtless soon feel the weight of his sound discourse.

John Harold Lloyd Morgan

"His studie was but litel on the Bible."

Born during the Rebellion of '85, between the court-house and the gaol of Walkerton, John at once decided in favor of the former and, preparatory to law, began a course in the public and Sabbath schools of the town. ¶ Soon finishing both he put away childish things and at about the same time entered his father's high school, and took up the collection in church. After switching the country youth in a little red No. 1 for a couple of years, he joined '09 as a sophomore and began special courses in History and Economics. ¶ Interested in all phases of college life he has taken a brilliant course, as a junior serving as Secretary of his year, and as a senior, President. He intends to study law at Osgoode, where we predict for him success. Canadian jurisprudential activity will furnish an inviting field for "Pierpont's" well-known talent.

Silas E. Peron

"I am nothing if not critical."

In February, 18—, Silas was born near Iberville, P.Q., a little village nestled among the hills of Quebec, and there he received his higher idea from sitting on the back-door steps of his home and gazing toward the summit of Mount Johnson. ¶ Seeing great opportunities before him, he at once decided to fit himself for his position in life by first taking a course at Feller Institute, whence he came to McMaster. From the days of childhood this dark-haired lad displayed remarkable ability in mastering books, and during his course at McMaster in three Specials, viz., German, French and Education, he sustained his reputation as a student. ¶ For two years he filled the position of pianist at the daily chapel service, during which time he displayed not only his faithfulness to duty but also no mean musical ability. As Si. bids farewell to our University he will find an open door awaiting him at McGill, where he intends taking post-graduate work. Our Canadian citizenship will be better for the presence in its ranks of this *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*

William Lipsett Robinson

"A rantin', rovin' billie!"

Will was born in Portage la Prairie in 1885. At that town, and later at Brandon, he received his primary education. Longing to live amid the purple peaks, behind which the great red sun had its setting, Will moved to British Columbia in 1897. Here, in the Okanagan Valley, at Peachland and Summerland, he enjoyed a wild and happy life. ¶ Equipped with one year's preparation at Brandon College and two years' at Vernon High School, Will entered McMaster with the "glorious year '09." Keenly interested in college life, he served his term on various committees, was one of the organizers of the McMaster Brass Band, and in his fourth year business manager of the Athletic Association. ¶ Sober, steadfast, optimistic, true to his friends, and courteous to all, Will "rides high in all the fellows' hearts." He intends to become a physician, to live in "B.C," and help cure the ills of the Province.

John Othmar Robinson

"You never saw him in a coat an age behind the fashion."

Born in 1886, at Portage la Prairie, Jack was blest from the beginning with a great breadth of vision. After attending the kindergarten there he struck for Brandon. He was contented for a while in the public schools, but far-off hills looked green and so he hied him to the Rockies. Even Summerland was subject to the law of diminishing returns, for there arose a mighty famine and he began to be in want of knowledge. Consequently he journeyed to Vernon High School to prepare for the '09 Class. ¶ He has done well in his Political Science course but this has not interfered with his education, for "He with the Princess stage familiar grew, and every actor's name and merit knew." ¶ His class honored him by appointing him Representative to the Athletic Association. He honored his class by being captain of the senior hockey team in his final year. He is indirectly interested in theology, especially the Young People's Union. The business world of Canada may expect to see a new Napoleon of Finance cast his shadow over its horizon.

Gertrude Murray

"Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

On September 30th, in the year of the great snow-storm, Gertrude added to the gayety and brightness of nations, by beginning her career as a prospective Naughty-Niner. Stratford was her home for a time but Toronto soon claimed her and here she attended public school and later the Parkdale Collegiate Institute. ¶ One brother and sister having already entered McMaster, Gertrude thought she might as well put to use "cut down" text books. It being an opportune time just then to join a famous class she entered with '09. Here she has been what every member of '09 strives to be—a congenial, loyal, efficient class member. Her course has been Special Moderns, with a special hatred of Mathematics. Many are the poor chaps, however, who look back in gratitude to the promptings she gave them at the board in Prof. Dales' class. ¶ Gertrude's mission in life appears to be the diffusion of happiness among despondent mortals, for which her happy and cheerful character is admirably fitted.

Owen Evans Rutledge

"Singinge he was or floytinge al the day."

"Bow-wow" first began singing amidst the rustic charms of East Nissouri, Oxford County. His early days were spent in wandering among the quiet fields, taking lessons from the "small fowles that maken melodye," and finding "sermons in stones." ¶ Leaving these happy schools he moved to Woodstock College, joining Class '05 in its second year. It was here that Owen received the everlasting name, "Bow-wow," and in his final year distinguished himself by taking the Hiram Calvin Scholarship and the Henry Moyle Gold Medal. Having climbed the rugged paths of knowledge to matriculation, he yearned for loftier heights and so came to McMaster. ¶ Owen's keen sense of humor, his manly instincts, and winning ways, make friends for him wherever he goes. He has proved himself a good pastor, an efficient bandmaster, an energetic singer, and a faithful supporter of his year. Next year he will hold the honored position of President of the Y. M. C. A. and study Theology.

Peter Joseph Pilkey

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

Captain Pilkey is a graduate of Queen's of '95. Wishing to refresh himself with new draughts of learning, he came to McMaster to devote himself to further studies in Modern Languages. Entering heartily into our University life, he has won a large place in the esteem of his fellow students. In token of his appreciation of McMaster, he has offered a gold medal for excellence in Special English. ¶ The son of a Baptist minister, he has an excellent record as scholar and teacher. He holds every professional certificate issued by the Government for public school work, has taught in Brampton High School and Kingston Collegiate Institute, and for twelve years was Principal of the Public and High Schools of Fort William. ¶ The Captain secured his captain's certificate from the Military School at Port Arthur. He is an expert rifleman, an ardent Mason, and a Past Grand of the I.O.O.F.

James LeRoy Sloat

"He was not pale as a for-pyned goost,
A fat swan lov'd he best of any roost."

Born during the 80's in little old New Brunswick by the sea, this theological prodigy, having at nine completed the three R's curriculum and at fourteen graduated from ordinary work to the lumber camps, at seventeen took his knapsack and sandals and hied him to the fishing posts and saw-mills of British Columbia. ¶ A year's preaching in Chilliwack, three years in Brandon College, and a year as the Cranbrook pastor, prepared him for McMaster's Naughty-Nine. ¶ During his four years he has led a life of varied activities. A wing man in rugby, an invincible goal-keeper in soccer, as a freshman manager of the reading room and as a senior First Vice-Kakiak, through it all J. L. has remained single and held down the Weston pastorate with marked success. A specialist in History and banquets, he intends to preach, get married, raise a beard and train for a D.D. He will *fill* a Baptist pulpit, pursue post-graduate work in domestic economy, and make people's lives brighter with his cherry smile.

William F. A. Scott

"So faithful in love and so dauntless in war."

A starlight night in the June of 1885 found Willie crying for education among the oil wells of Petrolea. Following his primary work through many schools, from Duluth to California, he finally completed it in Bath, New York, but after a warm shower in that place, he became a student in the Collegiate Institute of London, Ontario. ¶ During his course at McMaster he has done about everything but sing. Captain of the second rugby team, end-wing of the first, and winner of the Chancellor's Medal and McNaught Cup in track sports, he has served as advertising manager of THE MONTHLY, as President of the Lit., and President of the Monsacer Club. In debating he has helped win three contests for his year and three for the University, two of the latter being championship finals. ¶ He has also preached, toasted the ladies, taken a brilliant course in Science and travelled on a Queen West car. He intends to study Medicine.

Lottie M. Tapscott

"Common sense and kindliness and every modest grace."

Lottie started her life in Cobourg with a German gurgle "ja." After a jolly, care-free time in the preparatory schools she decided to come to McMaster to study Modern Languages and to bear the yellow streamers with '09. ¶ Rarely absent from class-room, committee meeting or social functions, Lottie has entered heart and soul into the college life. In the fall rugby claims her enthusiasm, in the winter skating, in the spring the library, and at all times Y. W. and the Women's Lit. She has been a most melancholy "Jacques" in "As You Like It," a winning debater in W. L. S., and a capable manager of finances in Y. W. During the past year she has also been Vice-President of the Class. ¶ Lottie is clever and full of fun, sincere and loyal in friendship, and earnest in all she undertakes. In whatever sphere she finds herself she will certainly win a well-deserved success. She has completed the first part of the M.A. course in German and looks forward to an ever-widening career in the department of Moderns.

Arthur Frederick Smith

"His mind divided is
'Twixt art and sentiment."

Fred's curly head was familiar on the Public School Lacrosse team of his native town, Simcoe, Ontario. As right wing on the High School Soccer Team, "he chased the rolling circle's speed." Here he obtained honor standing on the commercial examination, since abolished. ¶ Simcoe schools and his father's dental laboratory instilled a lust for higher knowledge, and in the fall of 1905 our hero was found drawing pictures among the class records of Naught-Nine at McMaster. His class has honored him with various executive appointments, but his ability has been especially shown on The McMaster Monthly staff, where, in his senior year, he edited "Here and There." ¶ Many of the artistic bulletin-board decorations have been the product of his talent. As a student, Fred holds an enviable record, winning the Pratt Scholarship in his first year, and the Governor-General's Medal in his sophomore year. His future is undecided.

Thomas Wearing

"Happen what may, of him expect to hear
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy."

Leaving the Garden of Eden, "Beetle" (junior) alighted in Wavertree, Liverpool, where, after a slight metamorphosis, he became a little angel boy known as Thomas. Then followed a blameless life, in marked contrast to that of his scapegrace elder brother (J.W., '10). ¶ Public school at Cow Lane (Gill *megister*) and Webster Rd. supplied him with many sweethearts till his twelfth year, when the immortal gods carried him westward to the new Hellene. After seven years' apprenticeship as farmer and lumberman, Tom again sought the fountain of the Muses, going to Barrie and Napanee Collegiates. ¶ Fate then led him to *sue* fortune in Quebec, till McMaster called "Westward Ho!" Tom responded thus: Class President, Vice-Kakiak, Managing Editor of The Monthly, Welton Scholarship in Hebrew, Ryrie Medal for Oratory, and Crawford Scholarship. English, Latin, and Education are his Specials. Tom looks like a bishop, has a weakness for foot-warmers, and thinks, "my word," that the professoriate is the summit of fame.

FIELD DAY, OCT. '06—NAUGHT-NINE ORIGINATES BRASS BAND

NAUGHT-NINE DEBATERS. INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS, '06-07

NAUGHT-NINE RUGBY TEAM. INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS, 1908-9

NAUGHT-NINE HOCKEY TEAM. INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS, 1907-8-9

NOT until you have read these instructive leaves, O freshman, should you enter these reverend halls in search of a B.A. degree. The first object you behold upon entering is an office two by four, in front of which is a wicket. The man in the box has the appearance of a "teller," but that is exactly what he is not; he will not tell anything unless he is forced to do so.

But see, there is a finger pointing to the various offices to which you must go for information. First, you call on the registrar. He knows everything. He can tell you what you know now, and what you must know before you leave the University. On a sheet which he presents you must write your name, age, what you are, and what you hope to be. The highway leading to this office is beset with danger. The ladies' rooms lie on either side, and mayhap the young Ulysses in passing between Scylla and Charybdis will be ensnared. The newcomer is often agreeably surprised, when he looks up at the graduating photos which adorn the walls of the corridor, to see the portrait of his own pastor hanging in the dusty avenues of fame. Of the others, who can tell? Maybe one is a wanderer now afar in Ceylon or in Zanzibar or sunny regions of Cathay.

Perhaps, like Ruth, when sick for home she stood in tears amidst the alien corn, you have become thoroughly discouraged; if so, a visit to the Chancellor's office will prove of advantage. His hearty welcome and encouraging smile never fails to cheer even the most pessimistic. Hard by the Chancellor's office is the entrance to the Science Hall. If after you pace the hard cement floors of its corridors and see on either sides the gray brick walls, you decide to spend four years here, testing metal or dissecting cats, there is some evidence that a truly scientific instinct lurks within your breast.

It is perhaps ten o'clock and sweet strains of music, with the words, "Peace, perfect peace," fall upon the ear. They come from Castle Memorial Hall, where the daily chapel service is held. Professors and students meet together for a few minutes' devotion, while from the portraits upon the wall such men as McMaster, Fyfe, Castle, McGregor and Rand look down upon the morning worshippers.

The library is in the basement of Castle Memorial Hall and among its numerous volumes may be found twelve volumes of the standard work for freshmen, "Chambers' Mathematical Tables."

There is a strange bell that rings hourly and seems to throw everything into a kind of social unrest. The time-table in the main hall explains where you are to go and what you must do. It makes clear what is meant by 8.15's, 2.45's, and such like, which are apt to make one think for the moment that he is on the race track rather than in school. It is not at all difficult to one who has never seen a time-table to decipher—10.30 N. T. Gr. * * M. 7. P.S.C.

The reading room, to the right of the main entrance, is not without interest. On its walls hangs the Kerr Shield and other trophies which attest the fact that battles have been fought and victories won. "Please do not talk, the other fellow is reading," is the gentle hint that whoever remains must settle down forthwith.

If it is 12.35 p.m., the gong rings and calls you to where *occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.* After dinner whoever wishes to be merry will go to the reception room on the first floor. If you don't know "Come be My Rainbow" or "Are You Sincere," this is the place to take your vocal lessons free of charge.

The associations formed and the companionships fostered in this happy environment are not easily described in words; nor can any, except those who have participated in this life for four years, fully appreciate what such associations and companionships mean to the student. It is in this fruitful soil that the spirit characteristic of McMaster men germinates, grows and becomes a very part of the student himself.

Caleb Harris.

NAUGHT-NINE SOCCER TEAM. INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS, 1907-08-09

NAUGHT-NINE TRACK TEAM

SCOTT WINNING THE 100 YARDS FOR NAUGHT-NINE
LECKIE A CLOSE SECOND

POLE VAULT. W. J. HAYDON, CHAMPION, 1907-08-09

CRYSTALLIZED EMOTIONS

EXPECTANCY—Si Peron waits for the curtain to rise at the Princess.

HALLUCINATION—"Andy Hutchinson calls on a fair damsel eight evenings a week."

LOVE—Bill Scott walking in from Parkdale in the rain at 1.30 a.m.

HATRED—Mullowney's regard for the three-year-English students.

DELIGHT—The twinkle in Pat. Haydon's eyes when he starts out to spend his week-end in Brampton.

MIRACLE—A. L. Brown going to bed at 3.30 a.m. meets himself getting up to plug.

MYSTERY—The sudden disappearance of Bill Robinson from the back row in room 8.

LAZINESS—Simply Detlor.

FIDELITY—Tom Wearing's five letters per week for three years. ($5 \times 52 = 260 \times 2 = \$5.20$ postage.)

PREVARICATION—"Caleb Harris was down for breakfast on time once during his course."

BREVITY—Doherty's laconic message, "I wrestled, I fought, I ran."

PERSEVERANCE—Sloat's development of the Beef Trust.

PRESUMPTION—Bissett's economic theories.

Noise—The singing of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" by "Bow-wow" Rutledge.

Heroism—"Jake" Robinson manifesting agricultural intentions at the end of his course.

Falsehood—Morgan intends to leave a million or more to the University.

Heaven—Where McMullan will find the perfect university.

Timidity—Percy Lewis "making a date" at the door of the ladies' room.

Fiction—Bruce Leckie is to be assistant lecturer in Third Year Bible.

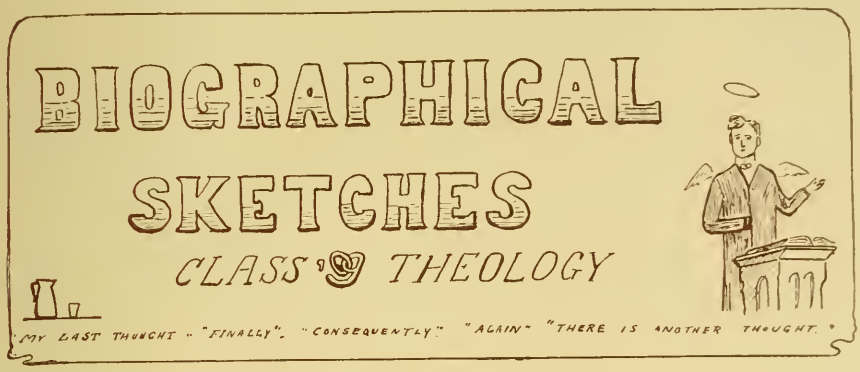
Impossibility—Hamish MacLaurin's devotion to "Just One Girl."

Reverie—The Major portion of Jury's philosophical course.

Stubbornness—Layng refuses to be consoled.

Persistence—"Slugger" Jackson outside the gate eternally knocking.

Lloyd Douglas Jackson.



Thomas McCosh Dadson

"Not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in other men."

Thomas Dadson was born at Denfield, Ont. There and in Woodstock he spent his early life. In the spring of 1897 he went to England and remained there about two years. ¶ After returning he matriculated from Woodstock College in 1902, and graduated from McMaster University with Arts '06. During his Arts course Tom's ability as a student, a speaker and a leader were evident, and his fellow students sought his services for many offices. After graduation Tom spent a year as pastor of the New Sarum Baptist Church. ¶ In the fall of '07 he returned to McMaster, took a heavy year's work in Theology and besides was pastor of the Myrtle Avenue Baptist Church. During the summer of '08 he supplied the pulpit of the First Church, Woodstock. This year he completes work in History for an M.A., as well as the work for B.Th. All who know him expect to see a career increasingly strong.

Alfred Segsworth

"Souninge in moral vertu was his speche."

This is the life story of Alfred Segsworth, younger brother of Robert Segsworth, whose story appears elsewhere. Alf., too, was born in West Luther, and under the protecting care of big brother Bob he attended the little log school-house of the district. ¶ When he became a young man he one day read Horace Greely's advice to young men. The next day he took the train for what was then the Territory of Assiniboia. From there he went to California, took some High School work in Santa Cruz and entered the State University in 1903. ¶ In 1904 he returned to Canada to the Rainy River District, where he farmed for two years. The winter of 1905-6 was spent in Cuba, and October, '06, brought him to McMaster for Theology. Alf. is quiet, but he makes friends. He is not through travelling yet—his next voyage will probably be to India.

Robert Segsworth

"This priest, he merry is and blithe."

Robert Segsworth was born in West Luther Township, Wellington County. You may guess his age by looking at his hair (which is really getting thin). "Bob" is one of our benedicts—joined their ranks last July, when he married Miss , of . ¶ His educational career began in a little log school-house, where he learned the three R's. In January, 1903, he entered Woodstock College. Here and in Meaford High School he took his matriculation work. Before entering McMaster, in the fall of '05, he spent a year in pioneer work on an Algoma Home Mission Field. The year '05-'06 was spent as pastor of the Teeterville Field. ¶ This year he completes his Theological course. Besides delving deep into theological mysteries, Bob has found time to give to other phases of college life, and in his last year was President of the Theological Society. The Baptist brethren of our country are to be congratulated upon his entrance into their "charmed circle."

J. E. Petit

"And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached."

J. E. Petit was born on the third of April, several years ago, on a farm in Binbrook Township. He has good British blood in his veins, his grandfather being a United Empire Loyalist. His name belies him. He is not *petit*—he is six feet two. ¶ Like many other "great" men, after leaving High School he turned his attention to school teaching in Oxford County. However, the minuteness of teachers' salaries in those days drove him from the teaching profession and he entered business life for several years. During these years he held responsible positions with large firms in Woodstock and Toronto. ¶ It was during this time that he realized the essential loneliness of the bachelor's life and so he married Miss Burkholder, of Otterville. Since entering McMaster three years ago Mr. Petit has gone his way quietly, but has made many friends who wish him every success in his life's work.

Norman McNaughton

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."

This "Man from Glengarry" received his primary education in the High School at Alexandria, Ont. Entering McMaster with '07 he became anxious to investigate the teachings of other schools. A special course in Philosophy was the result. ¶ Norman has won distinction at the different track meets of the School: this is proved by the number of badges and medals that he can display. In his final year of Arts he showed platform decorum as Secretary of the "Lit.," executive ability in directing the affairs of '07 from the Presidential chair, and his scholastic prowess in winning the Crawford Scholarship. ¶ The following year he became a quiet and diligent theologue, but his ability could not be hidden, for he was elected by acclamation to the office of High Kakiak for his final year. Norman has taken charge of a Mission in the city and will return next year for his B.D. The coming years cannot help but be rich in harvest for our strong young Scotch-Canadian "sky pilot."

N. S. McKechnie, B.A. Arch. Ward, '10
W. A. Scott, '09 G. S. Jury, '09

KERR DEBATING SHIELD

In February of this year W. A. Scott and G. S. Jury, of '09, debated against Victoria; N. S. McKechnie, B.A., and Arch. Ward, '10, against University College in March, and Scott and Jury against Wycliffe in April. On each occasion our men came away with a comfortable margin both as to style and matter, making McMaster once more undisputed champion of the Inter-college Debating League.

The above Union has existed for eleven years. McMaster entered in the second year, and during the succeeding ten years has lost four and won twenty-five debates, thus capturing the championship six times. Three years ago Mr. H. L. Kerr, B.A. presented a shield to the Union and since then this trophy has left McMaster only long enough to be presented again by Mr. Kerr. In recognition of McMaster having won the championship for three consecutive years, Mr. Kerr this year presented the Literary Society with a magnificent shield as a permanent trophy. Engraved upon this are the names of McMaster's debaters during the past three years.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to R. J. Gould. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

THOMAS WEARING, '09. . . . . Managing Editor.
J. M. TELFORD, B.A. . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CALEB HARRIS, '09. . . . . Around the Hall.
LAURA J. CRAIG, '10 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. F. SMITH, '09 . . . . . Here and There.
L. S. JACKSON, '09 . . . . . Our Graduates.
C. A. DETLOR, '09 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

J. H. L. MORGAN, '09. KARL CLARK, '10. C. N. CURTIS, '10. GLADYS D. JACKSON, '11.
T. McC. DADSON, B.A., Theol. L. R. McCRIMMON, '11.

MAIME DENNESS, Moulton College.

C. S. EDWARDS, B.A., Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

R. J. GOULD, 11, Subscription Department. | JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Advertising Department.

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1909. No. 8

Editorial Notes.

THE closing of this college year marks the severance of many ties which, during the past eight years, have bound to McMaster one of her most successful and best-loved professors, Dr. George Cross. He leaves our department of History to enter Newton Theological Institution as professor of Systematic Theology, a sphere of teaching to which personal choice and conviction at this time direct his ripened scholarship. The work he has done at this University commends the whole-hearted affection and absolute confidence of professors and students alike. THE MONTHLY bids Dr. Cross God-speed in his wider realm of activity, and rests assured that his labors will enjoy rich fruitage in the coming years.

THE present number of this magazine owes its appearance to the efficient work done by a committee of the graduating years in Arts and Theology, Messrs. Brown, Lewis, Robinson, Smith, Jackson, R. Segsworth, McKechnie, Miss E. A. McLaurin and Miss M. Farmer. For the illustrations we are indebted to W. L. Robinson, '09, A. F. Smith, '09, and Miss Nook E. Jackson. Our sincere thanks are also conveyed to Messrs. Harris, Jackson, Detlor and Ronson for their help in the preparation of this issue.

The Junior Collation.

THE Juniors of the Year '09 are to be congratulated upon the eminent success which attended their efforts as hosts of the Senior Year at the Annual Collation. The ample menu, the artistically executed place cards, the superbly finished programmes, and the charmingly decorated hall, each had its share in providing a very enjoyable evening for the two hundred and fifty friends of McMaster who met at the invitation of the Juniors to spend an hour or two in convivial fellowship with the graduating years in Arts and Theology.

The dinner being ended, Mr. Clifford Ronson, President of Year Ten and toastmaster for the evening, proposed the toast to the King, to which the audience responded by singing the National Anthem. Mr. E. E. Sayles, '10, then proposed the health of the graduating class in Arts. He assured the graduates that it was not merely custom which had prompted the Junior Year to give the banquet, but rather an expression of genuine friendship existing between the two classes. He said that whether on the athletic field or on debating platform Year Ten always felt that '09 demanded the best they had and consequently it afforded them much pleasure in seeking to honor the class in this way. Mr. J. H. L. Morgan responded on behalf of '09. He made fitting reference to the way in which the course had

benefited the class by giving them a new outlook upon life.

Mr. J. M. Telford, B.A., proposed the toast to the graduates in Theology. The speaker said that his address fell naturally under five heads. He advised the three unmarried young gentlemen to follow the example of the other two, but in the natural order, graduation, ordination and amalgamation. Mr. T. M. Dadson, B.A., responded. He referred in feeling terms to the pleasant associations of the past six years in the University, during which time he had watched several flutterings of the eagle's nest, until now the time of his own flight had arrived. He hoped that they, as a class, would ever consider the highest reward of service to be work well done.

Mr. Joseph Wearing, '10, then proposed the toast to the Alumni. He referred to the ever widening circle of graduates and expressed the hope that their inspiration would assist the present student body to achieve greater things. To be equal to them we must mount higher than they have yet attained.

Rev. A. L. Huddleston, M.A., B.D., replied on behalf of the Alumni. He was glad to be able to say that the graduates were becoming distinguished in the various walks of life, and consequently were reflecting credit upon their Alma Mater. The speaker said that he hoped that the University would ever keep in touch with the work of her graduates, that she might see possible failure in her training of men, in order that the necessary readjustment be made to remedy any defects in our educational system.

The Literary Society was then presented with a permanent trophy by Mr. Hugh Kerr, the donor of the Intercollegiate Debating Shield. This trophy was awarded to McMaster because of her success in winning the shield three times in succession.

Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, sang a solo which was well received.

In proposing the toast to Alma Mater Mr. M. H. Long, B.A., made reference to the mild, beneficent McMaster spirit which seems to be incarnated everywhere you find a McMaster man.

Chancellor McKay in his reply complimented the proposer of the toast, who had the honor of being McMaster's first Rhodes Scholar. He congratulated the junior year on the success of the evening, making special mention of the menu card, which he considered superior to that of any previous years. Speaking of the growth of the University, the Chancellor said that the enrollment has increased during the past four years from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and eighty, and he predicted for 1909-1910 at least three hundred. He hoped the men and women now going out would ever keep in mind the character of the service rendered rather than the remuneration in connection therewith.

Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, in a humorous style proposed the toast to the ladies. Miss L. M. Tapscott, '09, replied in a manner which reflected credit upon those in whose behalf she spoke. The National Anthem then closed one of the happiest evenings spent within the walls of McMaster.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The second meeting in connection with the closing exercises was held in Walmer Road Baptist Church on Tuesday evening, May 11th, Chancellor McKay presiding. Rev. John L. Campbell, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Cambridge, Mass, preached the Baccalaureate sermon. Dr. Campbell dealt with the Prophet Isaiah's vision of God. Every life, he said, which achieved anything must begin with a vision. Never before in the world's history did more alluring visions open before the youth of the age than those which presented themselves to-day. The youth of Canada have opportunities before them which might make the eye of an angel kindle. A great responsibility, said the speaker, rests upon the youth of this country and especially upon college men and women, because the problems of to-day require trained experts.

Lost humanity lies at the gate of the temple of God and it is the duty of the Christian to take it by the hand and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to bid it arise and walk. In

conclusion, he asserted that every life needs a vision of God, and that a deep personal religious experience is the best corrective for the many religious vagaries which are so prevalent to-day.

Dr. Campbell's words were thoughtful and full of inspiration and were delivered in a manner which easily held the attention of his audience. Professors Gilmour and Farmer and Rev. John McNeill assisted in the service.

Convocation.

The annual Convocation was held on Wednesday evening, May 12th, in Castle Memorial Hall. Chancellor McKay presided, and on the platform were seated members of the Senate, of the Faculty, the Board of Governors, the recipients of the honorary degrees, and a number of other gentlemen, including President Falconer of the University of Toronto and Principal Gandier of Knox College.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Col. J. M. Gibson, was presented for the degree of Doctor of Laws by Professor A. L. McCrimmon. Rev. J. J. McNeill presented Dr. H. F. Perry for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Rev. W. T. Graham, Rev. A. L. Therrien of Montreal. For the degree of Doctor of Laws Mr. Charles Joseph Holman was presented by Professor McLay, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Mr. Frank Sanderson by Professor Gilmour, and Rev. O. C. S. Wallace by Dr. Farmer, Dean of the Faculty of Theology.

Mr. J. B. Pengelly was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts *ad eundem gradum*, and Mr. B. F. P. Brenton to the degree of Bachelor of Arts *ad eundem gradum*.

The following received the degree of Bachelor of Arts: Athesltan Bisset, Strathcona, Alberta; Audrey Lauren Brown, Beamsville; Calvin Arthur Detlor, Napanee; John Corry Doherty, Carlton Place; Alexander Keayes Edmison, Brighton; Florence Agnes Edy, Toronto; Muriel Estelle Farmer, Arnprior; Hope Aileen Gray, Eden; Caleb Harris, Dobbington; William James Haydon, Brampton; Charles Thomas Holman, Hamilton; Andrew Henderson Hutchin-

son, Eversley; Lloyd Douglas Jackson, Osborne; Gordon Sinclair Jury, Bowmanville; Emma Kennedy, Toronto; Thomas Ernest Layng, Smith's Falls; Bruce Everton Leckie, Sarnia (*in absentia*); Edmund Percy Lewis, Calgary, Alberta; James Lorne MacLaurin, Vankleek Hill; Elsie Read McLaurin, Toronto; John Harold Lloyd Morgan, Walkerton (*in absentia*); Henry Stratton Mullowney, Brandon, Man.; Gertrude Winnifred Murray, Toronto; Silas E. H. Peron, Mount Johnson, P.Q. (*in absentia*); Peter Joseph Pilkey, Fort William (*in absentia*); John Othmar Robinson, Summerland, B.C.; William Lipsett Robinson, Summerland, B.C. (*in absentia*); Owen Evans Rutledge, Kintore; William Fernley Albert Scott, Bridgeburg (*in absentia*); James Le Roy Sloat, Centreville, N.B.; Arthur Frederick Smith, Simcoe; Lottie Mathilda Tapscott, Toronto; Thomas Wearing, Gilchrist.

Of Master of Arts: Benjamin Francis Partlett Brenton, Baltimore, Md.; Stuart Jeffrey Bates, Toronto; Thomas McCosh Dadson, Toronto; William Franklin Luxton Edwards, Komoka; Arthur Lionel Huddleston, St. Catharines; Alfred Winser Ross, Vancouver, B.C.; Blanche Ethel Shields, Brockville.

Of Bachelor of Theology: Thomas McCosh Dadson, Toronto; Norman McNaughton, Glen Nevis.

Mr. Alfred Spurgeon Cross received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

The diploma for the Three Years' English Course was presented to John E. Pettit, Toronto, Alfred Segsworth, Monck, and Robert Segsworth, Monck.

Prof. J. L. Gilmour addressed the graduating class, urging them that they should not because they had graduated from the University think they no longer needed to be students. There are some people who have just enough learning to make them ignorant all their life. Humility makes a real scholar and Dr. Gilmour hoped that this graduating class would never lose the spirit of humility.

Dr. J. M. Gibson, speaking in a humorous strain, felt that he was hardly justified in receiving such an honor from

McMaster University, for at the time when the endowment for McMaster was first being utilized and the power was being sought to grant degrees, he, as a member of the Legislature, had strenuously opposed the granting of the charter. He was glad to be able to say that his opinion had changed since then, and that he now believed that there can be too much symmetry in education and that there are advantages in diversity.

Dr. Perry referred to the way in which McMaster had always been blessed with men of strong conviction—that conviction which does not narrow into bigotry, nor widen into conventionality. He assured the audience that he would do all in his power to further the interests of McMaster in his new field of labor, Vancouver, B.C.

Dr. Holman referred in a charming manner to McMaster as a young infant placed by the stork at the door of the Legislature, when Dr. J. M. Gibson, among other physicians, declared that the infant could not live. He was glad, however, as one who had followed the institution from its inception, to see such rapid development as was evidenced by this large Convocation.

Dr. Therrien (*en francais*) and Dr. Sanderson made brief speeches in which they voiced their appreciation of the honor they had received at the hands of the University.

Dr. Falconer spoke a few words in which he paid a tribute to those who made it possible for the young men and women to receive their instruction here. He also sought to impress upon the graduates that true success in life consists in the performing of the daily duties which come to hand.

Before the close of the Convocation, Chancellor McKay announced that the Senate and Board of Governors had made some changes in the faculty. To Dr. Cross, who goes to Newton Theological Institute, the Chancellor referred in the highest terms of praise. He was a great teacher and scholar and a man of eminently Christian character. Dr. E. H. Oliver, lecturer in history, had resigned to take the position of professor of history in the new University of Saskatchewan. Dr. J. L. Gilmour had been transferred from the professorship in Practical Theology to that of Church His-

tory. Mr. G. H. Campbell, lecturer in Latin, had been made professor of Latin. Provision had been made for the enlargement of the faculty and a lectureship in Mineralogy and Geology was established, but no appointments had been made. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Alumni Association.

The McMaster Alumni Association completed their conference in Castle Memorial Hall. The election of officers for next year was held and resulted as follows: President, J. H. Cranston; 1st Vice-President, Rev. A. L. Huddlestone, of St. Catharines; 2nd Vice-President, Rev. O. C. Elliott, of Stratford; 3rd Vice-President, Mr. J. F. Calvert; 4th Vice-President, Rev. H. McDiarmid, of Hamilton; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor I. G. Matthews; Recording-Secretary, Rev. G. N. Simmons; Treasurer of Library Fund, Professor William Findlay.

A meeting of the lady graduates of McMaster was held in the afternoon in Castle Memorial Hall for the purpose of completing the organization of a McMaster Alumnæ Association. The lady graduates have formerly been included in the Alumni Association. A constitution was submitted and adopted by the meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. H. L. Stark, '94; First Vice-President, Mrs. G. H. Campbell, '02; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. C. Sycamore, '96; Secretary, Miss B. M. Pugsley, '08; Treasurer, Miss J. M. Norton, '02; Executive Committee, Miss G. L. Stone, '06, Mrs. J. H. Cranston, '07, and Miss M. O. Ardley, '03.

Class Elections.

After the announcement of the results on Tuesday morning, Naught-Nine met in Class-room 8 and elected permanent officers. Mr. O. E. Routledge was elected President and Mr. A. Bisset, Secretary. A reunion will be held the same year as that of Naught-Eight.

LE
3
M35M25
v.18

The McMaster University
monthly

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY